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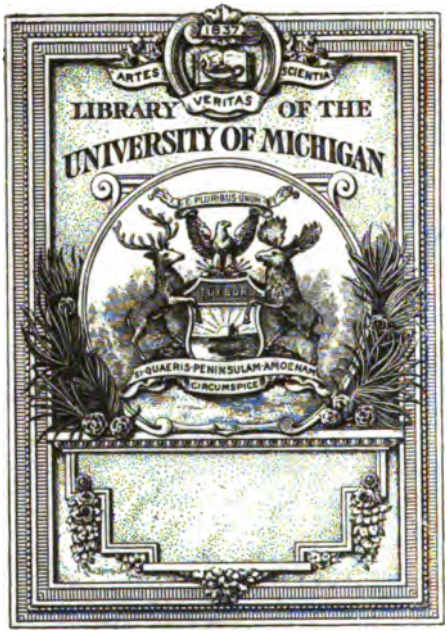
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JULY 1904

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

SILVER-POINT DRAWING FROM LIFE BY CARL J. BECKER

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THE
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THE PHILIPPINES AT ST. LOUIS

BY WILLIAM POWELL WILSON

[Dr. Wilson is the chairman of the Philippine Exposition Board, and the impressive exhibit which he describes in the following article owes much to his enthusiasm and his administrative genius. As director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums from their foundation in 1893, he has developed broad knowledge of commercial problems and rare organizing ability, which have been of inestimable service in the great Philippine Exposition project.—EDITOR]

By a happy coincidence the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, celebrating the first great territorial addition to the United States, comes just as our latest national acquisition, the Philippines, is experiencing a great commercial awakening. Quick to appreciate the timeliness of showing at St. Louis the vast wealth of the Islands, Secretary Taft, then civil governor, conceived the great display which, in novelty, thoroughness, and scope exceeds any other exhibit at the World's Fair. This remarkable exhibit is not the sole result of appropriations made by the Insular government or the Exposition company, although this sum approximates a million dollars. It is the outgrowth of the increasing patriotism of the Filipinos and their appreciation of the efforts of the government in their behalf.

In the summer of 1902 I was called into conference by Governor Taft, and a careful plan was formulated. In the fall the Philippine Commission organised a board of three members, known as the Philippine Exposition Board, to have entire charge of the exhibit at St. Louis. In Manila, the Philippine government placed at the disposal of the Board its different bureaus, such as forestry, agriculture, ethnology, education, and scientific laboratories, the complete telegraph system throughout the Islands, and the use of the numerous government steamers which were constantly plying between Manila and all the other Island ports.

The Philippine government had already, in its masterful and progressive work of putting the Islands under the civil régime, divided them up into about forty provinces with governors, mostly native, over those territorial divisions. These governors were stimulated to form committees in their respective

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THE VILLAGE OF THE WATER MOROS

ON THE LAKE IS SEEN ONE OF THE SMALL OUTRIGGER BOATS, WITH GAUDY SAILS, USED BY THE DARING PIRATES WHO INFEST THE SOUTHERN ISLANDS

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provinces, with a view of securing, each for his own locality, full collections of everything which would illustrate the habits, customs, and life of the people. The directive control of all these governors and their committees rested in the hands of the Board. More than six hundred persons, enlisted in the work of making these collections throughout the Islands, were thus directed from the head office of the Board in Manila. Money was provided to pay for labor and materials and to scour the country for complete collections.

As a result, about twelve thousand tons of exhibition and building materials have been assembled during the last eight months from all parts of the Islands and sent to the Exposition at St. Louis, where construction by native carpenters was begun in October and carried on during the most severe winter experienced in many years.



MORO DATTOS FROM LANAO LAKE

These are typical lesser chiefs of the fierce Mahammedan tribe of Moros, who have recently been giving General Wood much trouble.

At the same time, under the direction of the government in Manila, persons were selected who had the qualifications of being intimately connected with various interesting tribes, more or less remote, to assemble these people and make preparations to bring them to St. Louis. This has been successfully carried out, and today more than forty representative tribes and races of people, native to the Islands—making a total number of over eleven hundred—are assembled on the Reservation. Proper buildings, some of which represent existing structures in Manila and elsewhere, have been constructed on the forty-seven acres comprising the choicest location on the Exposition grounds. The central idea has been to give a true picture of the life and industries of these interesting peoples. Visitors who have inspected the grounds have been impressed with the apparent naturalness of the whole display. There has been no attempt at artificiality, no reaching out for effect, but instead an effort to show conditions as they really exist in the Islands themselves.

You enter the grounds over a fine bridge built in imitation of the Bridge of Spain on the Pasig river. This leads you to the Walled City, an imitation of a similar structure in Manila. The Walled City contains war exhibits. There are shown every sort of weapon used by invaders and defenders since

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the time of Magellan. Side by side with the blow-guns of the Negrito are to be found the axes used by the Igorrote head-hunters. The wavy Moro kris throws back a reflection on the vis-a-vis Krag bayonet—mounted lance-like on a bamboo pole—memento of the death of some American soldier. Regulation canteens of the American troops are displayed alongside of the bamboo tubes used as vehicles for water throughout the Islands. Powder made for the insurgent army from charcoal, saltpetre, and heads of safety matches is shown, together with the crude machinery used in its preparation. Wooden guns carried by the insurgents, to indicate the greater strength of the enemy, are ranged alongside of bamboo cannon wrapped with wire and used during the recent insurrection, more dangerous to the one who fired them than to the enemy in front.

The first natives to attract your attention on entering the Reservation are the Visayans. The weird melody which you hear while strolling among the nipa huts of the Visayans is only one of their ordinary accomplishments. They are all natural musicians. They are also weavers of beautiful turbans and blankets; they make furniture from rattan such as you have never seen before; their peculiar bamboo water-bottles are carved with their own native scenery while you watch them.



BOUTOC IGORROTES BUILDING A HOUSE

The thatched upper part of these peculiar houses is used as a store-room; in the rear, low on the ground, is the sleeping room, built of heavy timbers and strongly barricaded against prowling head-hunting visitors. The bamboo "hats," worn by several of the group in this picture, are really used as pockets.

As you walk on you see the Negritos, the original inhabitants of the Islands. They live on the hillside in little lean-to huts, so simple that they may be made in half an hour wherever the natives stop on their journeys. They wander from

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PHILIPPINE RESERVATION

In the foreground are the Bridge of Spain and the Walled City; at the left a model camp of Filipino soldiers, and in the centre the chief buildings of the exhibit; while through the forest are scattered the various native villages.

pillar to post throughout the Reservation, often settling for the night wherever they may happen to be when the sun goes down. These black dwarfs are nomadic by nature and they cannot resist their peripatetic impulses. The greatest experts of the Islands with bow and arrow are these very kinky-haired natives. They can run a squirrel down in a tree climbing contest, too.

Passing on, you come to the picturesque settlement of the Igorrotes, with its more than forty houses, its rice paddies, its gardens, and its old stone tribunal, built by themselves. This is a real Igorrote village—some of the houses brought intact from middle Luzon, and all of them built entirely by the natives, made of native material and for their own living purposes. These houses contain



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

In this building are exhibited in rich variety the agricultural products of the Islands, chiefly manila hemp, copra, tobacco, sugar, coffee, and rice, together with the primitive agricultural implements used by the natives.

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A MORO BELLE

all their own primitive material for housekeeping and all their native implements, showing their habits of living and methods of protecting themselves from their head-hunting neighbors. In fact, every form of their wild tribal life in the far-off mountains of Luzon is exemplified. The village and the people in it are exceedingly interesting both to the ethnologist and the casual visitor. Their weird, rhythmical ceremonial dances have no counterpart in other parts of the world. And if they insist on savage war dances and dog-feasting, at least they make one great concession—they will not take any more heads until they return to their own native mountains.

Even at St. Louis the Negrito and the Igorrote ignore custom and permit comfort to dictate their costume. It is not excessive, and differs more in tattooing than in texture. Their well-developed muscles, their rounded forms, and their beautiful brown skins are a delight to look upon.

But, if you admire handsome garments and costumes, next visit the savage Moros in their silks and satins, with their gaudy scarlet turbans. They are the dandies of the Reservation. The two villages—one on land and the other, after their custom, built entirely over the lake—are strikingly accurate representations of the wild, unrestrained life of these people. No effort of the Commission or the guards could suppress the excitement of those Mindinao Moros when they heard the other day of the killing of some of the American soldiers by their people in the Islands. Their Mohammedan nature cannot be changed, and the hatred of the "Christian dog" is inherited. Surrounding their dwellings on the lake are the strange outrigger boats, with gaudy sails, floating lazily in the breeze, in which live the water pirates of the Southern Islands.

The most peculiar people on the whole Reservation, however, are the Tree Dwellers. They are a timid, inoffensive people, and have taken to the trees for protection from their enemies. They build their houses of bamboo and palm leaf, by stretching poles horizontally from limb to limb, forty to sixty feet above the ground, in the tallest trees they can find. Some of these tree dwellers ascend to their aerial huts by means of ladders which they pull up after them. As their enemies have only

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spears and bows, they are entirely out of their reach. Crowds go to see them ascending and descending from these fantastic abodes, and wonder why the frail structures, swaying in the wind, are not blown away.

Continuing to walk around the outskirts of the grounds, you come to a beautiful forest grove in which are situated about seventy-five tents, which accommodate between four and five hundred people—the battalion of native scouts. There are four companies of these—one from each of four different tribes, Tagalog, Visayan, Macabebe, and Ilocano. They have their native band of forty-one pieces. They all seem of one height, and in drilling they move as one man. In their daily drills and dress-parades they have already made a reputation as ranking among the best trained soldiers in this country. Thousands of people assemble every day at six o'clock to see their maneuvers. This battalion of scouts are all Filipinos enlisted in the regular United States army.

Near the model camp is a large build-



BAGABO CHIEFS

The Bagabos are the most handsome tribe in the Philippines. About thirty of these remarkably interesting people are to be found in a village on the Reservation.

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FOOTBALL IN THE IGORROTE VILLAGE

THE NATIVES WHO ARE HERE SEEN WHILING AWAY A SPARE HOUR AT THEIR FAVORITE PASTIME, ARE WEARING AMERICAN DRESS ON ACCOUNT OF THE UNUSUAL COLD. ONLY ONE IN THE GROUP IS IN BOUTOC FULL DRESS

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ing, with overhanging second story and large central court. This quarters the battalion of native constabulary. This organization does not belong to the United States army but to the army of the Philippines. Companies are made up of a smattering of from more than twenty tribes, scattered from Luzon in the north to the Malay region of Mindinao in the south. Like the scouts they give stated drills and maneuvers on their parade ground. They are the peers of the scouts in their precision in drill. The fine constabulary band of eighty pieces—native, thoroughly trained musicians—are capable in the midst of a concert of putting aside their brass instruments, taking up orchestral instruments, and playing on the spur of the moment



ONE OF EVE'S TAGALOG DAUGHTERS



THE SULTAN OF SULU

symphony music. The leader, like Sousa, is a writer of music, and is a long-standing graduate of the Boston Conservatory.

The visitor scarcely realizes, perhaps, having entered the five native villages and having witnessed the drills of the scouts and constabulary, that he has seen more than eleven hundred natives from the Islands. Such an array gives an admirable opportunity for the living study of the ethnology of the Philippines. But having completed this inspection the visitor has only just begun to take advantage of the magnificent

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opportunities offered him. There are ten large buildings which contain the immense collections of art and science, of education and commerce, of agriculture and forestry, of fisheries and mining, and of the immense still-life exhibit devoted to ethnology. All these buildings are filled to overflowing with rich material which illustrates every phase of active life in the Islands.

Are you interested in the over forty million acres of virgin forests in the Philippine region? Do you desire to see what fine timbers these native forests produce? Would you like to see the gums and resins, the tan-barks and dye-stuffs, the rattans, great tree climbers, often extending eight hundred feet over the tops of tall trees? Then go to the Forestry building, and you will find what is daily proclaimed to be the finest exhibit in these lines that has ever been brought to any exposition in this country or abroad.

Are you interested in the trade of the Islands? Then go to the Commerce building, where you will find samples of all the leading imports from all foreign countries into the Islands. You will find also in the same building all the leading export articles, manufactured and otherwise. You will become con-



A LAKE-DWELLER'S HUT

With bamboo poles for framework and nipa palm leaves for thatching, the Lanao Moros build their huts full in the lake—which in this case has been temporarily drained off for the convenience of the native builders.

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A MORO SULTAN'S HOUSEHOLD

On the right, between two of his wives, is a sultan of the Water Moros. On the left are two lesser chiefs, and in front two Visayan midgets.

vinced that an industry which exports in one year over twenty-three million dollars' worth of the so-called Manila hemp is worthy of study and improvement.

If you desire to see what the Philippine government is doing in the way of education, walk into the near-by building devoted to this work, look over the tables and charts, and learn that over two hundred and twenty-five thousand natives in the Islands are attending schools, taught by nearly three thousand native teachers and more than one thousand sent from the United States.

If you further desire to see how these native peoples, belonging to more than one hundred different tribes, have been taught more English in the past three years than they have ever learned Spanish during the three centuries of Spanish occupation, visit the native school house on the Philippine grounds. This school is conducted by a thoroughly trained and educated Tagalog woman taken from the Manila Normal School. The pupils under her care have been assembled from the different tribes, brought together from the remotest parts of the Islands, having no language nor interests in common. They are here instructed under much more difficult conditions than would obtain were the children

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AN IGORROTE WAR DANCE AT ST. LOUIS

FROM MIDDLE LUZON COME THE HEAD-HUNTING IGORROTES, WHOSE RHYTHMICAL DANCES ATTRACT INTENSE INTEREST

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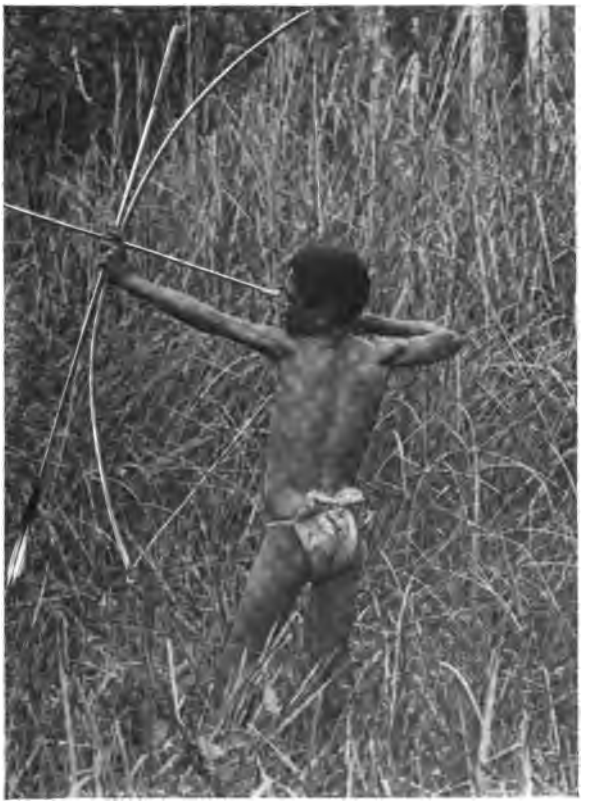
members of one tribe, having a common language. It is worthy of note that so eager have been the grown people in many localities in the Islands to learn English that it became necessary to establish night schools to accommodate them. They have learned that the English language has the greatest value for them, as it puts them in close touch with the Americans who are their friends.

The general exhibition and the villages, with their living representatives of a great number of tribes, are supplemented by the collections in the building for Ethnology, where have been brought together in fine exhibits the articles representing the costumes, the arms, the cooking utensils, and everything which might illustrate the habits and customs of each individual tribe.

The hunting and fishing of any tribe or race of people will show in many ways their acuteness and degree of development. The fisheries building has been constructed of native materials on the lake, at the extreme end of the Moro villages. In and about it have been placed the fishing weirs and all the different apparatus employed from one end of the Islands to another in securing the food which these people take from the sea. The building contains also a large collection of fishes, showing an immense variety inhabiting the waters of this part of the world.

The mineral exhibit is notably complete and significant. Over five hundred assays have been made in the Government laboratories, and have been tabulated for the information of interested parties. It has been fully established that our possessions across the Pacific are rich in deposits of gold and copper; that great beds of coal, equal to those found in Japan, may be counted upon as rich resources in the Philippines.

An interesting feature of the exhibit is a large relief map of the Islands, built on the grounds in the open air. It covers an area of one hundred and ten by seventy-five feet. More than two thousand islands are shown in their own shape and proportional size, including the two groups of Cagayan de Folo and the Sibutu group, overlooked by the commissioners in the treaty of Paris, December 10, 1898. The horizontal scale is one and a quarter minutes to a mile. The vertical scale has been



SHOOTING FOR BREAKFAST

The totally-uncivilized Negritos have the reputation of being the best bowmen in the world.

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enlarged eight times, to show plainly the heights and mountain plateaus. There are twenty active volcanos shown.

If you visit the Philippine exhibit this summer, and see its extent and richness, you should stop to consider the conditions under which the Filipinos have lived for four hundred years. You can then appreciate the meaning and the value of the picture set before you.

Those who are chiefly responsible for this impressive Philippine Exposition have been inspired by the hope that it will do much to make clear to the American people the real conditions in their new territory in the far Eastern seas. The Exposition will fail of its purpose if it does not impress its visitors with a vivid sense of the enormous commercial and industrial possibilities of the Islands, and also with a realization of their many pressing needs. Better mutual understanding should lead direct to favorable legislation and to a judicious investment of American capital and energy. In this way the permanent peace and prosperity of the Islands will be assured.

Under Spanish rule the people were handled simply for the pecuniary profit of their masters. The Filipino people reflected the teachings of their masters in that they appeared to appreciate nothing but force. During the past six years, however, the Filipinos have been going to a different school, and what is more important, to a different class of teachers, and with most beneficent results. The way has not always been easy, the going has been a bit rough at times, but there has been marvelous advancement; and the time is coming when the purchase and retention of the Philippine Islands will seem as wise to our descendants as the Louisiana Purchase seems to us who live today.



A TYPICAL MANILA HOUSE

This building, which is fitted with furniture and textiles of the finest native makes, is used for official receptions.

W. P. Wilson

Chairman Philippine Exposition Board.

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THE FORBIDDEN LAND

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION INTO THIBET

By W. C Jameson Reid

Recent news dispatches telling of the advance of the British diplomatic expedition into Thibet have been overshadowed by the larger contest in the Far East. Only the close student of Asiatic affairs has given this one of England's innumerable little wars more than scant attention. To the ordinary reader China, Manchuria, Japan, and Russia mean something concrete, something that even the most casual geographical student can understand. But Thibet, the isolated, the mysterious, is a country which the world at large looks upon with whimsical disinterestedness. Yet, while popular interest is engrossed in the death-struggle of the Slav and Jap, in this other part of the vast Eurasian continent there are events progressing in which the civilized world must become deeply interested. Thibet, "the forbidden land" of the Asiatic continent, will not long appear on current maps as the last of the unknown regions. The restless world can no longer suffer its curiosity thwarted and the advance of modern civilization arrested by a mythical demi-god and his barbarous satellites in the forbidden city of Lhasa.

The fruition of British plans in regard to Thibet will produce far-reaching political and economic results. It will strike a telling blow at Slavonic prestige in Asia; and, in the event of the final success of Japanese arms on the Pacific littoral, will place a barrier in the path of Russian expansion which even Slavonic might and craft will have difficulty in surmounting. In all this there is a bit of poetic justice. Russia has been proclaimed as the peace-keeper; but Russia seized arbitrary advantages in China, and elsewhere in Asia, while England's hands were securely tied in the late South African war.

If we are to believe British statesmen, the purpose in Thibet is simply an armed demonstration to impress Thibetan officials, and oblige them to maintain safety and freedom of trade on the roads extending from northern India to the western borders of China. Thibetan officials have countenanced brigandage against trading caravans using these highways between India and China; and now, according to India's administrative circles, it is time that these barbarous neighbors on the north be taught a salutary lesson. This is the official explanation for the ears of the mildly inquiring world.

But for anyone acquainted with the innerness of Asiatic political conditions it is not difficult to fathom the real considerations. Russia, in her vast campaign of Asiatic expansion, has been actively paving the way in Thibet, by subtle diplomatic maneuvers, for eventual armed aggression. "India must

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IN NORTH-EASTERN THIBET

AN ENCAMPMENT OF NOMADS, WITH THEIR BLACK TENTS, AT THE BAIAN-KARA-ULA MOUNTAINS

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some day be Russian" has been more than the phantasy of Slavonic ultra-jingoes; far-sighted and calculating Russian statesmen have dreamed of the entire Eurasian continent as an appanage of St. Petersburg. Unfortunately for this gorgeous Slavonic dream two factors must be taken into calculation, to the disarrangement of Russian plans. Japan has been registering her dissatisfaction with any such scheme; and the effort which England now is making to assure the sphere of British influence over central Asia is but a part of the prearranged agreement existing between the two great island kingdoms of the East and West. And as Japan is determined that Korea and Manchuria shall one day be Japanese, England also is determined to strengthen her grasp and influence in Thibet and Central Asia, so as to render futile any future Russian efforts to dislodge her. Her reasons for thus profiting by Russia's present embarrassment are such as any astute rival would adopt against a wily and powerful adversary. There can be no doubt that had the sphere of influence in Thibet passed into Russian hands, as has seemed almost certain for years past, India would have proved a veritable heel of Achilles to British existence in Asia. On the other hand, with this great natural barrier-country of Thibet under British influence and control, Russia would be obliged to abandon all attempts of expansion Indiaward. England's sole purpose in her present invasion of Thibet is to thwart Russian designs on her Indian empire. Henceforth Thibet may for all practical purposes be painted red to mark English control, for no one can imagine that England will give up the tremendous advantage which she has gained, save by compulsion of a stronger force.

But England has undertaken a tremendous task in weaning Thibet from its present state of unutterable barbarism and savagery, and in making it play a useful part in the development of nations. Not only will British forces be obliged to battle almost incessantly with a recklessly fanatic and obstinate people, but in addition they will have to wage with the forces of nature a conflict which might well appal the most sanguine invader. At least this is the unalterable opinion of one who for many months lived among these strange people, ate the dirty messes provided by Mongols and Thibetans, slept in tents reeking with vermin engendered by their filthy habits, and on more than one occasion was obliged to flee for his life to escape the vengeance of truculent and bloodthirsty lamas.

Thibet is the least known region on the habitable globe, though teeming with features of interest for the scientist, the ethnologist, and the student of aboriginal mankind in general. For many years this great "closed land" has possessed extraordinary fascination for travelers and explorers, but the well-nigh insurmountable physical barriers and the barbarous hostility of the Thibetans have often frustrated the most indomitable and persevering explorers.

Forming a high tableland almost in the very centre of the Asiatic continent, thousands of feet above the sea level, surrounded on all sides by mountain ranges among the highest in the world, and covered throughout its whole extent with appalling deserts, vast salt-swamps, and immense ice-covered plains, Thibet is not a land which would attract the traveler in search of beauties of landscape. When one has traveled through its arid wilds the impression left on memory is that of a combined Saharan desert and Antarctic ice-plain. Never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a few months in the year. Mountains covered with soil which by thrift and industry might be made productive, are left in their wild state for the growth of coarse grasses, furnishing scanty pasturage for the small herds of scrawny cattle. More favored regions are inhabited by small herds of wild

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asses, antelopes, and yak, affording subsistence to a sinister and uncouth population.

The sterility of the landscape is reflected in the natives. It would be impossible to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous. No spark of civilization has yet made itself felt.

The Thibetans, or Sifans, owing to their antipathy to alien aggression and the meagre opportunity which has been presented to study them at close range, are one of the most interesting aboriginal races extant. Sifan really is not the name of a distinct race, but rather the name applied by ethnologists to a large number of cognate but widely separated tribes which are scattered throughout eastern and northeastern Thibet, among the headwaters of the Yang-tse-Kiang and Hoang-Ho. In feature they are not unlike the Mongols, with the same flat and expressionless facial traits, and somewhat darker in color; though it is not uncommon to find many as light as the eastern Chinese, and with somewhat aquiline features. For purposes of comparison these various tribes are classed as a single race, but the wide variance in their appearance and orthography shows mixed descent—their different origin as well as different degrees of civilization.

In stature the Sifan Thibetan is above most other semi-barbarous races in Asia, but comparatively shorter than the European. As a race the Sifans are bold warriors, but cunning and treacherous, and degraded in all the degrees of savagery. Though classed as a single race, there is no homogenity between the different tribes; and these in turn are divided into septs and clans, each deriving its name from some feature of the landscape or from some mythical legend or ancestor. The bewildered traveler is convinced that there are almost as many distinctive races as there are individuals. Not alone is this manifest in their physical make-up, but in the many differences of their customs and orthography. Frequently I have seen two families, living not more than ten miles apart, having entirely different words for such common nouns as a stone, tree, horse, or other familiar object. In all matters of internal economy the tribes are independent of each other, even if confederate for joint security against alien aggression. The head men and lamas compose the aristocracy of the country, holding this titular dignity by hereditary descent in the male line, and in the order of primogeniture. These chiefs, however, are little more than leaders in war; for the right of personal revenge, which is fully admitted, limits their authority in matters of merely judicial import.

The worst trait of the Thibetans is their ungovernable hostility and their love of warfare. Each tribe is generally at war with its neighbor, and in many cases on the most trivial pretext. Two men may quarrel over the possession of a knife or equally valueless article. The aggrieved party returns to his village or encampment and reports the facts in the case to his chief. His right to the article in dispute is never considered; it is enough that he should have quarreled over it. War is immediately declared on the tribe of his rival by sending messengers with arrows dipped in blood, and the head of any unfortunate prisoner of war who may have been captured prior to the outbreak of hostilities. From that moment the quarrel becomes deadly. No concerted action is taken, the future strife being much in the nature of a gigantic feud. When a man of one tribe meets one of the rival tribe, a combat takes place until one or the other has been killed, the victor cutting off the head of his vanquished foe as a trophy of his prowess. His standing among his people is determined by the number of these gory trophies adorning the roof of his dwelling. Poisoned food, and the poisoning of wells and springs, are subterfuges which either tribe feels itself perfectly at liberty to use to encompass

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the downfall of a rival. This sanguinary feud may last for months, or even years, until a powerful chief, not in the quarrel, steps in and orders representatives of each of the warring factions to meet at his hut. There a feast has been prepared; and two bowls of food, one of which contains poison, are placed before the two emissaries. The tribe whose representative dies of poison is so proven the aggressor, and is obliged to pay a heavy fine of cattle and other articles of value to the tribe whose claims have been sustained by the process of ordeal. A similar method is adopted in the settlement of disputes between two individuals of the same community, when the wives and the entire possessions of the man who dies belong to the one who survives.

As to the women, the traveler is struck by the hardness and misery of their lot. Although, owing to the scarcity, a woman is a valuable commodity, she is treated with the utmost contempt, and her existence is infinitely worse than the very animals of her lord and master. Polyandry is generally practiced, increasing the horror of her position, for she is required to be a slave to a number of masters, who treat her with the most rigorous harshness and brutality. From the day of her birth until her death—few Thibetan



AN ENCAMPMENT OF MR. REID'S EXPLORATION PARTY

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TYPES OF THIBET'S NOMAD TRIBES

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women live to be over fifty—her life is one protracted period of humiliation. She performs the most degrading services and the entire manual labor of the community, for it is considered base in a male to engage in other labor than warfare and the chase. The right to her possession by her numerous husbands is determined by age. The life of woman is taken without the least compunction, and suicides among the female population are of frequent occurrence.

Among the Sifan Thibetans affection is unknown. Witnessing the hardships attending the early life of the children, one wonders how they survive. When a child is to be born the mother is driven from the village or encampment, and takes up her abode in some hut or cave in the open country, with a scanty supply of food, furnished by her husbands and brought to her by women of the tribe. When the child is born the mother remains with it one or two months, then returns to the village and informs her eldest husband of the place where she has left it. If the child is a male, some consideration is shown to her; should it be a female, however, she receives a severe beating from her husband, and suffers the scorn of the tribe.

At an early age the boy is impressed with the numerous duties required of him. When hardly able to walk he is given weapons, and at the age of twelve years has become an accomplished hunter. When fifteen years of age he is required to go through an initiation ceremony prior to becoming an active member of the tribe. This function is accomplished by the most trying ordeals, being carried on before a council of chiefs and lamas, who closely watch the youth while he is being subjected to such inhuman tortures as being strung up by the thumbs and burned with red-hot irons. If he passes through this ordeal without manifesting signs of pain, the next stage of his initiation is proceeded with. Should he fail, his lot is far worse than that of the most miserable slave; he is cruelly beaten and abused, and subjected to the contumely of all, until the unfortunate wretch gladly ends his existence. Having passed the first stage, the youth is isolated in a hut at some distance from the village, is denied food, and goes through a lengthy period of starvation, being visited by the priests, who provide him with slips of prayer-paper, and teach him the precepts of the religion of his fathers. On his release he must give proofs of his prowess as a hunter or warrior, else he cannot enter the tribe as a member.

While among the Thibetans I witnessed their queer ceremonies incident to marriage and death. Wives are sometimes secured by a foraging expedition on a weaker tribe, and by seizing as many women as may be desired. The usual method, however, is this: when a warrior, surfeited with the glory of martial life, desires a wife, he waits upon the father of the girl who has attracted his eye, and makes an offer of marriage. The father, after weighing the matter carefully—for a refusal is likely to provoke a long and bloody feud—in turn waits upon the priests and acquaints them with the nature of the offer, at the same time paying to them a munificent bribe in order to secure the answer of the deities as to whether the marriage should be entered into. The wife-seeker, should he be diplomatic enough, has meantime carried a larger bribe to the lamas, who "bleed" both father and suitor to the limit of safety, when the decision of the deities is given.

For a month the accepted suitor must keep the family of his favored one supplied with meat and other luxuries, and must be on his guard against rival suitors. At the end of a month the chosen one is invited to a grand feast by the father of the girl, where the betrothal is sealed by each cutting a small incision

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in the arm and mingling the blood flowing from the wound. This function of blood-brotherhood having been finished, the girl is brought forward—smeared with grease and various colored pigments, adorned in all her finery, and with a rope tied round her neck as a badge of subservience. Then ensues a scene of the shrewdest bargaining, the father dilating on the good points of the girl much in the manner that a connoisseur of blooded stock would expound the good points of an animal, while the suitor, having calculated how many cattle he is willing to give, strives to secure her at the lowest possible price. The wishes of the woman are never consulted, but the bargaining goes on for days, and even weeks, until a final settlement has been arrived at. The requisite price having been paid, she is led to the house of her husband, where she is subjected to a severe beating in order properly to humble her spirit, and made to run round the village loudly proclaiming the merits and valor of her husband, meanwhile touching those objects which are supposed to have a potent influence over her welfare, such as the teats of the cattle or the little stone idols placed in front of each dwelling.

Among some of the wilder Thibetan tribes, in the Koko-nor, there is a yet more curious ceremonial function. This consists in placing the girl, on her wedding morn, in the upper part of a tree, while her male relatives remain on the lower limbs—or else in the back part of her father's tent or hut, while these same relatives guard the entrance—in each case the latter being armed with Lolo thorn-sticks. The groom, when these preparations have been completed, rides up and announces his intention of seizing the bride. This requires fortitude, for the relatives beat him unmercifully when he attempts to reach the woman. If he manages to elude his assailants and touch the toe of the woman, she is his, he is welcomed into the family and complimented on his ardor. Should he fail, he suffers not only the inconvenience of being wifeless, but the loss of cattle and other presents given during the negotiations. By the sale of a girl to one man, however, the father does not relinquish his claims upon her, but may sell her to other suitors who come afterwards, until she may have a half-dozen husbands.

The mortuary customs of the Thibetans are fully as curious and barbarous. When a chief or an influential member of a village dies, his remains, placed in a box or yak-skin bag, are for several weeks sunk in a swiftly-flowing stream, in order to wash away the evil spirits supposed to possess the body. Then the badly-decomposed corpse is brought to one of the temples, and large payment is made to the lamas to complete the burial ceremony—a most gruesome task, better imagined than described. Various parts of the body are sprinkled with potent liquids. The relatives gather around, chanting in dolorous ululations, and lacerating themselves with knives and thorn-sticks. The body is then cut up by the lamas, and each piece is buried in a different spot. The head, supposed to contain the original spirit, will thus be surrounded by as many retainers in the next world as there are disjointed portions of the body. The number of pieces is determined by the rank of the individual; the body of a chief, perhaps, may be severed in a dozen places.

The Thibetans, like most savage races, are possessed of a deeply religious spirit. Lamas and witch-doctors hold almost unlimited sway, their power being superior even to that of the chiefs. In its basic elements their religion is Buddhistic; but more attention is paid to various forms of mummery and magic, in no wise dissimilar from the most degraded forms of African fetish-worship. There are numberless deities, each tribe—in fact each family—being protected by some patron god

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who guards the individual during life, and to whom the soul must be delivered at death. Two or three times a year the most fanatical religious ceremonies are indulged in, with sacrifices of cattle and sometimes of prisoners of war. No expedition is undertaken or project entered upon, however trivial, until the favor of the deities has been secured by sacrifices.

Worship of ancestors is carried on among all the tribes. At intervals the bones of illustrious forbears are dug up and carefully washed. With preternatural gravity the natives go about this operation, carrying huge pots of water to the open graves and religiously scrubbing the bones. Ludicrous as the operation is, to the natives themselves it is an intensely solemn and sacred ceremony. As the possession of a large "bonery" gives the fortunate individual great power in the tribes, these bones are sometimes seized for debt or on the inauguration of a feud, the person or family so deprived of the sacred relics being shunned until the bones have been redeemed.

One of the most peculiar objects connected with the cult of lama Buddhism throughout Thibet is the prayer-wheel. One sees the natives constantly twisting these instruments while bartering together, herding their cattle, or journeying on the highway. The prayer-wheel is a small metal cylinder, four inches in length and two or three inches in diameter, fixed on an axle, one end of which protrudes several inches and serves as a handle. In the cylinder are placed strips of paper covered with magic prayers, manufactured by the lamas and sold to the credulous natives at a good profit. The natives believe that by revolving the cylinder a certain number of times the joys of the future state are assured to the fortunate devotee.

A yet more curious form of the prayer-wheel is the water-wheel, doubtless the inspiration of some aboriginal Edison. This is a large cylinder on an axle suspended in a swiftly-flowing stream. Prayer-slips are inserted; and it stands to reason that, revolving unceasingly night and day, one of these large prayer-wheels must accomplish the work of many smaller ones. In this manner the busy man is enabled by this original invention to enjoy equal advantages in the devotional scale with his neighbor. And by means of the



A GROUP OF LAMAS

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prayer-wheel a unique method of revenge may be carried on. If one be at enmity with a man, it is only necessary that his prayer-wheel be secretly twisted a few times in a direction opposite to the customary one; all the previous good effects it has secured in advancing its owner toward future bliss will be completely nullified.

Thibetans are convinced that an enemy may be injured also in this way: a small dough image is made, with which to impersonate the enemy; some personal object belonging to the foe is obtained—such as a hair, a nail-paring, or a tooth; with this the image is pricked, causing the enemy horrible pains; and if the image be pierced in a "vital organ" the death of the foe is likely to occur.

The everyday life of the Thibetans is one of hardship, but rarely one of toil, as they are philosophers on a small scale in believing that today is here to be enjoyed, and that the morrow has yet to come. The greater part of their life seems given up to the practice of their religious devotions and to the pursuit of necromancy and soothsaying, although a little more disposition for honest toil would in a great measure ameliorate their present miserable existence. But the Thibetan has no time for small things—those elements of industry and application to the sterner necessities of life which go to make up the real prosperity of a country. Monte Cristo dreams of untold opulence attract his untutored and unreasoning mind; and if they bring no direct and substantial remuneration, they at least afford him the pleasure of continually dwelling in a state of eager expectation that magic charms will be realized in material form. Dealers in the "black art" are numerous among all these people, and they place implicit faith in the prescriptions of wizards.

We witnessed many of the ceremonial functions performed by these supernatural gentlemen. While halting in Ta Kou our exploring party received an invitation from the head man to witness a wholesale killing of the numerous devils and evil spirits that infested the neighborhood. His magic men had been working hard for weeks. By strenuous effort they had managed to collect together a band of particularly malevolent prototypes of the evil one, who were to be given a summary object lesson, for a wholesome effect upon any of their compatriots who might be lingering about. We pressed through the crowd of awe-stricken natives, took our places, and the chief gave the word to bring on the devils.

In the open space in front were seated the magic men, dressed in large sacks of yak-skin. Their heads were fantastically decorated with strips of rags and with small drum-shaped trinkets containing loose stones, which kept time with the movements of the dancers in a constant rattling whirr. The musicians beat drums and blew horns and whistles with a vociferous disregard of harmony; and any self-respecting devil lurking in the vicinity should have given up the ghost then and there. For half an hour the magicians ran about in their sacks, singing improvised chants and calling on the devils to come and be destroyed. At a signal from the chief one of the sackmen knelt in front on his hands and feet. A tall, majestic figure appeared, wearing a grotesque head-dress and mask, and holding in his right hand a sword. This stage-manager came to the man lying on the ground; another sack-dancer was brought in, and was laid down by the first. The manager opened the ends of both sacks, and the two crawled into one, making a curious figure supposed to contain the devils who were to be disposed of. The manager waved his sword, and the "animal" put its head out of the bag to bite him. At another wave of the manager's sword it threw its head aside to avert the blow, bellowing, screaming, and performing the most

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curious contortions. The spectators leaped to their feet and ran with every semblance of fright, pursued by the animal. The remaining dancers seized swords and threw themselves with simulated fury on the terrible beast, hacking at it, and commanding the evil spirit to depart. The monster obligingly gasped and twisted in seeming torture; and when nearly dead it was shouldered by the masked actors and carried off in triumph to one of the tents. In the final act one of the dancers impersonated another demon. His sack falling gradually down exposed a white head; the spectators shouted and clapped their hands. His whole body was at last cleared of the sack, and exhibited the appearance of a human figure cast in white wax. Dismal calls came from the tent where the first monster had been carried; the white devil grew furious, and rushed into the tent, from which at once came the groans and shouts of a fierce struggle between the two rival demons. As soon as there was silence the chief threw back the flap of the tent—the two devil-spirits had departed for parts unknown! To celebrate this fortunate deliverance, the ceremony was brought to a close by hilarious feasting and dancing.

Besides believing so fully in the powers of magic and necromancy, the Thibetans have numberless strange myths, one, the most curious, pertaining to the sun, moon, and stars. The sun is believed to be an immense ball of yak-meat and fat, whereon the spirits of departed ancestors are supposed to feast, the light being caused by its heated condition. The stars are portions of this immense feast which, dropping to earth, give birth to animals for the sustenance of suffering humanity. The moon is a lesser ball of similar texture as the sun, in use while the larger one is being replenished for the morrow. When sun or moon fails to appear in cloudy days and nights, it means that the deities are undergoing a period of fasting and religious abnegation. And the parched and sterile condition of bleak regions is ascribed to the fact that many thousand years ago the sun-ball slipped from the hands of its keepers, descended too near the earth, and, before being recaptured, scorched those parts with which it came in contact.



A LAMA'S MAGIC PRAYER-WHEEL

These illustrations, out of hundreds that might be cited, at least give a hint of the ignorance, superstition, and bru-

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A SACRED PROCESSION IN FRONT OF THE LAMASERY
PRAYER-WHEELS ARE SET IN THE WALLS

tality of the Thibetans, as well as of their heterogeneous tribal relations, their lack of any real national union, and their inability to resist aggression; a hint also of the greatness of England's task—not so much as conqueror in war, but as uplifter in peace. News from the scene of action makes it clear that the ancient walls of Thibet afford little protection against British advance; nor do rugged mountain passes deter British troops. But England's hope of retaining "the forbidden land" as a buffer between Russia and her Indian possessions rests principally on the higher civilization she has to offer.

W. C. Jameson Reid.

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A GALLERY OF POPULAR ART

THE CORCORAN COLLECTION IN WASHINGTON

The Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington occupies a unique position. Founded and endowed by a private individual, it has gradually come to be reckoned among the city's public institutions, and even assumed a national character. It is but moderately rich in treasure and endowment, yet it is one of the best known and most frequented galleries in this country. It came into existence at a time when home talent was little appreciated and the standard of art was comparatively low, but it contains a thoroughly comprehensive collection of American sculptures and paintings, as well as representative works of the foremost foreign artists of that and a later period.

Situated close to the War, State, and Navy departments, it is one of the most imposing buildings in Washington, and has a prominent place in the plans of the Park Commission for beautifying the capital. Designed by Ernest Flagg of New York, it is built of Georgian marble in the Neo-Grecian style. The exterior of the structure is severely plain, for while the first story is pierced at regular intervals by windows, the second, wherein are situated the picture galleries, rises in a solid white wall, broken only by a row of open-work marble panels along the upper edge. To the extreme right, or north end, of the building is a large semi-circular addition, occupied by the class rooms of the Corcoran School of Art and the Hemicycle Hall in which the special current exhibitions are held.

An impressive scene meets the eye as soon as the threshold of the main entrance is crossed. Opening from the vestibule is the main hall in which the casts of antique and medieval sculpture are exhibited, and across which, directly opposite the entrance, rises the grand marble staircase—in beauty, simplicity, and purity of design unsurpassed by any architectural work in America.

This gallery of art was established by Mr. William Wilson Corcoran, of Washington, thirty-five years ago, in a less pretentious building on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street, now owned by the government and occupied by the Court of Claims. There the gallery made its home until the present building, affording greater room and better facilities for the exhibition of the works of art, was erected in 1896-97. In 1870 the gallery was chartered by Congress and declared exempt from taxation; in the same year Mr. Corcoran placed its control in the hands of nine trustees.

As Mr. Corcoran gave this gallery of art to the public avowedly "for the purpose of encouraging American genius in the production and preservation of the fine arts and kindred objects," it is not remarkable that its chief interest should lie in its collection of American works.

In the galleries on the lower floor, given over to sculpture, there are many excellent examples of the work of the earliest American sculptors, and in the halls on the upper floor hang a collection of canvases which adequately illustrate the development of American painting. Unrelated to the nation and

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the times in which they were created, these works doubtless appear of minor consequence, but considered in connection with them they become of prime importance.

Prominent among the marbles are Hiram Powers' *Greek Slave*, than which no modern work has enjoyed greater popularity; Joel Hart's plain, homely, yet faithful portrait-bust of Henry Clay; and Henry Kirke Brown's really admirable bust of Vice-President John C. Breckenridge. And, intervening between these and the modern works by Augustus St. Gaudens, William Ordway Partridge and others, are a statuette by Larkin Meade called *Echo*, and a figure of *Endymion* by William Rhinehart. Some of the early works are, to be sure, crude and weak; the *Greek Slave*, much as she has been admired in the past, would probably scarcely make a ripple in the current of a present-day exhibition; but they are not, when considered in connection with their time, without almost gigantic merit. Their authors made, rather than followed, tradition; they were the pioneers who wrought by instinct rather than by knowledge, and blazed the trail for those who are now coming.

In the paintings this progress is more minutely set forth, though it must be remembered that the company of artists following this branch of the fine arts was proportionately larger. Painted portraits came into vogue in America long before portrait-busts were thought of, and as early as the days of the Revolution foreign celebrities, such as St. Memin, found in this country abundant sitters and a rich harvest. The earliest of our American portrait painters represented in the Corcoran Gallery's collection are Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and Rembrandt Peale, all of whom did work to which the modern artist must respectfully doff his cap. Then come the landscape painters, Thomas Doughty and Thomas Cole, with their unnatural yet curiously interesting canvases. So stilted and complicated are their compositions that one is aware of their studio-birth, and is desirous of separating them into the several little pictures from which they have been made; but they carry with them the conviction of earnest purpose and lofty ideals which some of the latter-day, more spontaneous works do not.

Coming between these and the paintings by contemporary artists are the pictures of the Hudson River School — Durand, Kensett, Whittredge, and Gifford. They are quiet pictures, still striving to be panoramic, but nearer to nature and showing better feeling than those which went before. George Inness and Alexander H. Wyant stand out as the great lights of the succeeding epoch, and are both excellently represented in the Corcoran collection. The Inness is a large canvas picturing an unusual effect of sunlight in the summer woods; the Wyant, a simpler work, showing a broad stretch of attractive country near Lake Champlain. Both are among the most notable paintings in the gallery.

Belonging to the old days and the original collection is a curious painting by Daniel Huntington, the third president of the Academy of Design, entitled *Mercy's Dream*. This is a large canvas illustrating that passage in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* which tells of the joy that came to Mercy when she dreamed that an angel descended from heaven and, wiping away her tears, offered her the consolation of an eternal crown. It is not the style of painting which is popular today; it is frankly old-fashioned and lacking in many qualities, but it is colorful and not badly conceived. The painter dealt literally with spiritual things and left nothing to the imagination, but he strove to express an uplifting thought; he endeavored, and not altogether vainly, to make a beautiful idea permanent; and this, as Barrie has said, is the beginning and end of all art.

In the same room with this picture

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is Bierstadt's painting, *Mount Corcoran*, which stands for another quite distinctive phase of American art. It is a dramatic canvas, showing cloud-capped mountains beyond a lake of grassy green, on the shore of which giant evergreens loom up darkly and a black bear stands in solitary dignity. There is something weirdly unnatural about the composition, which at one time was mistaken for the awesome majesty of nature, but which, in reality, is as far removed from it as is stage thunder from the heaven-made product. And yet it was such paintings as this, and those by Moran, which marked the beginning of a thoroughly American art. They were even more characteristic—in the sense that they belonged to this country alone—than the works of the more genuine and artistic Hudson River School.

With this class of paintings belongs Church's great picture of Niagara, though in merit it far outstrips the majority of its contemporaries. From this it is natural to pass to William T. Richard's picture, *On the Coast of New Jersey*, which is one of the best works that well-known marine painter has produced, and is also one of the most popular canvases in the gallery. Hanging opposite to *Niagara Falls*, and balancing Richard's painting, is Alexander Harrison's charming seascape called *Twilight*, which is forceful, realistic, and at the same time pervaded by sentiment; and which, though painted some years ago, brings one directly to the thoughts and methods of the modern school.

As ably representing this present-day school there are works by Charles M. Dewey, George de Forest Brush, H. Bolton Jones, and William M. Chase; while again, bridging over the transition period in a different class of subjects, are to be noted works by Boughton, Bridgman, and Edwin Lord Weeks. These last men were the genre painters, and dear indeed to the hearts of the public have been their works. We may not feel today that theirs was, or is, the highest conception of art, but we cannot deny the value of their work nor the faithfulness with which they wrought.

The Pastoral Visit, by Richard N. Brooke, the president of the Society of Washington Artists, might, both from subject and date of execution, be considered in this class, though it shows a breadth of handling and possesses a touch of human nature which the more minutely finished and elaborate works lack. It pictures the interior of an old-fashioned negro's cabin in which the family are gathered for the midday meal. The parson, a man of years, has dropped in to see to the welfare of that portion of his flock, and has been prevailed upon to partake of the repast. It is in every way a typical picture of the home life of the negro a quarter of a century ago—a life simple, natural, and contented, and a people genuine, guileless, and affectionate.

But there are in the Corcoran Gallery other than American paintings. For the development of American genius Mr. Corcoran very rightly adjudged it necessary that the American public should have a broad vision, and both see and know the best that was being done by those of other lands. Accordingly, in 1873, Mr. W. T. Walters of Baltimore, then one of the trustees, was sent to Europe to purchase foreign paintings for the gallery. It was at this time that Mr. Walters bought many of the admirable pictures which now make up the interesting and well-known collection that has passed into the possession of his son; and it may be added that in his purchases for both galleries he displayed excellent taste and judgment. This was during the day of the Barbizon painters, but before their works were greatly appreciated; and hence most of the canvases which Mr. Walters sent home were of the illustrative, genre order—such, for instance, as Frère's *Preparing for Church*, Vibert's excellently painted *Schism*, and Detaille's masterly *Passing Regiment*.

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It is only lately that any one has thought of calling Corot a realist, but there are many today who find more reality in his impressionism than in the cramped literalism of the pre-Raphaelite painters. The Corcoran Gallery is rich in the possession of the *Wood Gatherers*, a large characteristic canvas by Corot, which manifests more clearly than many the great power of this wonderful landscape painter. It has also an excellent Diaz and a strong Dupré; an admirable Daubigny and an unusually fine Van Marcke, besides characteristic canvases by Schreyer, Troyon, Bonheur, and Henner.

During the past few years valuable additions have been made by purchase and gift to the Corcoran Gallery's collection. Private individuals and artists have from time to time donated pictures to the gallery, and when opportunity offered the trustees have bought works of art which in their estimation possessed unusual merit. To be numbered among the most notable of these recent acquisitions are a portrait of Prince Bismarck by Lenbach, the great German portrait painter; an interior by Joseph Israels, the eminent Dutch artist whose eightieth birthday has been celebrated this year with much good will and some ceremony; and a *Mother and Child* by the well-known American, George de Forest Brush. This last is a peculiarly interesting painting and one which, once seen, could never be forgotten. Devoid of picturesqueness and shorn of even the usual dainty accessories of costume, it possesses a charm which cannot be denied or evaded. It presents, with no other adornment than her apple-cheeked baby, a woman of the people who has not disdained to labor or to follow her woman's calling, and it is her personality which characterizes the work. In color it is rather bold, but harmonious; and in the construction and modeling there is no trace of weakness or haste. Its technic is clever but it is not conspicuous, and its claim to greatness is derived through the combination of diligent study and natural ability.

In addition to the Corcoran Gallery's permanent exhibition it has, in two rooms set aside for the purpose, a shifting loan collection in which there are always to be found a number of noteworthy canvases. At present there is in this collection a painting by John Singer Sargent, called *The Oyster Gatherers*, which was one of the first of the now distinguished artist's works to win recognition. It was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1878, with his portrait of Carolus-Duran, and was awarded an honor. From the walls of that exhibition it was purchased by Admiral A. L. Case, who permitted the painter, several years later, to make the copy of it which was shown last year in the annual display of the Pennsylvania Academy, when, it will be remembered, the Converse gold medal was awarded to Mr. Sargent. It is charming in color and composition and, though painted when Mr. Sargent's student days were still scarcely past, it manifests the power and joyous ease of execution which in a large measure are the special charms of his present work.

It is impossible in so brief a summary to more than suggest the character of the Corcoran Gallery, or to dwell on any save its salient features. It is chiefly American and distinctly modern. It is not a gallery of masterpieces—it contains, in comparison with the galleries of the Old World, few really great pictures—but it has fulfilled its founder's purpose. It is visited each year by about one hundred thousand persons, and it is safe to say that it has not only given untold pleasure by its pictures of popular appeal, but that it has through them aided materially in the cultivation of the American taste for art and for the best works of art.

Leila Mechlin

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MOTHER AND CHILD

By GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

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THE OYSTER GATHERERS

By JOHN S. SARGENT

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THE SCHISM

By J. G. VIBERT

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LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE

By ÉMILE VAN MARCKE

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PRINCE BISMARCK

By FRANZ VON LENBACH

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A Great German Portrait-Painter

By Harrison S. Morris

The limited knowledge of contemporary German art in this country is always a source of surprise to me, because we know Germany and the Germans so well in many other respects. The legend, "made in Germany," turns up so often on the commonest objects of daily use, we read their scientists and even their prose authors so much, that it is strange we are so ignorant of their art.

I suppose this is partly due to our nearly two generations of bias for French painting; partly to our lack of sympathy for the German ideals and technical methods. The Düsseldorf and Munich Schools, with their black shadows and goody-goody themes, gave way to the joyous light and sentiment of France; and to this Gallic gaiety we have since adhered. Hence it is that only one name has stood with us for modern German art, and that name is Lenbach. We hear vaguely of Böcklin, whom Lenbach has represented in a spirited and dramatic portrait; of Hans von Bartels; of Menzel and of Ferdinand Keller; but we rarely see their work, and they are known only in a restricted way. They have no popular vogue with us, and their names would sound odd save to students or to travelers who have watched the Teutonic currents in art.

But if you ask the man in the street who Lenbach was he will probably have a hazy idea that he was the painter of Bismarck, and—as Abraham Lincoln said to the person who asserted that down his way they worshiped only two powers, God and Abe Lincoln—he will be about half right. To the making of many portraits of Prince Bismarck Lenbach does assuredly owe much of his fame, especially in this country whose interests and preferences are not essentially with German art.

But in the larger world where art is cosmopolitan Lenbach is by no means esteemed by his Bismarck portraits alone. He has painted many rulers in Europe, many titled dames and men, and he is a court painter *par excellence*. The incident of his painting Bismarck came about in a charming bond of social liking and common interest, ending in devotion from the artist and admiration from the statesman. They were both big, hearty, honest Teutons, disliking cant and speaking often with a berserker rudeness what was in them; they dined much together, and railed in chorus against those they held in disesteem. When Lenbach was asked to paint Virchow he took a small recompense, because Virchow was a great man whom he honored for his attainments, but he said he would have charged nothing had Virchow been just to Bismarck. The Iron Chancellor on his part was content to be known to posterity by Lenbach's likenesses.

Such was the friendship between two great Germans; and it is not strange that they go hand in hand in the thought of us remote Americans. We know little of Lenbach's life in Rome and Madrid, of his portraits of Pope

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Leo XIII and of Gladstone; Dr. Döllinger and Von Moltke; Paul Heyse and Björnson. Nor do we know very much of his sturdy, self-helpful, independent career. Once he was driving with Princess Bismarck, and pointed to a carpenter repairing a peasant's roof. Said he, with manly honesty: "I too was at that trade in my youth." His father had been a builder, and he was early apprenticed to the trade.

He was born at Schrobenhausen, near Augsburg, Bavaria, in 1836; and as if the influences of Luther had entered his infant blood, he became a power in the political rebirth of Germany—strangely enough, a power through an art which is not essentially characteristic of the Teutonic race. In Munich he is said to have been almost a dictator, so universal was the respect for his genius and his character; and his influence with Bismarck was no doubt profound. Even if it were not potentially exerted, his sway must have had subtle effect upon a nature which loved unalloyed honesty of heart. It is one of the high honors of art that it may thus, as it did perhaps in the case of Velasquez, serve not only the cause of pure beauty but reach its ameliorating strength out to men's lives and their political fortunes.

In Munich, Lenbach lived happily in his domestic circle, portrayed with so much charm in the picture of his wife and child—belonging to Mr. Peter A. Schemm, of Philadelphia—and built for himself a lordly mansion and studio, which was the centre of all social and intellectual life. He frequently gave receptions to meet his distinguished sitters; and always amid the grandees there would appear some plain guests, who were respected for their relationship to the painter.

In this studio there were some significant pictures to show the genesis of Lenbach's art. Two original Titians, a Rubens, and a Sir Joshua Reynolds enriched the somewhat formal rooms. Such strains, woven through the fibres of a Teutonic nature, and lost in its coarser grain, serve in some degree to account for Lenbach. He adored Titian, but he failed to gain his beauty and reality; he venerated Rubens, but he was devoid of his grandeur and wealth of form; he respected Sir Joshua, but he lacked his grace and taste. He fell far short of winning the color of any of these; and, indeed, he was no colorist at all.

What Lenbach sought in his justly famous portraits was an instantaneous flash of character. He concentrated all his power on the face of the sitter, and being a fine draftsman, with a profound sense of the value of light and shade, he fixed forever on his best canvases the man or woman he sought to portray. He did not so much make pictures as prefigure individuals. His grasp of character was incisive and instantaneous. He does not give the habitual man or woman, but a flashlight embodiment of one characteristic. There is nothing mellow or reflective or searching in his work. It is full of animation and overflowing with vitality. Even the drawing of Dusé—a face and pose that should invite contemplative treatment—is alert and clean cut. The eyes always flash, the body always stands ready to spring into action, in Lenbach's portraits.

He died on May 5, 1904, at his home in Munich; and the lamentations of the German press, the mourning of the whole German people, show in what value he was held. Though it was his theory that our times are lacking in character and color, that we have sacrificed beauty to business and made manhood a yoke-fellow to toil, he had endeared himself deeply to his fellow countrymen. He never loved them the less that he saw their defects, and they returned his love by a devotion which is touching in its universality. They were proud of him. And well they might be, for he represented to them the possibilities open to talent in a land of almost feudal government; while to the world

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COUNT VON MOLTKE

By FRANZ VON LENBACH

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THE IRON CHANCELLOR

By FRANZ VON LENBACH

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COLLECTION OF PETER A. SCHEMM

LENBACH'S PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE AND CHILD

without their borders he spoke through his painting for Teutonic ideals of beauty, and showed that the native culture had also its high achievements in an art which has made distinguished the conquered Gauls.

Lenbach and Richard Wagner, his friend, stand forth for German attainment in the art of our times. They express the same tendencies, the same aspirations; and even in details they show similarities of thought and purpose. I rarely see the dramatic—I had almost said operatic—portraits of Lenbach, without recalling Wagner. By the men and women and the groups and scenes of Wagner I am constantly reminded of Lenbach.

Harrison S. Morris

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A SAMPAN FLOTILLA NEAR CANTON

IN THESE RIVER BOATS THOUSANDS OF CHINESE FIND THEIR ONLY HOMES

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THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

V - THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA IN CHINA

While the Western world has been dreaming of remote possibilities in Asia, or asserting as chimerical the awakening of its moon-eyed millions, the mysterious yellow races between the Urals and the Pacific have begun to move with the current of modern nations. It is no longer a question whether China will shake itself from the somnolence of centuries; it is already thoroughly aroused to the necessity of developing its own unmeasured strength, and of seizing its share of matchless commercial possibilities on the Pacific.

It was natural that China should long postpone the hour of its adoption of Western methods. For centuries it has been the teacher, the international Gamaliel, of the Eastern world. The race regarded itself as the chosen people. Beyond the borders of their empire the heathen raged. It was difficult for China to assume the rôle of student and take instructions from peoples who were deep in barbarism when the Mongolian Empire was the school-teacher of the Orient. The triumphs of Japan undeniably are stirring China; but it was the arrival of the allies in Peking, terminating the siege of the Legations, that first caused China to realize that there was a modern force in the world in which it had no share, and with which it must seriously reckon if it hoped to escape the fate of vassalage.

Still, this sudden realization of weakness might have led only to an inane struggle, with confusion and conflicting counsel, had not astute leaders discovered in the venerated Chinese classics conspicuous warrant for the adoption of new ideas and methods. The sages of antiquity are found to have favored innovations. And now even Confucius and Mencius are freely quoted to justify the adoption of up-to-date ideas. Historians in China today are also citing some of the ancients who for patriotic purposes visited foreign courts and brought back ideas to be introduced into the government of China. The effects upon Japan of travel and study abroad on the part of such men as Marquis Ito, Mitsui, and Yamagata are emphasized by Chinese leaders. The dramatic latter-day escape of Siam from the clutches of France is magnified. All these things have been arousing China.

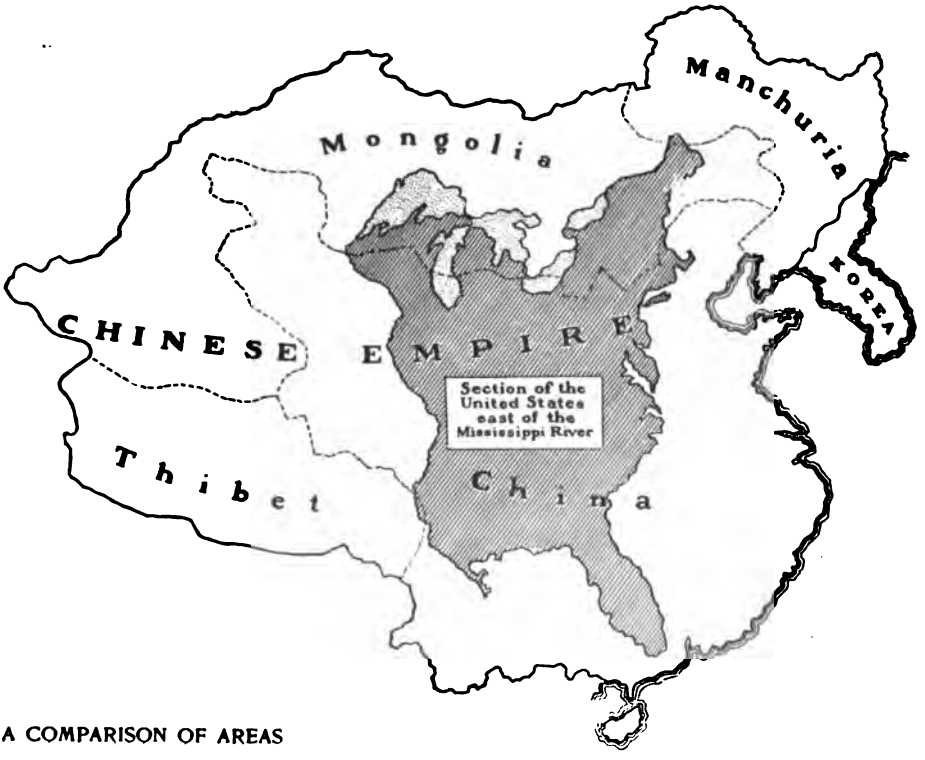
The observer of present-day conditions in the Orient is asking: Will China fight? And it is a startling fact that the new movement in China includes, among its many ramifications, a program for the most modern arsenals, and for the mobilization, equipping, and elaborate training of a formidable army. In May of this year a contract to construct a new arsenal in the vicinity of Canton was awarded to the Krupp Company of Essen, Germany. The thoroughness of preparations for defence in China impresses the observer.

American engineers, business men, and consular representatives in the Far East, who have studied the Chinese at short range, emphasize the folly of

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believing that "the Chinese will not fight." When that race was in conflict with warlike neighbors, it developed an invincible army. To this day the warriors of Hu-nan have never been subjugated, not even by the conquerors of the empire. With peace established the army declined in power and prestige, and the people gave themselves up to the affairs of trade. Centuries of intellectual endeavor and achievement, the influence of profound and humane philosophers, and the absence of conflict with foreign powers developed an exaltation of letters, and a corresponding contempt for the man who sought applause through achievements in human slaughter. In consequence there gravitated to the army of China the worst possible pariahs of her degraded classes. No self-respecting Chinaman would voluntarily solicit enrollment in a profession holding out as reward the contumely of a race which had come to regard the stroke of the pen as infinitely more honorable than the swish of the sword. Therefore it was not to be wondered that China, having surrendered itself to centuries of mere learning and trade, failed dismally when brought into conflict with embattled and ensanguined civilization.

For the Chinaman is the embodiment of the business spirit, and the established principles of traffic permeate even the soldier ranks. The secret of China's inglorious military career in recent years is that the rank and file had not been paid. The Chinaman's ruling passion for business displayed itself in the war with Japan. A general in the Japanese army told me that after the first fire from his regiment of infantry, the Chinese troops arrayed against him disappeared like a mist. Not long thereafter they reappeared in the rear of his army, retailing vegetables to his soldiers. Nevertheless, he was confident, there was no lack of bravery among these thrifty deserters. Inquiry developed



A COMPARISON OF AREAS

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that they had not been paid their wages, and that they lived in no expectation that their miserable cash allotment as heroes would ever come their way. When they could coin an opportunity into profit, the alternative — of ingloriously facing the firing line without pay—naturally failed to kindle martial zeal.

Now a startling change has taken place. The next generation of China, in imitation of Christian nations, will build memorials to the generals who develop genius to mow down regiments. Hitherto military schools have been opposed in China; but now scholars have discovered in the ancient analects a statement furnishing ample justification for inculcating the principles of war. Until recently many Chinese philosophers have advocated, instead of a development of the army, an utter disarmament, in keeping with sporadic outcroppings of Western altruism. This propaganda now comes in for satiric censure from the dominating patriots of China. They argue that twenty-five centuries ago a disarmament society was established by Hsiang Su, and that he was openly rebuked by Tze Han. The tendency in some quarters towards an idealistic policy of non-resistance has thus received a body-blow by that ancient fact, and the latent martial spirit of China has been quickened into combative existence. Furthermore, a recent printed statement, circulating among millions, calls attention to the fact that immediately after Austria instituted the Disarmament Society, war was precipitated between various nations of the world; and the manifesto says to the Mongolian race: "If there is any member of this Disarmament Society who has played the peacemaker, we have not heard of him. Germany, consequently, has seized upon our Kiao-chau and Russia has appropriated our Port Arthur. Since the Disarmament Society was formed the great countries have been energetically purchasing men-of-war and using every means to obtain a power balance. If we maintain an army, the weak countries will fear us and the strong will respect us. *If we ally ourselves with Europe, then Europe will win; if with Asia, Asia will win.*"



A BIT OF OLD CHINA

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This notable address to the people of China, which has won millions of converts, adds that by all means they should mobilize and drill an army before considering the question of disarmament.

The powerful viceroy of Hu-nan advocates the construction of a Chinese navy of fifty modern battleships, and he

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is working to increase the land force to "thirty myriads of troops." He wants the forts of China to be strengthened and equipped with the latest armament, and he has pledged his support to the construction of a complete system of railways. With such military strength and strategic resources no country, he is confident, would begin hostilities with China, or in war infringe upon her treaty rights. He adds significantly: "Under these conditions, Japan will side with China, and Europe will retire."

The new movement in China is characterized also by a demand for an abrogation of the American exclusion-policy against the Chinese. Treaties in the Chinese language, dealing with what is decried as the farce of international law between countries unevenly matched in military strength or alliance, have been placed in the hands of millions of the people of Asia. It is clearly set forth that international law will not operate to prevent a strong nation from waging war against a weak one, or from annexing it under the convenient term of "benevolent assimilation." Many conditions have been dwelt upon to demonstrate to the citizens of China that their country is not in the comity of nations. Rich and possessed of the element of unequalled power, it is actually "camping in sufferance" on the back stoop of the world. Its people are debarred from other lands; yet China is powerless to prevent the advent of aliens upon its own shores. Foreigners in China are not even subject to the laws of the country, but enjoy protection in that legal Arcady known as exterritoriality. Through the medium of Mixed Courts other nations have the majesty of might to reinforce their principles of jurisprudence. That is why, even in China, the murder of a Chinaman by an alien is little more than a misdemeanor; while the killing of a foreigner by a Chinaman is a crime of serious, and even international, import.

The Chinese have at length perceived that the one way to national salvation is by helping themselves; that an adoption of modern methods will not destroy Confucianism; and that, reinforced by latter-day engines of force and instruments of expansion, their religion may be indefinitely spread. And they see that China, to take its rightful place, must cherish its ancient precepts, multiply its assets, and not only extend but control its international commerce—now stirring its imagination, and luring the ambition of the world.

It is frequently and erroneously said in Western lands that the absence of patriotism in China precludes the possibility of any national movement in that empire. If love of country includes a belief that one's native land has no equal on earth, the Chinese have been consumed for centuries by a patriotism that has no counterpart among the races of mankind. In the provinces and villages of China no rejoicing equals that which celebrates the selection of some son of the community to a government office, through the universal civil-service examination. Here is a sentiment which, guided by the modern teachings in China, is being quickened into an ardent and auspicious patriotic zeal.

A marked change has taken place in the relation between the dynasty and the people. At one time officials exacted commodities from merchants at rates ruinously below their actual value. It was euphemistically called selling at "mandarin prices." Now all that officials and nobles wear or eat, everything they use in any of the arts of peace or in ceremonial rites, is paid for at the market price. Formerly when princes traveled, the people were burdened to pay the expenses of their journey. The tidings of their coming spread consternation. Today, when a prince makes a pilgrimage through the empire, the taxes along the route of his itinerary are in many cases remitted, as a special act of official chivalry.

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EAST AND WEST—JUNK AND BATTLESHIP

In other ways more intimate relations are developing constantly between the populace and the governing classes. Many of the penal laws of China have been modified. From a maximum hundred blows of the bamboo the agonizing limit has been reduced to forty, and during the hot months to thirty-two. Formerly, when a criminal deserving capital punishment was caught in China, no member of his family survived to grieve over the disgrace. Extermination was gruesomely dealt out to all his kindred. This wholesale extirpation has been checked; and if a criminal happens to be the only child, under the new law he is kept alive and compelled to support the parents he has dishonored.

Every phase of life in China is feeling the force of reform. Among the many important developments to which China is pledged, is the opening of the mines of the empire. This exploitation, sturdily opposed for centuries, promises to be carried out now with the earnestness of a religious faith. Did not the ancients say: "Bring out the valuable things

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from the mighty mountains," and "A man is to be despised who deliberately throws aside precious materials"? In the opinion of foreign residents of the Far East, imagination is incapable of conceiving the prosperity which will roll in upon China from the development of mines in the mountains of that empire. Within the past years the import trade of China has increased nearly fifty per cent. With the uncovering of the hidden mineral wealth, its ability to purchase goods abroad would be increased a hundredfold.

The development of a few mines in the mountains of Korea furnish a glimpse into the mineral resources of Asia. In the crashing days of the panic of 1893 Leigh Hunt, an ambitious business man of Puget Sound, found himself under a mighty avalanche of debt—two million dollars. With a new-born resolution he sailed to the Orient. He secured from the ruler of the Hermit Nation a concession to mine in the mountains of northern Korea. Not three years later the creditors on Puget Sound received notice to attend a meeting on a certain day. They gathered, fully expecting to be called upon to settle for a fractional part of the aggregate two millions. Instead, there was delivered to that anxious session a message from Mr. Hunt that he was ready to pay in full with accumulated interest every debt he owed. Five thousand men today work in his Korean mines. Some of his engineers have sent prospectors into China. One of these experts assured me that the mineral wealth of Manchuria, alone, will astonish the world.

Consider, in this connection, that one of the notable triumphs of the new movement in China is the overthrow of the immemorial prejudice against the introduction of machinery. The present leaders in China have found classical authority even for the employment of new mechanical appliances. And ancient instructions to the people, regarding new instruments designed to give labor a greater industrial leverage, are accepted by the Chinese as warrant for the institution of national expositions. China also proposes to establish experimental manufactories, just as the United States Department of Agriculture maintains experimental stations.

Furthermore, China will experience little difficulty in getting her farmers to adopt modern discoveries in husbandry, although many of these are revolutionary. The inoculation of the seeds of leguminous plants with nitrogen-breathing bacteria—an achievement which Secretary Wilson pronounces one of the greatest scientific triumphs of the age—and the marvelous results of hybridization, have already come to the attention of Chinese agricultural experts. Today the Chinese find that three thousand years ago the fundamental truth was set down that farming is a science, and that tillers of the soil should be ready to study and utilize every new advancement in the perfection of plant life. Even in ancient times the scientific propagation of cotton and silk, and the utilization of waste products were discussed. Knowledge that the canonized philosophers of antiquity advocated constant change in agricultural methods is now paving the way for an invasion, from Western lands, of the new horticulture which is re-creating the earth.

Then again, China is selecting some of her best scholars to fill diplomatic positions abroad. Her ministers to England and the United States, for example, are men of the highest rank, even when compared with the most brilliant of their colleagues. It is also a part of China's program to have her representatives secure translations of the best books of the countries to which they are assigned, for wide circulation and the instruction of the Chinese people. Soon the literary and scientific achievements of the ages will be in the hands of Mongolian millions. And even this extensive translation of Western letters

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A CHINESE STRAWBERRY GARDEN

THE INFINITE PATIENCE OF THE CELESTIAL IS NOWHERE BETTER EXEMPLIFIED THAN IN HIS FARMING AND GARDENING

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is not a new departure. A school of languages flourished in China nearly four thousand years ago; this fact furnishes sufficiently ancient warrant for the present elaborate provision looking to the study and translation of books in foreign tongues.

In truth, there is not a project in all the revolutionary schedule for China's transformation that is not supported by illustrious precedent. There is the great question of national schools. The historians find that in preceding centuries Buddhist temples were dismantled in China in the interests of Taoism. This fact has emboldened the reformers to urge the splendid proposition that out of every ten temples and monasteries of the Buddhists and Taoists—which exist in countless numbers in China—seven be converted into schools. One of the arguments in advocacy of this important movement is that the devils of these faiths have become "irresponsive and inefficacious"! Schools wherein is taught Western science—including mathematics, mining, chemistry, physics, electricity, biology, and therapeutics—have already been established; and should seven out of every ten temples be dedicated to study, the Chinese Empire would of a sudden have more schools than any other nation in the world.

Western powers cannot keep too prominently in mind that the awakening of China is not the emergence of a savage nation. At no time within recorded history have the masses of China been composed of savage tribes. It is the common-place of history that their whole intercourse was civilized when our unattired progenitors included specimens that, if they could be placed on exhibition today, would mean a fortune to any circus manager; that the canals of China were highways of organized and prosperous commerce when brigandage was the highest ideal of exchange in Western Europe; that China was conning and creating classics when the speech of some of our guttural forebears had scarcely risen above the vocabulary of grunts; and that the oldest newspaper in the world, published in Peking, appeared regularly before many Western peoples had devised an alphabet; that along other utilitarian lines, China employed the compass and various achievements of seafaring science when many of the mariners of the West scarcely dared to venture beyond the deep-water signs; and that there is scarcely a Western invention that has not some counterpart among the creations of Celestial genius.

Incredible as it may seem, commercial America still regards the awakening of China as an event too remote for practical consideration by the generation of today. A few American firms know the facts. They perceive that China has ceased to be provincial, has at last realized the dangers of isolation, and has begun to profit by intercourse with the world; that China has a national chemist from the United States Department of Agriculture, a supervising architect from the United States Treasury, a financial expert from Cornell, a superintendent of customs from Great Britain, and military strategists from Japan. A few of the commercial houses of America act as if they appreciated that China is establishing schools, constructing railways, spreading electric light throughout its cities, planning the reconstruction of its military system. A few American firms seem to realize that the spectacle of Chinese riding bicycles, the use of foreign carriages by the Chinese officials of Peking and Tientsin, the sight of steam-rollers finishing macadam roads in some of the new suburbs of Chinese cities, the laying of iron water-mains, the operation of a pumping and filtering plant along the Yu-ho River, the importation by the Dowager Empress of a cargo of motor cars, and other similar indications bespeak a great and significant movement in this ancient Asiatic nation.

But the American nation, speaking

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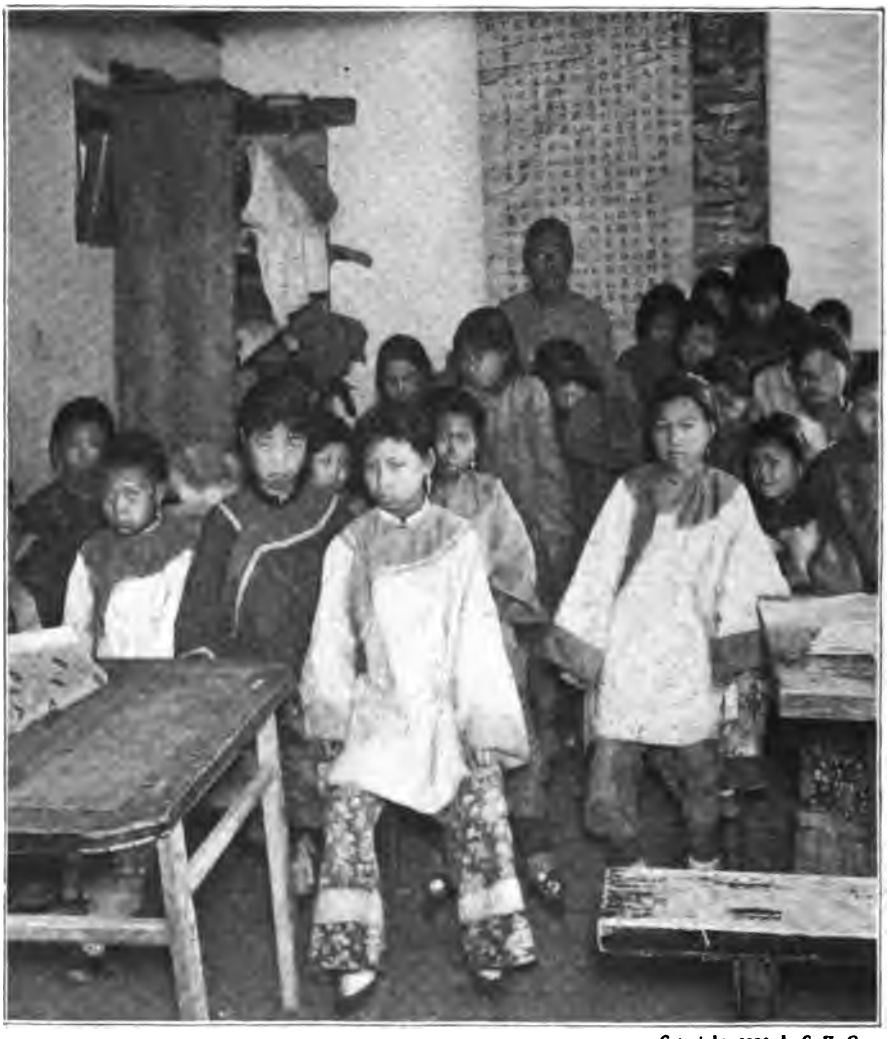


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CHINESE COLLIERS ON THE PEI-HO AT TIENTSIN

generally, is astonishingly indifferent to China's awakening and to the new commercial opportunities. I was approached by an American resident in the Far East, who regularly represents in China and Japan a big American firm. He had in his possession documents from the imperial government of China granting him exclusive mineral concession throughout an entire Chinese province, a domain as large as a dozen American States, and known to possess vast mineral wealth. That concession was about to expire. To renew it for a term of twenty years would require the payment into the Chinese treasury of one hundred thousand dollars; but although the man who sought a renewal of the mining right was the agent of a capitalist and himself a man of great energy, he had found it utterly impossible to interest the moneyed men of the United States to the extent of persuading them to subscribe the necessary sum for an extension of this great concession. The reason for their hesitation was, of course, quite plain. In the presence of the

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A MODERN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN CHEFOO

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political and military chaos in Asia, America was in no position to safeguard speculations in China. No American firm or syndicate would sink a hundred thousand dollars in the mountains of an Asiatic province without assurance that they would be peaceably permitted to dig it out again.

It is an interesting fact that the Mongolian emergence, to which the American people as a whole are blind, is thoroughly recognized by the American missionaries. They see that China is at last actually shaking itself free from the complacent conservatism of ages—an event that must soon stir the whole American business world. The latest report of the American Bible Society, prepared at Shanghai, convincingly shows that the elemental upheaval of China confronts Christian powers with a problem worthy of serious attention.

Unobserved by the world in general, a conflict is beginning to take place in China which gives promise of being no less formidable than the struggle of the two contending empires along the river

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line of the Yalu. It is to be a contest between Christendom and Japan.

In my article in the June issue of this magazine attention was directed to the purpose of Japan to graft a new religion upon the world—a cosmopolitan creed that should be an amalgamation upon rationalistic lines of many of the precepts of every philosophy and faith. Since that article was written news has been cabled from Tokio of a movement on the part of the Mikado's government to establish a national religion, modeled upon the Christian system, the interpreted purpose of which is to entitle Japan, now a pagan nation, to membership in the international brotherhood of Christian powers.

It would thus appear on the surface that Japan was prepared to copy the lands from which it has borrowed mechanics and the arts of war, and that, therefore, in its larger purpose to civilize China, the movement of the Sunrise Kingdom would be coöperative with the pioneer work of Christian evangels in pagan Asia.

No deduction could be further from the truth. In its ambition to shape China's rapidly changing destinies Japan may find it expedient to adopt a state religion, and even give it some Christian name. By such innovation it would secure, in its philosophical and commercial conquest of China, the sympathy and support of the Christian world, instead of the deep and abiding hostility that would be provoked if Japan's actual intentions were undisguised. With secret yet fervent contempt for the teachings of the West, and with a proud and determined ambition to exalt the Mongolian Orient to the leadership of the political and commercial world, Japan will not hesitate in its crusade in China to adopt any of the litanies, religions, appellations, or sacerdotalism of the West that may serve to advance the Asiatic cause.

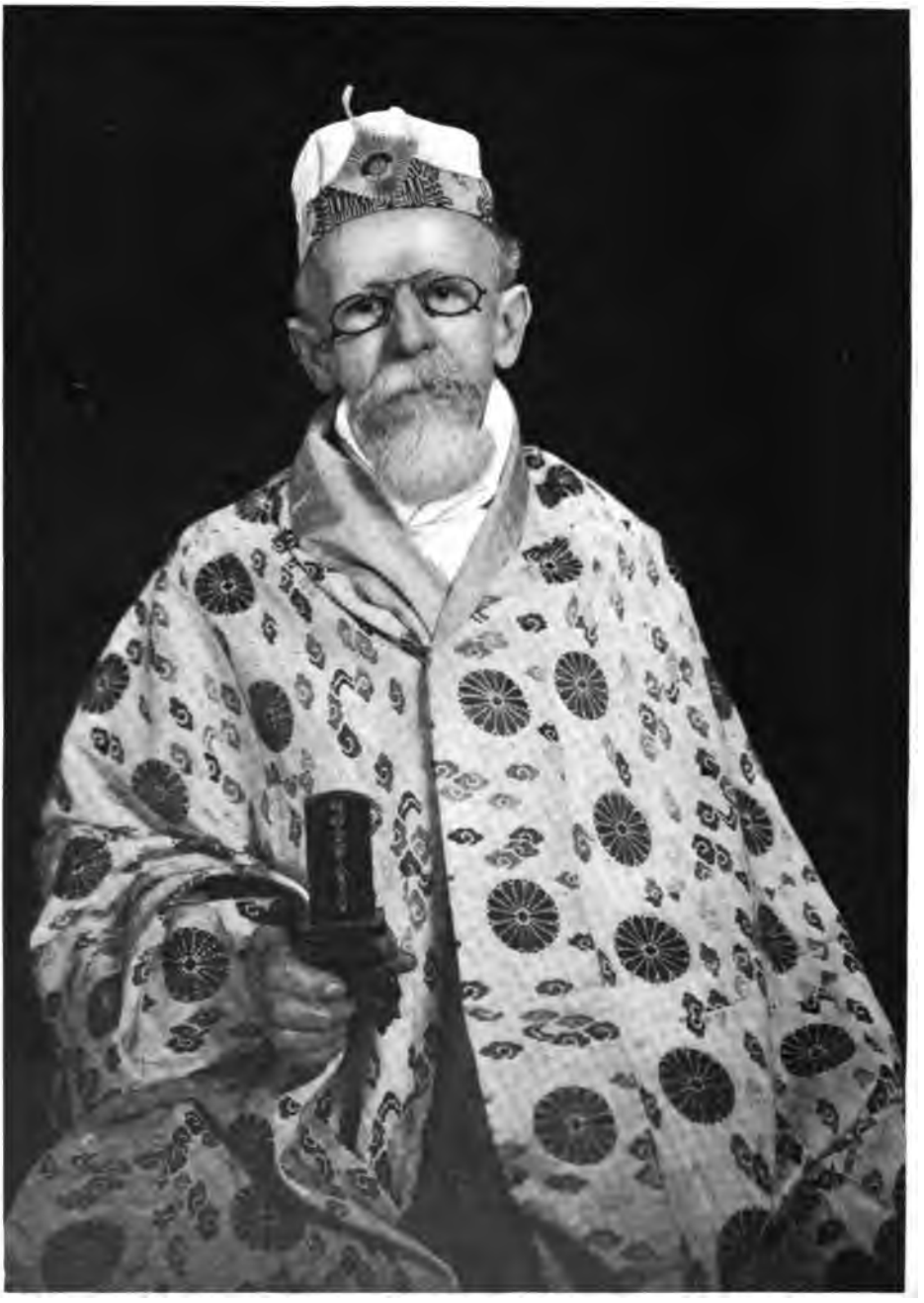
Japan has been quick to comprehend the secret of China's change of attitude toward the things of the West, and now the emissaries of the Sunrise Kingdom, familiar with Confucius, are in China, quoting that philosopher for their purpose. Simultaneously the Christian missionaries are conducting in that empire a propaganda of great magnitude. Through the intervention of Minister Conger at Peking, the Chinese customs and inter-port tariff on Bibles was recently removed. Following that, all foreign literature imported to China has been placed upon the free list. The missionaries, while they have been meeting with singular success in the past year, do not construe the removal of the import tax on Bibles as a concession to Christianity. They do realize, however, that it indicates a willingness on the part of China to consider new teachings. Knowing the eagerness of the awakened Chinese mind for scientific learning, the missionary societies have organized in Shanghai an institution called "The Society for the Diffusion of Christian and Scientific Knowledge."

The success of this venture has been beyond all expectation. The publishing houses of the Chinese treaty ports and of the cities of Japan have been totally unable to fill the unparalleled orders from Chinese people for new books. Nearly one hundred million pages of Western publications were circulated last year among the inhabitants of China. The missionaries modestly make no boast of these matters as instances of their triumphs, but they cite them as showing that China is alert to the main chance, and that the field pioneers of any great enterprise will reap a great reward.

It is a strange thing that only the missionaries, the poets, and the pagans realize that the "dawn is coming up like thunder" out of ancient China.



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PROFESSOR MAXWELL SOMMERVILLE

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GODS, GEMS, AND MASCOTS

THE LIFE-WORK OF MAXWELL SOMMERVILLE

In this malignantly commercial age men who devote their entire lives to the enrichment of an archeological museum are not many. A niche in the Hall of Fame does not compare, in the estimation of the average citizen, with a Queen Anne mansion set in a hundred unmortgaged acres. Now and then, however, the prosaic world of money grubbers is given pause by the career of some public-spirited mortal who consecrates his days, his money, and his strength to the fulfilment of a plan that promises no personal gain, but only the heightened welfare of the community. To such a man we owe the only complete Buddhist temple in the United States, the finest collection of engraved gems in the world, and a collection of emblems of superstition without superior anywhere. Professor Maxwell Sommerville—eminent archeologist, learned traveler, tireless collector of rare gems—died last May, but his spirit will continue to live in the archeological department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Fortunately his high purpose was backed by a long purse. Born in Virginia seventy-five years ago, and educated in Philadelphia, Professor Sommerville early turned his attention to publishing, and in that business acquired the bulk of his fortune. To him cash was not an end, but only a very essential means. He spent a fortune in collecting gems alone. An outlay of at least $500,000 is represented in the display in the Gem Room at the University of Pennsylvania museum, which was conveyed absolutely to the University some years ago. Every passing phase of civilization is represented in the collection. From the Babylon of sixty centuries ago come engraved cylinders of jasper and onyx and emerald, serving at once as seal and amulet. Persian bas-reliefs in nacre jostle seals from Tyre and Etruria. The legends of Greece and Rome are here in little, and from France and Italy come cameos and intaglios which hand down the same tradition in workmanship and subjects. One of the treasures of the collection is a large cameo, depicting the triumph of Constantine, which was once in the possession of Catherine II of Russia. It is valued at $30,000.

The Sommerville Buddhist temple in the University museum comprises the most complete and elaborate representation of a Buddhist house of worship ever set up outside of the countries where Buddhism is the prevailing religion. Buddhists frequently visit the temple and spend hours there. Three images in the temple, those of Fudo, Kongara, and Seitaka, were procured by Professor Sommerville from the famous Koyasau Temple in Kishu, Japan. The most artistic piece in the temple is a vase of bronze flowers, which came from a temple at Kioto and is nearly four centuries old.

In this curious temple Japanese residents in Philadelphia, and chance pilgrims in the city, gather at times to pray for victory for the arms of the Mikado. They find themselves in an atmosphere so like that of the Land of the Lotus that they can easily imagine themselves

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A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN THE QUAKER CITY

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM PROFESSOR SOMMERVILLE ERECTED THE ONLY COMPLETE BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN THIS COUNTRY

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transported to their island home, worshiping at the familiar shrine of earlier days. Not a single article necessary to support this illusion is missing. Buddhas of various sizes smile benevolently and eternally at the visitors to the temple; lotus plants, symbolical of the life that springs from a lowly beginning to a splendid flowering, give color to the scene around the altar; gods little and big, and of various stations in the hierarchy of Japanese deities, rest on their pedestals within the rail and smile or threaten according to their mission.

At the outer gateway of the temple are seen two life-size figures of semi-mendicant fruit sellers, constructed with the wonderful fidelity to nature for which Japanese artists are noted. At the inner gates two gigantic statues stand, with great muscular arms uplifted in an attitude suggestive of vengeance should any visitor misbehave. These are the Gods of Silence found at the entrance to Buddhist temples. Their threatening attitude is to command all intending worshipers to leave levity behind when they cross the sacred portals. Within the gates is a cistern and towel rack, where the worshipers pause to cleanse their feet and hands and rinse out the mouth, while behind this is to be found the temple proper.



ONE OF THE IMAGES OF BUDDHA

THE TEMPLE IS SO COMPLETE THAT IT MAY BE USED BY BUDDHISTS AS A PLACE OF WORSHIP

Nothing so crushed the spirit of the gentle old professor as the indifference of some visitors to the priceless nature of these curios. To a man who had spent more than forty years in search of the rarest specimens, who had braved death many times in pursuit of this object, and at immense expense and an extraordinary amount of personal sacrifice had transported these treasures of the Orient to Philadelphia, it was painful to see some jaunty individual step within the sacred confines of the Buddhist temple, gaze around with indifferent eyes, and walk out without making a single inquiry concerning the meaning of the innumerable mysteries hidden in the figures and flowers and in the writing on the wall.

To those, however, sufficiently enlightened to value the opportunity to cross at a step from the Occident to the innermost recesses of the Orient, Professor Sommerville was a genial and inexhaustible encyclopedia of informa-

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tion. With his hand on the head of a placid-faced Buddha he would stand by the hour explaining the mission of the numerous gods of the temple or deciphering for the curious some mystic writing in Oriental characters. Always with the explanation that he was a follower of Christ, although an admirer of many features of the Buddhist religion, he lectured frequently at the temple. At times he assumed the garb of a Buddhist priest and stood before the altar explaining the services to the audience. Ministers of the gospel, Orientalists, students from the University, and visitors to the city from every part of the United States have listened to these lectures with absorbed interest. Often in a quiet, conversational tone he would describe the thrilling incidents of his trips in search of some coveted god, gem, or talisman, and the story would compare favorably with an incident in *The Arabian Nights*.

Nothing could bar the way when Professor Sommerville had set his mind on some curio heard of in one of his meetings with Orientals. Were it in the centre of the Desert of Sahara, or on the topmost pinnacle of the Himalayan Mountains, he would go after it and keep up the search until the treasure was found, purchased, and placed on exhibition at the University museum.

American gold was Professor Sommerville's magnet wherever he went. He thus describes its effect on one of his expeditions:

"On one occasion we desired to visit the famous Dilwarra Temples in India, and for that purpose engaged two jinrikishas and a number of natives to draw them, about twelve in all. The Temples, as you know, are set in a magnificent grove of mango trees on a mountain top, and surrounded by great hills. With a fair measure of tact and money I hoped to secure from the



THE INNER GATE OF THE TEMPLE

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people of the vicinity some of their odd talismans and rings. I said to the chief rikisha-man: 'Now, Lala, what will you do for me if I double your pay? I want to make this journey in half time, and if you accomplish it you shall be doubly paid.'

"He went to his helpers at once and informed them that I was a prince. We started out under the contract. He ran ahead of the convoy, raising both hands in the air, and crying to the astounded people: 'Here comes a prince. Down with you. Here comes a prince.'

"And during the entire twelve miles' ride I was treated to the un-American experience of seeing the people cover their faces and drop abjectly to the ground in obeisance and salutation, only daring to look at me through their parted fingers. But my amusement at thus being treated as a prince was nothing to the gratification I experienced in securing from this people—who did not dare to refuse so august a personage as I—some of the most interesting inscribed talismans that I have in my collection."

Uncannily interesting to even the most sceptical and coldly logical of us is the collection of talismans, the most representative ever gathered by one man's efforts. For forty-seven years of his life Professor Sommerville wandered about the earth, braving all danger and scorning hardships, begging or buying from their owners the charms and fetishes that are believed to serve as a bulwark between the human race and the invisible fiends of the air. In the remarkable collection at the University are to be seen rings worn as a preventive of smallpox by the natives of the Himalayan Mountains; necklaces made of rare gold pieces strung together and



LIFE-SIZE FIGURE OF A HINDU FAKIR

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covered with Arabic characters; greenstone seals from Asia Minor; Persian bronze talismans and rings; Mussulman talismans inscribed with verses from the Koran; Moorish talismans in leather, containing coins fastened together; Syrian talismans that were originally hung on the necks of horses near Damascus to protect them from the evil eye; and talismans by the score sought and collected, piece by piece, between Jeypore and Bombay.

Typical of his whole life-work was Professor Sommerville's last African expedition in quest of objects of superstitious faith. With a caravan consisting of sixteen Persian horses, half a dozen camels, and twenty servants and guides, he penetrated fearlessly into the interior of the Desert of Sahara. He was familiar with nearly all the native dialects; and, with his tall figure, grave face, and stately presence, he passed, dressed in the native costume, for a great chief of the region. The expedition was highly successful. From the doorposts of the crude habitations of the Senegalese, from the necks of the camels of the desert, from the fingers of Bedouin women, from the walls of tents and the bodies of tribesmen of every degree, Professor Sommerville conjured charms and talismans of endless variety. The man of the twentieth century, even though he carry a rabbit's foot on his watch-chain, finds it hard to understand the implicit and soul-comforting trust which the fierce Bedouin places in the dried hoof of a dead donkey as an insurmountable obstacle to the progress of the devil.



BEDOUIN DEVIL-CHASERS

The gourd on the left is a talisman from the Sahara; in the centre is a charm containing a mirror in which the prowling evil spirit sees his face reflected and flees at the hideous sight; on the right is a wooden hand of Fatima, one of the many forms of this favorite talisman among the Mussulmen.

The skull of a jackal is thought to shield a family from harm; the foot of a porcupine ensures safety from the attack of evil spirits; and a lizard skin protects its wearer from mysterious dangers without limit.

Fully as strange as the talismans and fetishes, and the beliefs that have encrusted about them, were Professor Sommerville's adventures in obtaining his treasures from the unwilling Arab. On one occasion—at Meggarine, a deserted village—he saw and coveted a talisman in the form of a dried gourd,

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which was supposed to keep the evil one away from the owner's habitation. Money was offered for the gourd, only to be refused. By slow degrees the cupidity of the owner of the gourd was tempted until the native's fear of the powers of evil proving greater than his love of gold, Professor Sommerville concluded that he had offered the limit of worth for the article, and reluctantly ordered the caravan to move on.

Imagine the collector's surprise the following morning when one of his servants presented him with the coveted gourd, informing him with great glee that he had cut it from the string when the owner was not looking. The caravan was ordered to move on quickly when Dr. Sommerville learned how the gourd had come into his possession, but he could not travel fast enough to escape from his Nemesis in the shape of a band of horsemen, headed by the sheik of the settlement. The return of the talisman was demanded, with threats of death to every man in the party as the alternative. The offer previously made was increased. Fortunately money proved a more potent argument in the case of the sheik than with his follower. At last a bargain was struck, and the gourd now adorns the collection at the museum.

In some cases no amount of gold could tempt the tribesman to part with his family god. Professor Sommerville coveted the talisman of a camel that had won several races. This is his story of his unsuccessful efforts to obtain it:

"We drove out to the village called Cora, where the annual camel race was to be held. The camels had started some thirty-six hours before. A little while after we had halted we espied on the southern horizon two or three specks moving towards us, and twenty minutes later the leading camel passed us, far in advance of the others, winning the prize. We immediately whipped up our mules, which were already turned in the direction of the goal, to follow the winner.

"On the neck of the camel I could see the coveted talisman, and immedi-



THE GOD OF SILENCE

At the gate of the Buddhist temple stand gigantic statues of the gods of silence, forbidding all levity among the worshipers.

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ately sent my Arab servant to purchase it if possible. But the camel driver answered: 'This is the sixth year that this talisman has won this race for me, and no money will tempt me to part with it.'

"I tried for several days through his friends to get him to change his mind, but no inducement would make him yield the talisman to me. His conviction that the little leather pouch and its contents alone made it possible for him to win the race could not be shaken."

Less difficult to deal with was the occupant of a hovel over the door of which hung a dried fish that, according to the firm belief of its owner, had protected the family from the demon of disease since it had been placed there three generations before. In the opinion of the possessor of this interesting talisman there are worse things than disease in this vale of tears, and with a little yellow gold to smooth the way the dried fish was easily spirited from the doorpost of the hovel to the strong box in Professor Sommerville's tent.



THE HAND OF FATIMA

Most potent of the Mussulman's talismans is the hand of Fatima, which gets its name and its power from the favorite wife of Mahomet.

In company with it were a gourd and appendages that had been taken from a door at Sidi-Rached, where they had done duty as a preventive of disease, a skull that had ensured good luck and been credited with frightening away the jackals at night, a donkey's foot taken from the outside lintel of a sun-dried mud-house, and a wooden hand of Fatima that had been for seventy years in the family of the man from whom it was procured.

The hand of Fatima is a favorite talisman among the desert tribes. A legend says that Mahomet found it difficult at times to control the angry passions of his followers, and that on one occasion the discontent of his hosts was so great that they rose in rebellion and approached his tent with menacing gestures. But Fatima, his favorite wife, seeing the danger, stretched forth her hand and warned the multitude not to harm the prophet of God. The mob stood spellbound, overawed, and silently withdrew. Since then Fatima hands of all descriptions, some beautifully studded with jewels, have been part of the protective armor of the Arabs against the attacks of the powers of evil.

Some of the charms gathered by Professor Sommerville contain tiny mirrors. To these mirrors great importance is attached by superstitious Arabs who are forced to wander where the devil may be lying in wait for them. With the mirror held in front of him, the child of the desert steps forward into the darkness with a normal pulse and a confident gait. He firmly believes that his talisman is a perfect protection against all evil spirits, for if one approached and saw his ugly visage in the little mirror he would flee in dismay. In the pouches that every tribesman wears, and which

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A CORNER OF THE EAST

AMONG THESE SACRED EMBLEMS OF BUDDHISM IS A CANDLE PRESENTED TO PROFESSOR SOMMERVILLE BY THE KING OF SIAM

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are hung on the necks of the women and children, there are, besides the talismans, texts taken from the Koran and inscriptions in Arabic, such as "Let curses be spread upon thee, O devil," or "Get thee out, Satan."

Almost anything serves the Bedouin or Senegalese for a devil-chaser so long as the simple owner is convinced that the powers of darkness stand in fear of it. A fish, dried and painted, found hanging before the shop of a locksmith and purchased for the collection, was supposed to have protected the vision of the family for many generations. Another talisman had the supposed virtue of cooling the blood when placed under the armpits. The jawbone of some animal, with a cord attached, was worn as a protection against demons of the nomadic kind, likely to be encountered at any stage of a journey or even when in camp. Even a rudely constructed bag, heart-shaped and thrust through and through with thorns, was relied upon by its wearer to render valuable assistance in the daily battle with Beelzebub and his hosts. What particular part the thorns played in the fight with the supernatural could not be learned.

In talisman, gem, and temple, Professor Sommerville has left an enduring monument such as few scientists attain. It is true that his science was sugar-coated with romance, but this, while it heightened the popular interest, did not detract from the scientific value of his work. For the student of folk-lore, or psychology, or religious origins, his collections are invaluable. The same scientific spirit which is making the tenets of superstition impossible as a belief gives them new importance as a subject of study. In the fantastic fetish of a Saharan tribesman the student may find a clue to the puzzling conscious or subconscious workings of the mind of the sophisticated American.

Harry Dillon Jones



THE FETISH OF A FETISH COLLECTOR

On Professor Sommerville's desk stood this goat, which he called his mascot.

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O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools.
—The Barefoot Boy

STUDYING POETRY WITH A CAMERA

A NEW IDEA FOR A BOYS' PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

"What an inspiration for Thanatopsis!"

The thought was voiced unconsciously as we stood on "The Summit," overlooking the famous "view of seven counties," just as the sun sank behind the distant hilltop, purpling the valley, half shrouded in the shadows of the brooding fir trees, and casting a lingering glow over the silver thread of the river winding through the meadows; while all the heavens were alight with the crimson afterglow.

I looked at the boys, wondering if they, too, felt the inspiration; I waited expectantly for some response from the nature-loving young people, with their pulses all attuned, I thought, to the beauty and sublimity of their surroundings. At last it came; the most enthusiastic of the nature-students opened his lips to speak. He gazed with seeming appreciation upon

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green."

Then with one sweeping, comprehensive glance he murmured:

"Thanatopsis! Who's he?"

The spell was broken.

A glance at the other boys convinced me that neither the sublimity nor the absurdity had touched them; fatigue, not inspiration, had kept them mute

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Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes.

—The Barefoot Boy

before the splendor of the setting sun reflected on the wide expanse of nature's beauties. I directed the line of march toward the railway station. The spontaneous enthusiasm of the day's photographic jaunt had exhausted even their boyhood vigor, and at that moment the thought of home, a hearty supper, and bedtime appealed to the tired youngsters more than poetry or nature's charms.

But that careless question served a purpose.

Its absurdity, when I had expected something so different, appealed strongly at first; then the pity of it came uppermost—to think that their education in poetry had been so neglected that such a question could be possible in a company of intelligent specimens of budding young manhood; then its possible helpfulness became apparent. During the long car-ride from the scenes of the day's photographic delights in the country to the city home I formed new plans for the S. P. C.'s.

My own small son had been the original cause of their existence as a club. Working from the well-known theory of Satan's plans for idle hands, and the more modern thought of mother-companionship for every interest of the growing boy, I had found the first enthusiasm when my "one chick" early developed the magpie instinct inherent in every child—the instinct of gathering and hoarding every sort of attractive object that could possibly be formed into that fascination of boyhood known as "a collection."

A collection of birds' eggs had been vetoed because of its attendant lessons in cruelty. But from the time that quantity rather than quality had been the goal of his infantile desires, I had displayed before him a convincing enthusiasm over each successive collection,

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from buttons and "crystals" to antique firearms, posters, and souvenir postal cards. An entire summer at the shore had been given to the collection and study of curious shells and seaweeds, which lasted well through the following winter, while books on "the ocean and its inhabitants" and "wonders of the deep sea" rapidly filled the bookshelves of his den.

The following summer a strong interest in geological research, during our frequent outings, filled a goodly cabinet with treasured specimens of every known and unknown variety of native rock within the trolley radius of home and the limits of the summer sojourning. Long before the school children had reached the botany grade I had interested my son and a number of his classmates in a collection of pressed specimens of native plants, to which were added, on our frequent outings, a marvelous collection, dear to boyish hearts, of lichens, mosses, curious twigs, and fungi; while later the native trees were studied by securing a collection of pressed leaves, with sections of bark and branches.

Thus the "collecting-fad," with its helpful studies and its healthful outdoor exercise, was continued summer after summer until, as cabinets and bookshelves multiplied and filled to overflowing, the approving father of the small boy declared that he learned more during the two months under the mother's teaching and companionship, while she was collecting material for nature-study sketches, than during the other ten months of the year of routine school education. And neighboring mothers, who found society life at summer hotels more alluring than the companionship of their growing boys, began to urge me to interest their



All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod.

—The Barefoot Boy

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children in "collecting-fads," to keep them out of vacation mischief.

This became compulsory at last. The club idea developed early. Mother companionship must be supplemented by the company of numerous boys or the charm of the outing would be lost. The time that every mother of boys must find most trying—the entrance into the teens—came all too quickly. In fact long before the unlucky thirteenth year was reached, the boy evinced a desire to become a ten-year-old clubman. The want was no sooner made known than it was satisfied. It was not a time for dallying, as the majority of his boy companions were much older, and the club idea was taking its first strong hold among his classmates.

The question came while I was pondering over the most helpful fad for the coming summer's "collecting"—although vacation was still far in the distance.

"What's a club, mother? I want to join one! Lots of boys in our room are talking about their clubs."

Fortunately the kodak fad was gaining a strong hold among the boys at that particular time, and without waiting for the vacation season, I immediately determined to establish a "Saturday Photographic Club"—allowing my son to invite his classmates and his friends of the neighborhood to join. The club was established on systematic lines from the first, with officers duly elected, the minutes carefully kept, a treasury established, with dues to provide for periodical treats, and a systematic plan for the awarding of prizes for the best display of photographs at stated periods.

The Saturday Photographic Club had been in existence for more than a year at the time of the Thanatopsis episode.



For weeks the clouds had raked the hills
And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

—Among the Hills

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It was as if the summer's late
Atoning for its sadness
Had borrowed every season's charm
To end its days in gladness.

—Among the Hills

The S.P.C.'s had become quite expert in the arts of developing and finishing their photographs, but for some time, in my study of the best photographs for the awarding of prizes, I had been conscious of something lacking. The majority of them were simply photographs — nothing more. Few were expressive of any special thought; very few of the mechanically perfect productions could be called works of art, or even "pictures."

I had been deploring this very fact during that period of twilight stillness and beauty on "The Summit," when by the idle question of a tired boy the fact was made evident that, with all their opportunities for the study of nature's charms, not one of those boys possessed an intimate acquaintance, or even a desire for an acquaintance, with our best poets and the beauties of nature as portrayed in their works. This led to the original plan of studying the poets through the camera lens.

It proved a popular idea. And now the thought has developed and broadened until each member of the S. P. C.—from the youngest to the oldest—is forming an appreciation of poetry and art through his boyish efforts to grasp the thought of the poet under discussion, and to portray it most suggestively by photographing some bit of nature or still life that fits his particular idea of the poet's conception.

Whittier's *Barefoot Boy*, and the alluring nature study in the descriptive portion of his *Among the Hills*, were the first sketches illustrated for the prize competition in the photographic study of the poets, and the prize winners displayed very satisfactory results. The pictures for this article, mostly selected from those first studies, have been chosen primarily in order to illus-

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And still the water sang the sweet,
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,
And found in rock and root the keys
Of its beguiling melodies.
—The Seeking of the Waterfall

trate a method; and they fairly represent both the artistic sense and the ingenuity which the boys so frequently display. Laughable experiences were encountered by many of the club members in securing a suitable subject for the barefoot boy. And frequent trolley rides or delightful tramps in the country became necessary in order to search out the glimpses of hill and valley, woods and stream, that most clearly suggested to boyish minds the poet's love of nature.

Interest increased; long poems were committed to memory; suggestive "gems of thought" were scribbled in convenient notebooks for consultation when cameras were brought into play during the day's outing; and the idea promises to develop until the S.P.C.'s —even if they do not become famous art critics and literati—will be sure to find a subtle charm and inspiration in the every-day duties of their professional or business life in coming years.

This camera-club method which I have described, after thorough testing, is capable of a much wider application. I believe there is a valuable suggestion in it for leaders of all sorts of clubs of boys and girls, for teachers of public and private schools, and for Sunday-school teachers of all churches in all parts of the land.

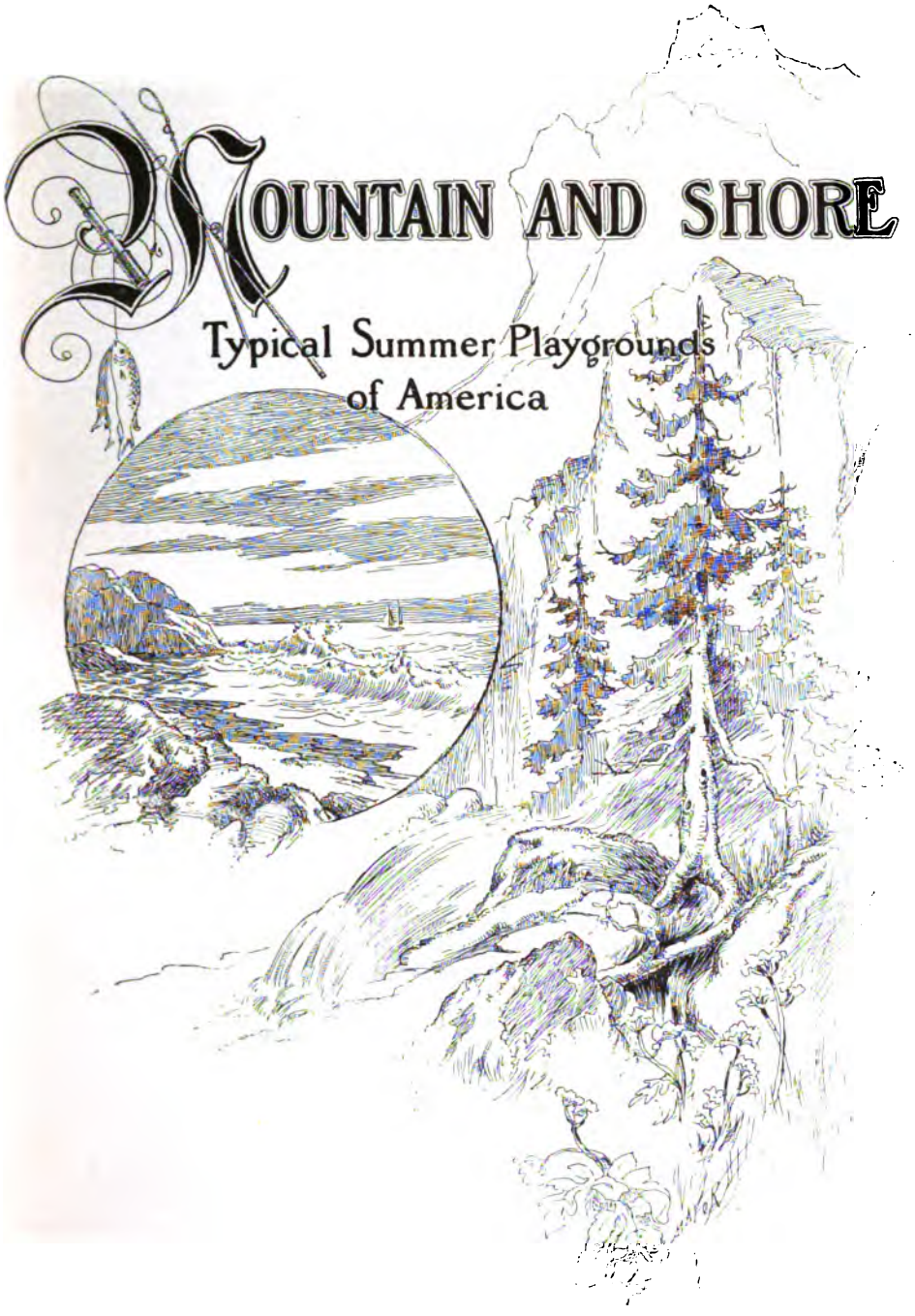
Recreation for the grown-up is also suggested. For many a man or woman photography soon loses its original charm, if there is no worthy end in view. Here is an object—dignified, varied, and inspiring—the original illustration of some favorite poem or story.

Phebe Westcott Humphreys.

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Mountain and Shore

Typical Summer Playgrounds of America



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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BOARD WALK

Photograph by W. N. Jennings

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Photograph by W. H. Rau

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON AT ATLANTIC CITY

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THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE, WHITE MOUNTAINS

A VIEW FROM KILBURN CRAGS, LITTLETON

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IN THE ADIRONDACKS

A GLIMPSE OF LOON LAKE

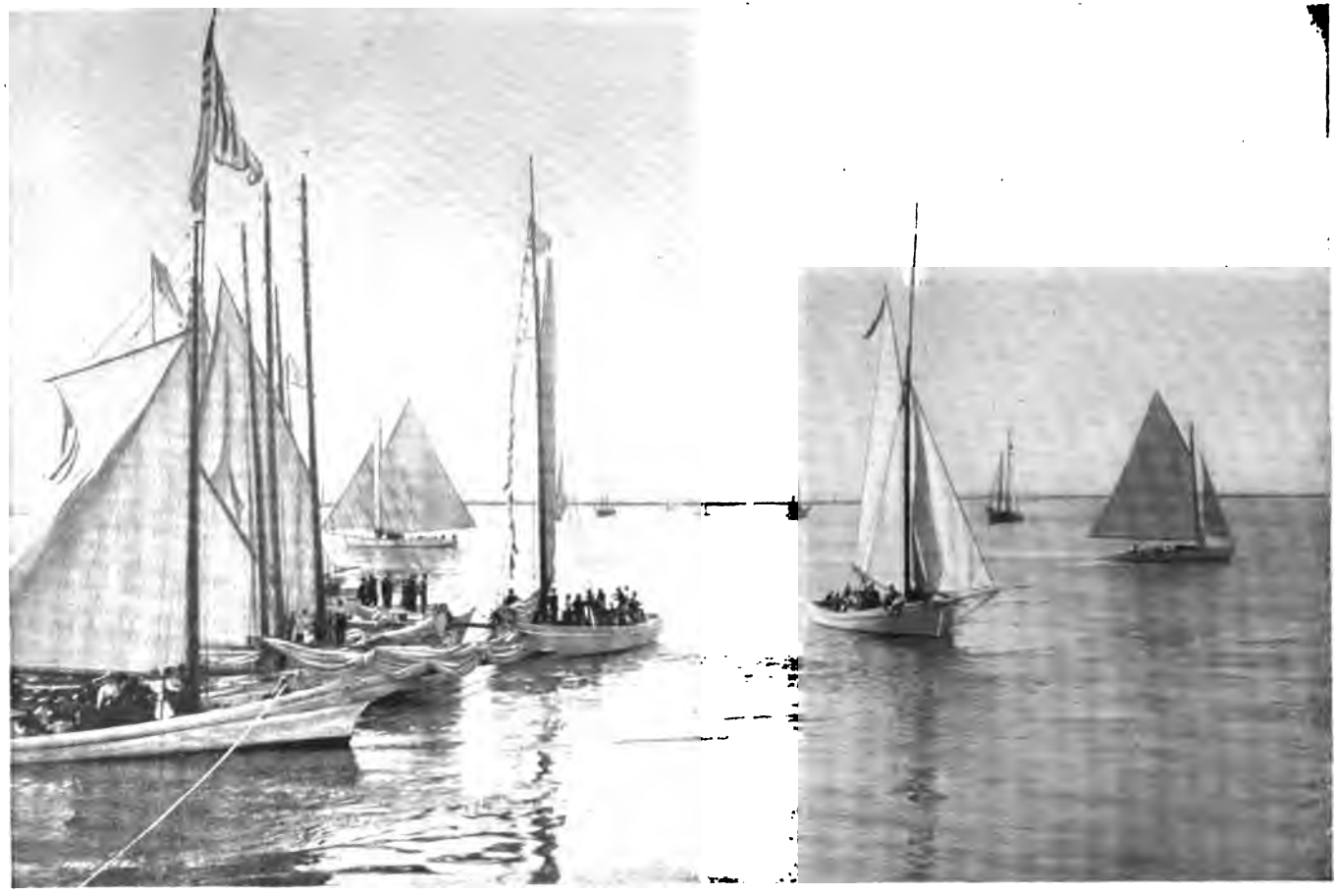
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IN NEWPORT HARBOR

THE SQUADRON OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB AT ANCHOR

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OFF THE LONG ISLAND SHORE

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IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO

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DELAWARE WATER GAP

LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM THE GAP

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BAR HARBOR

A VIEW FROM GREAT HILL

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WADING ON A SANDY SHORE

Photograph by W. N. Jennings

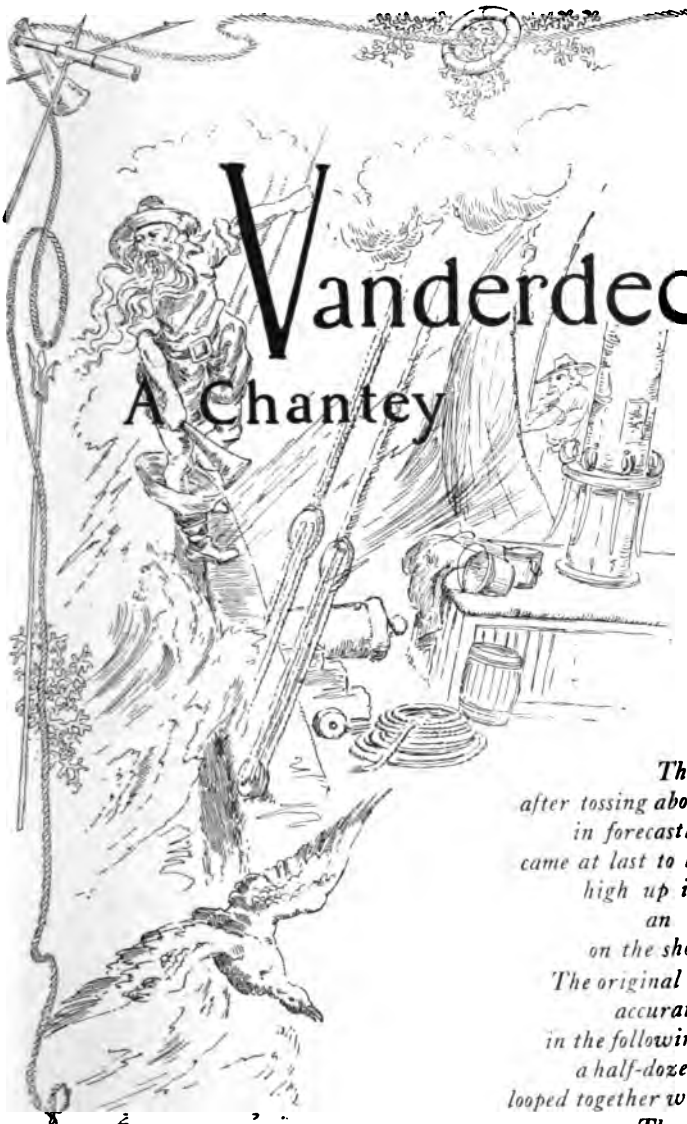
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ON MASSACHUSETTS' ROCK-BOUND COAST

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Vanderdecken

A Chantey

This sea-song,
after tossing about the face of the world
in forecastles for many years,
came at last to lie stranded
high up in the cupboard of
an abandoned farm-house
on the shore of Lake Erie.
The original manuscript, which is
accurately reproduced
in the following pages, is made up of
a half-dozen parchment sheets
looped together with thongs of walrus hide.
The accompanying
statement of Captain Rogers I found
tucked between
the leaves of the manuscript.

Elmer L. Shepard

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STATEMENT OF
CAPT. EPHRAIM ROGERS

I, Ephraim Rogers, master of the brig "Amelia," in the grain trade between Chicago and Buffalo, had this sheepskin book from one Nels Nelson, able seaman, when he lay dying of cholera aboard my vessel, ten miles off Pt. Aux Pins, Lake Erie, Aug. 10, 1852, upward bound.

Said Nels Nelson told following—Shipped out of Baltimore in the spring of 1843 in ship "Sea Bird," bound for China by the S. W. passage. One hundred, sixty-three days out, vessel was cast away on barren island S. Pacific. Nelson and two others, a Dane and Portuguese, got ashore. Found this book in an old chest half buried in sand. Nelson was rescued by ship "Orion," Liverpool, May 13, 1845. Other two died on island.

Said Nelson could not read English, but thought book described location of treasure. Showed it to English shipmate who said it was an old sea song, and bid three shillings. Showed it to others; one said it was a ballad, another said it was poetry, and another called it bosh. Nelson did not understand spoken English very well, and thought these words must disagree, and as everyone who saw it bid for it, his belief in the treasure was strengthened. It was made firm by an old man in Boston who bid $100, and later $150, and seemed heartbroken to lose it.

Said Nelson then studied English so he could read it himself. Was still studying when with me in the "Amelia," but without much progress. Was very suspicious and tempery, and was called "Crazy Swede" by men before the mast, but was A 1 seaman.

Said Nelson gave me the book for kindness shown by me during his sickness, and I hereby give it to my grandson, Ephraim Rogers, Jr., at whose request I write this statement.

Must say I do not believe the part about the Boston man.

CAPT. EPHRAIM ROGERS

June 6, 1880

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WILYUM TALE HIZ BOK

YOU 2TEEL THIS BOK YOU LOZE YUR LIF
FUR TALER CARRIEZ A BUCHER NIF

Vanderdecken

The Flying Dutchman

Bill take—

O Captain Vanderdecken
Of sleepy Amsterdam,
I pray, why do you reckon
Your guilders at your dram?



~~Kate sed this~~
No Nel sed it

~~They~~ say you put away a store
~~Against the~~ day of dread;
I hear you ~~quit~~ the sea for shore—
Ah, what is that you said?

Joe take—

'Tis true I put away a bit;
Indeed I left the sea;
But I have played and drunk and it
Has sadly ruined me.

THIZ IZ OLD MAN DOZON

So I must go to sea again
As master, mate, or man;
Once more upon the restless main
To do the best I can. by the plum duf



ANSE HARVY DIDE OF YELO FEVER
HAVANER JULI 10 1826



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Krossed the line Sept 3 1813 Rum Sport

Skip over my this

Sam take — Come, Captain Vanderdecken,
The sun is in the Ram;
The seaward billows beckon.
Come, leave the setting dram.

OLD MAN SEZ THIS ABOUT MEANS MARCH 20

Which I will when I gets arnt
Which yu never no when yu av
Which is when a don't drink nothink atall
DRY UP

I have a vessel on the ways
Which soon will launched be —
Wilt take command in sixty days
To sail the Indian Sea ?

Jol — God bless thee, friend, thy ship I'll sail,
And swear by Him above.
That while afloat nor rum nor ale
I'll taste for life nor love.

BUT FUR THURST

At hands — No guilders jingle in his purse
As from the taproom gay,
Old Vanderdecken, drunk again,
Starts on his homeward way.

Hoora

There's riot in the tavern hall;
There's ~~singing~~ HEL OUT in the street.
'Tis late; the way is long and dark
For his unsteady feet.

JORJ AND NED AT HORNPIP

OLD MAN KEEL HAWLD ORLIK FUR SASIN JUN THE 18[illegible]
An a dam shame I sez



GOT: SKURVY: OFF HORN: MIKELMAS: 1805
DAM: SALT: MEET
E DIDE AL SANTS DA

With thought to 'scape the revellers,
He bends his way aside
Into a shipyard where from song
In peace he may abide

With lurching step his feet forget
The old familiar path.
On a coppered prow he strikes his brow,
And staggers back in wrath.

Joe take loud — Now curses on thee, ship of woe,
That barreth thus my way!
If ever thou clearest harbor-bar,
Bear on thy prow my signet's scar
As a curse upon thee, high and low,
To beat against all winds that blow
Until the Judgement Day!

WOT'S IT Old man stand this fur us with Hulsey

III

Joe — At sea, at sea, once more I'm free
From the curse of cup and game.
Lord bless the ship that from my lip
Hath taken the drink of shame!

Mary Ann foundered Nov 10 1830 Jim Lide HHHH HHHH HHH HHHH HHHH HHHH III
Rescued Dec 15 1830 Brig Sea Bird Capt Kendall Abe Rawlins dide Nigger dide
New London
In yawl
A. Jenson P. Proste
Orson Smith Adam Plafair — Rawlins wife lives in Salem name Kitty



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Though there be liquor in the hold,
I will not touch it now; – Ner me mother Kave ye kant
For the briny gale hath cheered my soul
And cooled my fevered brow. Dam'd if tho

At sea I sing, once more a king
I rule my rocking realm.
I fear not man, nor anything;
My scepter is my helm.

Wind in the fores'l, mains'l, mizzen;
Wind from the east, northeast'rd risen;
Blow us a gale from the starry Ram— my starrs
Blow us, blow, out of Rotterdam.
Churn up the foam in the harbor roads;
Flick at the bar with hissing goads;
Pile up the lumbering, seething surge;
On to seaward urge us, urge.
Hurry the cloud-rack, streaked with blue;
Flurry the wings of the lone sea mew—
Blow! Blow! Blow!



This aint worth a dam yer a liar

Israel Townson overbord of hateras
Jan 3 1828



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Wind in the tops'l, stays'l, gaff;
Wind from the east, north east, one-half,
Blow with a will to the rising deep;
Blow, blow till the billows leap,
Blow up the Bay of Biscay's slope,
Drive to the stormy Cape of Hope;
Shift and blow to the Indian Sea;
Blow us, blow, into Calcuttee —
Blow! Blow! Blow!

IV

Fair were the gales that wafted them along
For many a day, and sweet the song
The seamen sang at task or merry play
As swift the vessel held upon her way.
Nor storm nor headwind vexed the flying ship,
But joyously she sped with easy dip
And gentle roll of hull, until at last —
"Land ho!" the lookout shouted from the mast.
His vessel moored, the sober captain went
Among the dusky traders, all intent
On bargain, and there changed his useful goods
For stuffs of Orient weave and spicy woods.
Then, deeply laden, westward shaped his course,
Fair blown by fragrant winds of even force,
Till off that Cape, the dread of homeward bound,
Opposing tempests darkly gathered round.
Far-flickering flared the ghostly austral light
High up the Southern Cross, and on the right
Loomed Table Rock, around whose roaring base
Conflicting surges whirled in dizzy race,
While far above, a cloudy diadem
Its rugged brows in awfulness did hem.





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All hands –

FIRST THE WIND AN THEN THE RANE
LET YUR TOPSL LONG REMANE
FIRST THE RANE AN THEN THE WIND
HASN TAKE YUR TOPSL IN

Rufus –

Off shore a league, 'mid streaming billows lay
A school of demons longing for the day
Which to their sight a coppered prow should bring.
Scored deeply with the stamp of signet ring.
For, by that sign, their messenger had said,
That ship they were to vex until the dead
Rose from the deep, and tempests fell asleep.
But overhead, a host of angels flew
'Mid cloud-racks, all athwart the starry blue,
Listening to hear the first repentant sigh
That moved the wicked captain's heart to try
What grace for him the Lord above might show.
Then they, to succor him, with blow on blow
Should quell the demons and control the storm.
This mercy had the swearing captain won
By quitting drink until the voyage be done.

All hands –

MORNIN RED AN EVENIN GRA
ZALER UP AN UNDER WA
MORNIN GRA AN EVENIN RED
ZALER BETTER ZTA IN BED

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I KOPID THIZ DOWN FRUM OLD JORJ AND STUK IT IN FOR LOST LEEF
BILL HENSON

Old George take.

~~THEN~~ STORMS AND HEDWINDS DID VEX
~~THE~~ GOOD SHIP FER A FORTNITE AND A
DA SHE STOOD OF AND ON AND MADE NO WA
AND OLD VAN WEARID OF HIS OTH TO NOT
DRINK RUM NO MORE TIL HE ~~GOT~~ ASHOR

HE DRUNK UP HIS FLASK IN THE KABIN
AND THE KABIN BOI DID HE ASK FOR
TO GIT HIM SOME MORE FRUM THE
GOOD SHIPS STORE ~~THATS PURTY HI IT~~ Ni not the rum yu idit

BUT THE BOI BEIN OF GODLI UPBRINGIN
AND OF HIMS WAS ALLERS A SINGIN
WENT FUST TO THE MATE KAUS HE
KNOWED THE KAPTIN WAS DRUNK An so be yu
HIS STORY FOR TO RELATE

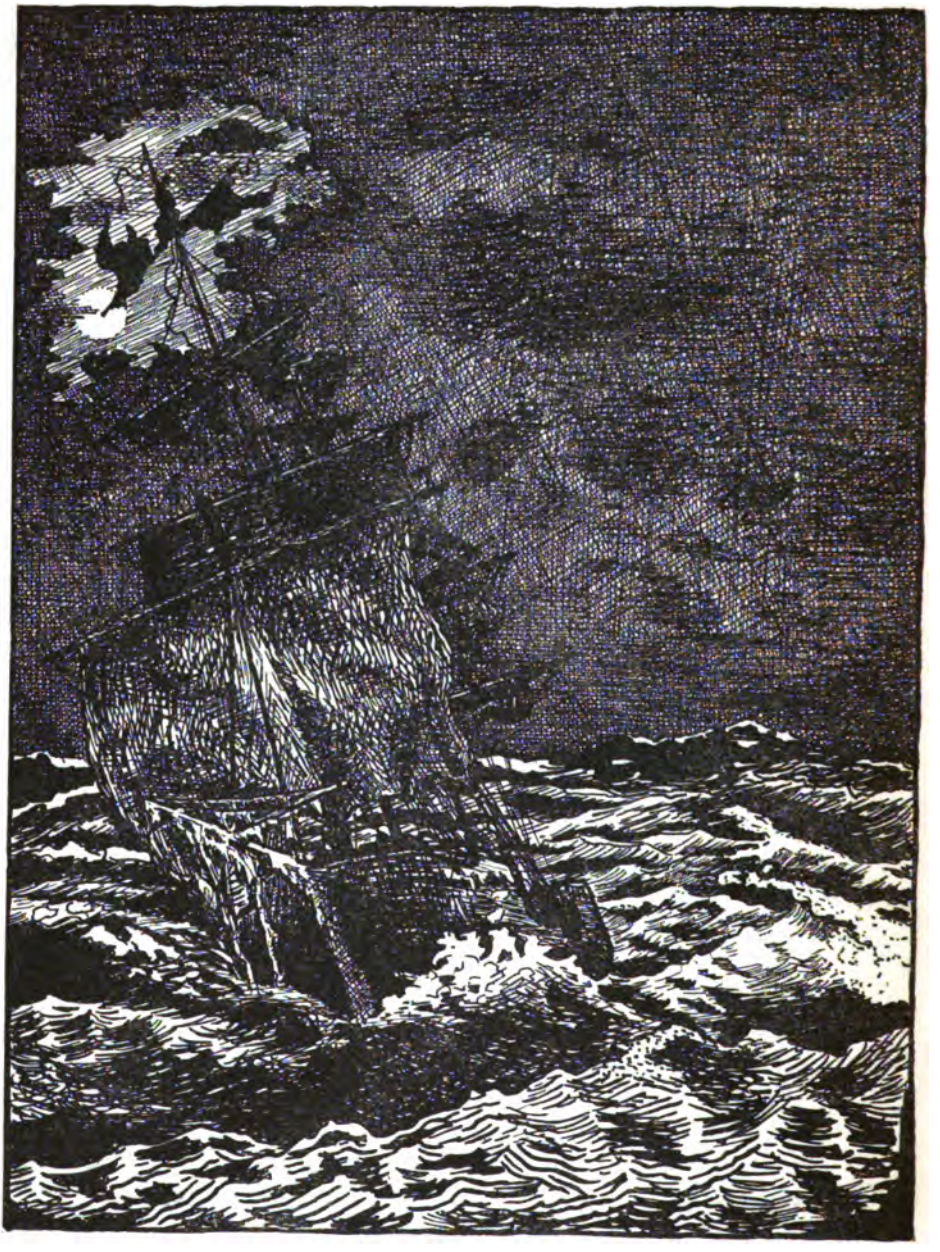
NOW THEN THE KAPTIN SLILY CUM
ONTO THE TO OF THEM AND ADDED TO
HIS SIN HE WAS THAT MAD FUR HIS RUM
AND UP AND HIT THE BOI WITH
A BELAING PIN

THEY CARRID THE BOI BELO THINKIN
HE WAS DED FRUM THE BLUDY BLO
WICH THE KAPTIN GIV HIM ON HIS HED

This is duch alrite



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Sam take The sick boy in his hammock lay,
A wan and ghastly sight,
And by his side a sailor gray
Sate through the dreary night.



The thunder roared, the vessel
By many a dip and plunge,
Rolled now to right, now left is borne,
With many a creaking lunge.

The hammock sways; the lantern's gleam,
It tosses a flaring light.
The smitten lad doth groan and scream,
His brain is curdled quite.



He riseth on his elbow bone, — THIS IS TO MUCH
It pricketh the shrivelled skin.
His eyes ablaze - he maketh moan
With lips all blue and thin.

Ned take What demon voice is that I hear,
It shrieketh adown the gale?

Sam take 'Tis but the blast that rocks the mast,
Or a battered seamew's wail.

N - Nay, nay, the voice - it riseth shrill,
O'er topping the thunder-boom?

S - Hush, hush; 'tis the plovers on the hill,
And the clang of your mother's loom.





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N— Ah, Jan, those sounds were sweet, I trow,
But this is a demon's yell.

J — Ah, lad, the winds in the thickets blow;
And they're ringing the village bell.

N— Jan, Jan, but ope' the cabin door
And thou wilt hear it too.
It is a voice I've heard before —
Hark! Did I tell thee true?

Bill — Roll to the right, and roll to the left,
And wallow and plunge in your yeasty bed,
And creak in all your timbers, creak,
From keelson-block to main mast head —
But God, by God, I'll double the Cape,
If it takes till the Judgement Day!

The Ancient Mariner felt this!
Coleridge

All hands — Again the storm's dun mantle settles down upon the deep.
Once more the lightning's shining sword slips by with awful sweep.
The hollow thunder rumbling tumbles up in the cloudy gloom,
With many a mumbling grumble stumbles on to a crashing doom —
Then a roar of the blast that shakes the mast and flaps the tattered sail,
And drearily drones in the wind-taught ropes, and drums with a dreadful hail.
The foaming billows topple down 'neath the burden of the rain —
The boy is dead, no prayer is said as he sinks in the swirling main.

RUM POTRY



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He looks to larboard, starboard, stern—
What ghastly thing, for Jesus' sake!
'Tis the naked corpse of the murdered boy
That bobs in the frothing wake.

Now an arm, now a crooked leg, and now,
Breast high it stiffly slips.
It chilleth the air with glassy eye,
And grins with frozen lips

Make sail! make sail! Ah, woe is me!
Leave quick this horrid sight!
But the body rolls in the counter's lee
In a sheen of phosphor light.

And so for a day, a month, a year—
And so for the years to come,
Shall the perjured Captain gaze in fear
On the bloody work of rum.

And so shall his boat, for the curse of his lip,
Labor and make no way,
While the dreary ages onward slip
Toward the dawn of the Judgement Day.

VI

And mariners unto this day
Oft meet that spectral barque;
And tis a sight to make men pray
As she loometh out of the dark.



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A phantom ship, all tempest-worn,
All cased in an icy mail,
Her riven bulwarks, billow-torn,
Her decks o'erpiled with hail.

And long, gray fingers of spoondrift
Clutch at her rotting rails,
And aloft, in a misty, moonlit rift,
She flings her shattered sails

The mainmast reels, the bowsprit jumps,
As the billows roar along,
And the dismal clank of her rusty pumps
Beats time to a wild sea song

£2 . 5 10

And often a wail, all flawed by the gale,
To the leeward flies away —
'Tis the shriek of the Dutchman, doomed to sail
Till the dawn of the Judgement Day.



from take — And yet methinks a sequel should be writ
To shew how Christ at last shall touch his wit
To try for grace, and penitent implore
The boon of burial on his native shore.
The when — praise God for this our certainty —
The Christ will rest his soul in charity.

Rev Jno Woods
Chaplain H.M.S. Amazon

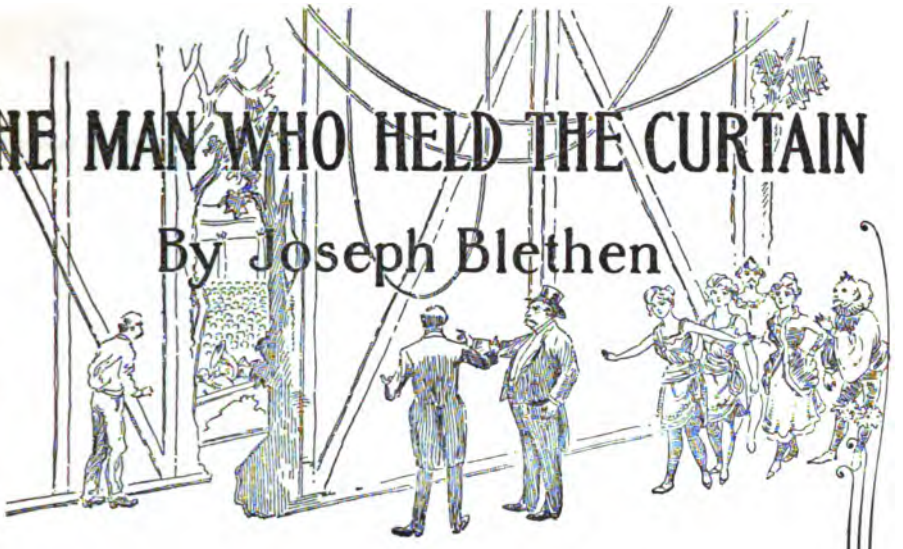
Lord Eyre Dipt Of Bucc~~y~~
Paid
Yo old shark



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THE MAN WHO HELD THE CURTAIN

By Joseph Blethen



I

When the stage fever descended upon him Bixby Jewell was already earning his bread in the glare of the footlights. As the fever slowly burned deeper and deeper into his blood, he sat each night in his scene-shifter's overalls, shrouded from the audience by a flanking canvas tree, his eyes mechanically following the performers, his ears dimly hearing the trashy lines, his mind leaping at the thought of a newly-discovered world. For him the fever was not that burning desire for applause which dominated the people of painted face and shining eye whom he watched nightly. They yearned to strut and swagger and live in a glow of make-believe. By counterfeited emotions they sought to produce an imitation sentiment in the audience out there in that semi-darkened abyss. Rather did his fever paint on his brain pictures which spanned the two vital hemispheres of the theatre—the stage and the front—and united them into a broader field for action; pictures of power which stirred his mind, till the flame of fever giving way to the steady glow of ambition he found himself planning to become an autocrat, a manager, a master of the players and of the public.

Bixby Jewell was of the West distinctly Western. He had seen his parents bring the hard-earned skill of an old State to the unsolved problems of a frontier. His boyhood was passed among people who were living a life of double reconstruction; rebuilding their old customs in a new life, rebuilding themselves to suit certain conditions laid down by nature herself in a new land. A life of tact, compromise, and persistency. He had learned to distinguish between the pioneer's disdain of on-coming conventionality and the

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ready ridicule of the vanguard of city builders. Why should a pioneer ridicule the clean linen and well-cut garment of the boomer today and accept the boomer's coin tomorrow? Why should the boomer deride the primitive conditions of this new State today, and tomorrow invest in it his entire fortune? Between such conflicting words Bixby Jewell learned to look deeper than the surface, and see for himself the forces which moved the men about him.

When he was twenty, and had been three years out of the academy, the boom touched his father's acres and the plow-hand gave way to the street-grader. The village grew over night to be a town, and the town in a day adopted the charter of a municipality. The young State had a young college, wherein new professors dispensed old learning. There went Bixby Jewell to attack a new form of compromise; help train the college into a State university; seek from old theories a training for a mind cast in new conditions. Here again he looked below mere words and saw the force of subsurface things. For a year he burdened memory more than mind. But half-way through his second year he found himself thinking for himself.

"You can educate men, monkeys, and pigs," said the young professor of English Literature on a certain day at a second-hour lecture; "but when you are done you still have men, monkeys, and pigs. College cannot change the nature of the trainee, but it does rub off the husk and show the central kernel. If there be a man there, college training but brings out the man."

This casual remark from the professor of English fell on singularly fertile soil. During the third hour that morning Bixby Jewell pondered on this glimpse behind the scenes academic. When the bell rang at the beginning of the fourth hour he closed his books, went to his room, packed his trunk, and turned his back on theory. Straight home he went, and his father called him stubborn. But Bixby argued the point:

"I've been in college not quite two years, and the new town has three times doubled in population since the day I entered. Seems to me if I am to grow up here, and help you found an estate, I should be studying men and business rather than books. In college it will take two and a half years more to graduate. Then what? I come to your office and find two and a half years more of local history to learn, and find that I must face a set of fellows who have been learning to create pay-rolls while I have been studying the Ego and old English novels. It's right that some should learn all that; but it seems to me that, as my life is to be town-building, my school should be a boom. And we've surely a lively one here now."

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In the end the elder Jewell turned dogmatic, and covered his helplessness with a show of authority: "Very well, if you wish to throw away this chance for a college education, you may. But I'll hold you to your word. You propose to become a business man. Do so. Go down town. Take the first position you can find, no matter what it is. Work hard for two and a half years. Then, on the day your class in college graduates, come to me. If you have made something of your time, I will acknowledge it. If not, you will admit yourself a failure."

But Bixby Jewell again recalled the remark of the professor of English, looked below the surface, and reasoned for himself. If he would be a failure as a business man in two and a half years from that moment, he would still be a failure as a business man ten years hence with a college diploma framed and hung in his room.

"You can educate a man, a monkey, a pig, or a failure," reasoned he. "But when you're done you haven't changed their places. If I'm a failure now, then all that an education could do for me would be to give me a better command of language with which to explain my failure."

In this new town of typically booming population only the first-comers knew the name of Jewell. The inrush of new-comers leaves the pioneer to become a stranger in his own town. To one of these Bixby went that morning—Peadee, a man who had built the first bunk-house, the first hotel, and then the first skating-rink of the new town. Now the skating fever was waning, and he must remodel the rink into the town's first theatre.

"You ain't old enough to manage a theatre," said Peadee, the rough, the kindly, the mind of little culture, the brain of great wisdom, the profit-taker, the owner. "Show people are jest naturally a different kind of bunko sharp. In a new town we're due to get the outlaws of the profession, too. First place they fool the people. But as that's what the people want, you got to play in on the game. But next they want to fool you, an' that's where a manager must see the difference between a real comedy to do the people an' jest a play to do him. You see?" And the heavy-framed, black-bearded Peadee shook with amusement over his own pun.

"But I would soon learn," said Bixby Jewell.

"Only one way. Get into the business and grow. I'm after a man for manager who's a worse sharp at the business than Hermann himself. But I'm going to fill the ranks from here. You've been to college. You could write press notices. But that don't take a man's time in a new town. Don't suppose you'd care to post bills, wrastle trunks, wait on chorus girls, and shove scenery just to fill out a day?"

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"I would," said Bixby.

"You're hired," said Peadee. "Your pay begins the minute I see you round here in a pair of overalls."

Jewell pater remonstrated, but Bixby stood on the letter of the law. "You said 'take the first position you can find.' I took it."

"But Mr. Peadee is such a rough man!" complained Jewell mater.

"True, mother, but he is wealthy and keeps putting his money right back into the new town. He's the kind of man I must study. I heard Mr. Decker, the banker, say that if we had more pioneers like Peadee we would be another Chicago in ten years."

"But to work behind the scenes with those rough people—and actresses!"

"Mother, I will wear very heavy overalls to protect me from the taint," said the sturdy, round-faced Bixby, smiling. And that ended it.

Bixby Jewell went about his new duties saying little, thinking much. He began picking out even here the men, the monkeys, the pigs, and the failures. During the hustle of preparation for a performance, he worked with a glow of satisfaction. As he sat in the shade of a canvas tree, hidden from the audience, yet seeing listeners as well as players, he mused on the hidden meaning of it all. Here were the people of a new town eager to be amused as they had been in the great playhouses of the East. Eager for the best, yet paying their money to sit before the coarse buffoonery of the cheap, the imitation, the outlawed! Here were people of painted faces, coarse voices, and soiled raiment, strutting and gawking, with neither talent to play nor worthy plays in which to appear.

The glamor of the footlights did not blind Bixby Jewell to an underlying commercial truth. It came clearly to him that poor accommodations for the performer and constant deceit for the patron were the rule in this poor theatre. Here was the only playhouse in the town, a reformed skating-rink with a flat floor, a small stage, and two box stalls for dressing rooms. Here came roving, poverty-stricken players to hide these discomfitures under affected disdain, and to ridicule the people who paid to be amused, but who were obliged to hear trash that bored them. Night after night Bixby Jewell looked through his peep-hole and saw the upturned faces, eager to hear, longing for something to praise, but generally silent in disappointment. Night after night he heard the outlaw actors ridicule the people "in front" for enduring such trash. But this was a one-night stand, and "one-night towns must take what they can get," said the players.

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But why, argued Bixby Jewell to himself, was not the money for one-night stands as good as the money of a great city? Why, if other conditions were right, should not the best actors come with the best plays even to a one-night stand? The new people in this new town were creating about them duplications of their life back in that comfortable, time-easy East. Why could not he, Bixby Jewell, aid them to bring here the kind of plays and the class of players to which they had been accustomed? There were railroads in this new State, and on these railroads were scores of new towns, with new people equally eager to see the best actors and enjoy the best plays. The new towns were new in everything but the people, who, in themselves, were exactly as old as civilization. A new and adequate theatre in this town would spur the other towns with characteristic Western rivalry to build good theatres. A circuit of good theatres well patronized would bring the best attractions. Thus ambition fired Bixby Jewell's mind. He would become the manager of a monster theatre where there should be system "behind" as well as system "in front." He would have comforts for the audience and necessities for the performers. He would make a reputation for his house so that a traveling manager would greet him with: "Hello, Jewell! I've heard of you. Splendid theatre this. Wish my people could play here a month." There should be interesting plays instead of humbugs, and then the people of the town would say to him when they came to the box office to buy tickets: "Hello, Jewell! I am going to bring some of my friends here tonight. Always glad to bring friends when you say so, because I know you make 'em play the show as advertised." Then the best players would regard an engagement at his model theatre as an event; then the public would endorse Jewell's plan with liberal patronage.

Sitting in the shade of his canvas tree he thought it all out, even to the method of becoming a manager. Then, to the surprise of his associates behind the scenes, he announced that the direct road to the manager's desk lay from the outside, by way of the advertising department, and not by way of scene-shifting. They laughed at him, but his ambition was stronger than their ridicule. He acted upon his theory, turned his back upon the artificial life behind scenes, and became a bill-poster.

Once started, he learned many things that a most accomplished scene-shifter might never know. He became a humble worker in the great American field of advertising. He learned that even a manager of a theatre depends upon newspapers and bill-boards. He learned that the man who could control the bill-boards of a town, and who could write an acceptable press notice, would be as valuable

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to a manager as the contracts on his booking record. As the weeks became months he went on buying bill-boards and organizing other bill-board owners, until his plan placed himself at the head of the Jewell Advertising Company. The towns on a certain natural theatrical circuit discovered themselves at the mercy of a bill-board trust, small in its visible resources but mighty in its sufficiency for that little community.

Meantime the town and the other towns on the circuit grew by leaps and bounds. A large business block was constructed, with a hall and a stage on the top floor to run in opposition to the made-over skating rink. Jewell was offered the management, but declined. He preferred to paste bills at his own price for both managers.

When gray-haired Mr. Decker, pioneer, land-owner, speculator, banker, sold the Decker's Second Addition in a lump for cash, Bixby Jewell called on him and talked of the need of a new theatre that would be adequate to the needs of the growing city. Mr. Decker was interested but not convinced.

"Buy the Grand Opera House from Mr. Peadee and let me run it for a year," said Bixby Jewell. "By that time you will be ready to tear the old thing down. If I prove to you that there is money in the running of a theatre, you can build the New Grand on the land. If I am wrong, you can build something else. You can get it reasonably today. You know Mr. Peadee's way: he will sell anything he has for cash, and put the money into a new venture before he gets home."

Because the property was a "good buy," and because the thought of becoming the owner of a theatre was somewhat romantic, even if that theatre was a reformed skating-rink, the old banker made the purchase and installed Jewell as manager. "Your boyish face will get you into trouble," said Mr. Decker; "but Peadee says you have learned a few things since you have been with him."

For that experimental year Manager Jewell established two rules: first, there should be a sufficient interval between attractions; second, every contract should stipulate a performance equal to the advance advertisements. Under the first rule a succession of full houses resulted. That Manager Jewell had under the second rule many disputes with traveling managers, who could see no sense in giving a metropolitan performance in that skating-rink, did not prevent Mr. Decker from deciding to build the New Grand and announcing that Jewell should manage it. In fact, he commenced the construction of the new theatre after Jewell's first three months as manager of the old, choosing a site more central

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and better adapted, and making the theatre but a part of a large office building.

When the plans were drawn, Bixby Jewell made a strong plea for "the people," and Mr. Decker allowed a heavy expense for the comforts and conveniences behind scenes. When the New Grand was opened the town responded heartily. Mr. Decker, as owner, sat in his box; Bixby Jewell, as manager, stood behind the door-man, and nodded to his many friends as they entered. The manager of the traveling company, watching the crowded house, smiled and confided to the press-agent that he liked to open new theatres because the people of new towns were "so easy."

But a certain fashionable club, newly created and over-conceited, decided that one of their number, who desired to become manager of the New Grand, should have their support. Therefore, they laid a plan to undermine Bixby Jewell's standing with Mr. Decker. Casual remarks were dropped about bill-posters who had better stick to their bill-sticking. Club men dropped into Mr. Decker's box at the New Grand and asked why, if Mr. Decker and the patrons of his theatre saw fit to wear evening dress, they were obliged to see standing in the foyer a manager who had never owned such a thing. Let young Jewell go back to his bill-posting. There was money in it. Install a young man as manager who had some social standing. Young Stone of the Cactus Club, for instance. Society would then make the theatre a fad, and where business had been good it would now be immense. These things troubled Mr. Decker, for Bixby Jewell had builded something of a reputation, and the banker knew its business value. Yet the banker was feeling the success of his many business ventures. He had all the power of new money, and these overtures from the social set touched his vanity—the weakest spot in the armor of a newly-rich. Why not put Bixby Jewell at something else, install Stone as manager, and thus please society?

For a few weeks Mr. Decker's sense of Bixby Jewell's right to the place which he had created was stronger than the temptation to oust him. Then came the quarrel that gave temptation a chance to masquerade as injured pride. It followed a day when Mr. Decker had company, and desired an extra box for his guests. Manager Jewell sent it to him, but the manager of the company, angry because this boyish Jewell had forced a fulfilment of a hard contract, stopped in the midst of checking the evening's receipts, threw the pass out, and demanded cash for it. Manager Jewell had no alternative. He paid it, and charged the amount to Mr. Decker's account. When the banker saw the item he was angry, and sent for the manager of his theatre.

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"See here, Bixby. I do not propose to pay for complimentary tickets to my own theatre."

"Pardon me, Mr. Decker. But under our contract with that attraction we had a certain number of seats for the press, for window cards, and we had your box. As the house was sold out, anything more in the line of complimentary seats was just so much cash turned away. That extra box for you stood for twelve dollars cash. I held the manager to the letter of his agreement; there was perfect fairness in his holding us to ours."

"That's just the point," exclaimed the angered proprietor. "You are too severe on these managers. If you were a little more reasonable I could get all the courtesies I wanted. I do not propose to be deprived of courtesies in my own theatre by having a mere boy set himself up as a little tin Czar! You're not twenty-four yet, and you're trying to teach me my business."

"You mean," said Bixby Jewell quietly, "that you would allow these traveling managers to cut out parts of their performances, leave special scenery at the depot, play all manner of deception on our patrons, and all for an occasional box dead-head?"

"You are impertinent, sir! I discharge you, sir!"

"I knew that to be your intention when I received your summons," said Bixby Jewell. "Mr. Stone has been glorying over me for some time. He will take charge at once, I suppose?"

"At once."

"The treasurer has things well in hand. I will move my things and turn the keys over to him within an hour. Good morning."

Mr. Decker did not answer. There was something disappointing to his pride in Bixby Jewell's calm self-reliance. He had not cringed, nor hesitated, nor apologized. The boy had been much more of a man than the banker.

Then followed six months of transparent flattery for a gray-haired banker, who in his heart knew better. Six months during which Bixby Jewell pasted bills, and the elder Jewell stormed about the ingratitude of bankers, urging his son to sell his advertising interests and turn to something else. Six months during which the elder Jewell's fortunes grew in pace with the boom. Six months during which the new clubman-manager arranged little dinners, at which Mr. Decker met actors, actresses, managers, press-agents, and reporters. So charmed was the banker that the clubman-manager was allowed to charge these dinners to running expenses.

Had this been the only exploiting done by the traveling "people" no complaint would have arisen from the patrons of the

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New Grand. Mr. Decker was a wealthy man; if he chose to be amused by these bright visitors from Bohemia surely he had a right, so long as he paid the piper. But, when a chic little soubrette complained of a cold, the traveling manager winked at the clubman-manager, and made a talk to Mr. Decker. Certainly! Let the little lady rest. The understudy would do for an audience in a one-night stand! Mr. Decker felt quite warm about the heart when he received a note of thanks from the little soubrette. But when the understudy came on the stage a boy in the gallery betrayed the substitution by yelling: "You're pretty good for an understudy. You can go to supper with old man Decker yourself next time you come." And when Mr. Decker saw this set out in a half-column in the morning paper he had a chill. When a celebrated minstrel organization came to the New Grand, Mr. Decker was dragged to a little dinner and made to laugh heartily by the impromptu fun of "the world-famous comedian." But when the comedian went from the dinner to spend the evening at the faro table, and the great audience at the New Grand sat through an abbreviated performance and departed without hearing him, Mr. Decker had a dazed feeling that someone had poked him in the ribs. When two scene-shifters, scuffling behind scenes, knocked over a stand which, in falling, struck an actress on the head, and Mr. Decker was sued for damages covering personal injuries and eight weeks' loss of salary, he discovered himself wondering how it was that none of these things had occurred under young Bixby Jewell's administration.

Then a townsman, who was high in business circles, who was a stockholder in Decker's bank—a man whose opinion was sought on matters of local development, and who had a fad of entertaining Eastern investors when he could coax them to the new town—called on Mr. Decker, and in his right as a peer objected to what was going on.

"See here, Decker," said he, "I bought a box at your house last night, and swelled down here with two men from Boston who were looking into our street-car system with an eye to investing. They are mightily pleased with the theatre and said it was more up-to-date than anything in Boston. Of course I cut loose and bragged about the performance. Said it would be equal to the New York production. Well, one of those chaps had seen the show somewhere in the East, and when it was over he called me down hard. Said that a comic opera could be cut one-third and a man hearing it for the first time would not know it. That left me to infer that the rag-time aggregation of comic opera understudies which you had here last night had cut about that much out of the show. Now, I object to this sort of bunco. Bixby Jewell used to

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make it a point to have shows played as advertised. You yourself know that Bixby has gone so far as to ring down the curtain, dismiss the audience, and refund the money because the show proved a fake. Don't you remember when Charlie Hoyt's last play, *A Night in New York*, was here, and the manager refused to hang those scenic elevators? The manager said the town had plenty of scenery all around it and didn't need those elevators; that the actors could come on and go off through the archways just as well. What did Bixby do? Suspended the advance sale, by thunder, till those elevators were in place! Even a traveling manager for Charlie Hoyt couldn't bluff that boy.

"Don't you remember when that aggregation of so-called Grand Opera singers divided their stars, sending some here and some on another circuit? Did they fool Bixby Jewell? Nay, nay, Pauline! He locked the theatre, refunded the money that had been paid in on the advance sale of tickets, canceled the contract, and wired the other managers of this circuit as to what he had done. The result was that the manager of that aggregation of warblers gathered up his paralleling constellations and hit the horizon line mighty quick. Now, I'm not the only one who is kicking on this new manager. Many of your patrons say he does not attend to business. The ushers are rude. The programs are late. We get no more ice-water between acts. There is often a racket behind scenes that spoils the effect of an entire act. I, for one, propose to cut out theatre-going till you remedy things. Last, but not least, I'll bet you a dinner, Decker, that if you will compare your last six months' receipts you will find that these little matters are hitting you right in the pocket-book."

Mr. Decker had looked, and had found an alarming fall in receipts. But his pride was hurt. It would be undignified to surrender and recall Jewell. He remained deaf to all hints, and the things of which his visitor complained passed unremedied. Then a clipping-bureau sent him an article from a dramatic paper wherein that cute soubrette was interviewed. Therein she told of her Western tour. An exaggerated story of the Decker dinner was given. Purple with rage, that was part shame at his own stupidity, Mr. Decker called in his clubman-manager, had a nasty five minutes, dismissed him and sent for Bixby Jewell.

In accepting the recall in the spirit of a man whose reputation had become a commercial asset, Bixby Jewell demanded a contract for five years that should give him complete authority over the operation of the New Grand. Mr. Decker thought five years too long, and offered to contract for the balance of the present and all of the two succeeding seasons.

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"I will draw that contract for five years," said Bixby Jewell. "I will carry it around with me until some occasion arises which demonstrates that it would be well for you to sign it. Until then, I want your word that I am master of that theatre."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Decker. "I am tired of this eternal kicking. Do what you please; but keep the public away from me."

Manager Jewell's photograph appeared in the papers announcing his return. Manager Jewell's father went about smiling, and saying he had known all along that the boy would win.

Manager Jewell's old press-agent returned to his former desk at the New Grand. Manager Jewell's old crew of treasurers, ticket-takers, stage-hands, and even the old orchestra, returned to their posts rejoicing. The call-boy, who was twenty years old, and also property-man, strutted about behind scenes on the first night of Manager Jewell's resumption of authority.

"*O - ver - chure!*" he shouted. "Jewell's in the box office and no understudy goes. *O - ver - chure!*"

The people "behind" heard and passed the remark with a sneer. The people who were assembling "in front" did not hear, but B-4-Left nodded across the house to C-7-Right, and then turned to B-3-Left to say: "There's Crocker in his old place. He said he never would come here till Bixby Jewell had the house again, and he's kept his word."

The financial statements recovered their old-time vigor, the patrons of the theatre again felt certain that they would see the declarations of bill-boards verified at the New Grand, Mr. Decker occupied his box in peace, and Bixby Jewell carried the unsigned contract in his pocket.

But the day of the costume opera was at hand, bringing more vacillation from Mr. Decker, and a crisis for Manager Jewell.

II

Manager Klawhanger, of the Opera Company, "direct from its run of two hundred nights in New York," brought letters of introduction to Mr. Decker, and insisted on taking Mr. Decker out to lunch.

"That boy you've got here as manager doesn't seem to recognize the importance of this attraction," said Manager Klawhanger. "He insists on our unpacking those French ball-gowns. Now, we can't do that for these one-night stands. You have a lively town here, and the theatre is lovely, and the house is sold out for tonight, and all that, but still you are a one-night stand. Now the way we work it is this: We have some costumes exactly like those

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French ball-gowns. Oh, they are fine imitations! From the front you can't tell 'em from the real thing. We use these imitations at all one-night stands."

Then Manager Klawhanger drifted off into a long talk about New York, and how much New York thought of the West, and how much money New York was about to invest in this very town.

"You'll soon be a week stand," said he. "Then you'll get recognized and we'll be glad to unpack our best costumes for you."

Mr. Decker, whose one weakness was the worship of money, felt that he had been listening to one who sat in the seats of the mighty. Klawhanger's money-talk intoxicated him, and he felt ashamed that his city was only a one-night stand. When Manager Klawhanger left, he realized that he had given silent consent to the substitution of imitation costumes for the extensively advertised "twelve imported French gowns, each costing five thousand dollars." He knew Bixby Jewell would revolt as soon as the substitution came to his attention. The thought of that revolt gave him an unpleasant afternoon.

Manager Jewell, knowing nothing of the lunch, nor what had transpired, saw all the scenery in place and what he supposed were the costume trunks in the dressing rooms. He went to dinner happy over the immense sale of seats, and appeared at the theatre at seven. His property-man, who was also call-boy, promptly informed him that the trunks containing the twelve celebrated costumes were still at the depot.

"The manager had Mr. Decker out to lunch," said the call-boy. "Then he sent word down to the cars to leave those trunks there."

A flying trip to the hotel found Manager Klawhanger. To Jewell's inquiry he very calmly said that he had Mr. Decker's permission to use the imitation costumes, and added that little boys had better keep out from behind scenes if they didn't want to get into trouble.

Manager Jewell ran to a telephone and called Mr. Decker's residence. Mr. and Mrs. Decker had just left in their carriage for the theatre. Jewell rushed back to the theatre. It was 7.45, and the audience was gathering. He sent for the property-man.

"Props," he said, "call in the orchestra on time, but tell Billy to hold the curtain for my order."

Rushing behind scenes with a spirit most unusual, Props spread the news of the managerial dispute.

"*O—ver—chure!* The manager of the theatre says he will hold the curtain till those costumes are unpacked. The manager of this show says this town has got to grow some before he'll unpack

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'em. *O—ver—chure!* You pays your money and takes your choice, but I'm bettin' on the manager of the house. *O—ver—chure!*"

Everywhere in the theatre was the feeling of expectancy which characterizes a crowded house. In front, the ushers hurried with the incoming ticket-holders; behind, the performers hurried with their make-up. Only the stage-hands were calm, as befitted men so necessary to the profession and so untouched by mere professional worry. So the scene-shifters smiled at the call-boy's interpolations, and waited to see the curtain held against the exasperated actors. The musicians hurried out of their stuffy, sub-stage room to their places in the pit. The manager of the company, standing in evening dress by the uniformed ticket-taker, smiled cynically as the orchestra filed in, for he thought he had won. But to the executives and employees of the New Grand, who knew that those costumes were lying in trunks at the depot, the calling of the orchestra merely denoted that it was 8.15 p. m.

The audience grew to large proportions, for the attraction had been a great success in the East. Many people had bought seats to see it for the second time, having seen it during its run in an Eastern city. These second-timers, knowing that Manager Jewell was in charge, looked forward to an exact repetition of their former pleasure.

To Manager Jewell the moments dragged heavily. It was to be a crisis, and he was eager to face it. Even this great audience, even his father and mother, sitting yonder in a box which he had purchased out of his own pocket and sent them, that they might play hosts to their best friends on this gala night, should not deter him. He would hold the curtain and fight it out with Mr. Decker. Fight it out with the great, expectant audience in full possession of the facts, if it became necessary.

When Mr. and Mrs. Decker arrived, Jewell, faultless in evening dress—for he had learned—led them to their box. Then he sat down beside Mr. Decker.

"It's going to be the biggest house we ever had, Mr. Decker."

"Yes, it looks like it," replied Mr. Decker, doggedly. He knew what was coming.

"This house seats more than the theatre at which this attraction played in New York," continued Manager Jewell, "yet this company is filling it at New York prices. They will get more money tonight than for any one performance they ever gave in New York. Don't you think they ought to show the same costumes for our money that they showed in New York for less money?"

Mr. Decker was silent. Manager Jewell drew the unsigned contract from his pocket. He continued:

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"With all due respect to you, Mr. Decker, you do not understand these people. Tricking and petty deceit are a part of their life. You should not let them bother you. Sign this contract, and they cannot go over my head to you. Sign it now, and I will have those costumes on that stage in fifteen minutes."

Mr. Decker's pride was troubled. He did not like to be forced like this. Besides, the figure of Manager Klawhanger, portly, dignified, clothed in the latest mode, rose before him. Those words about the money that New York was to send out West sounded in his ears. Jewell sat waiting, knowing that his father, sitting in a box across the house, was watching him.

A young business man, modish in evening dress, entered the box.

"Good evening, Bixby. Good evening Mr. Decker—and Mrs. Decker. I just want to congratulate you on this audience. Isn't it a splendid showing for a young city like this? And at two dollars a seat! I paid just that to see this in New York. When I got home I told my wife about those ball-gowns. Ever since Bixby announced that the opera was coming here she has planned to see them. I don't believe she will care a rap about anything except those costumes. Hello, there's the orchestra coming in now!"

The young man started to go, but Bixby Jewell detained him.

"One minute, Eastman, if you please. I want you to witness the signatures to a contract which Mr. Decker and I are signing," and with the utmost composure Manager Jewell adjusted his fountain pen, and extended it with the contract toward Mr. Decker.

"Those costumes are really the feature of this opera," said Bixby Jewell quietly.

"Sure! I wouldn't have Mrs. Eastman miss them for anything!" said the young man. "This costume opera sort of thing catches the women. They will rave over those ball-gowns for a month."

"Any attraction that appeals to women always crowds a theatre," said Bixby Jewell in reply to Eastman, but in reality saying it for Mr. Decker's ear. "If the women who are in this theatre tonight were disappointed in this performance our business would at once drop off one-third, and it would be three months recovering, even if we ceased abusing the public."

"That's right" said the young man. "The women are the real critics in this country."

Mr. Decker looked out over the audience. His jaws were set and a frown was on his forehead.

"I expect there are a hundred people here tonight," continued Jewell, "who have seen this opera in the East, and every one of

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them has come to see those costumes again. Moreover, the majority of the people in this audience are Eastern people who know good costumes when they see them. They will recognize any substitution instantly."

The first notes of the overture pealed out. Mr. Decker saw the ushers increase their pace to a run, saw late comers hurry to their seats, saw the lights, the evening gowns of the women and the men's gleaming linen. The music blended in his senses with Bixby Jewell's words, and he turned to look at him. He read determination in the young man's face. He knew he must either sign or lose his manager. He knew, moreover, that Bixby Jewell would, if dismissed, tell the public the truth about those costumes and that he, Decker, the proprietor, would be held responsible for the substitution of the cheap imitations. He remembered the newspaper clipping containing the interview with the soubrette, and shuddered. He wanted no more newspaper notoriety. He did not want Bixby Jewell to come out before that curtain and tell this buzzing audience the truth about those costumes. Without a word he took the paper and pen, and signed.

Bixby Jewell thanked him, waited a long minute for Eastman to sign as witness and then sprang away, the contract in his hand. He found Manager Klawhanger standing pompously by the ticket-taker.

"Mr. Decker has reconsidered that costume proposition," said Manager Jewell shortly. "I am going behind the scenes now. I shall hold the curtain till those costumes are in the dressing rooms."

"Hold and be damned," said Manager Klawhanger. "There cyan't no one-night stand bluff me."

"Fifteen minutes is ample time in which to bring those trunks from the depot," said Manager Jewell quietly. "But I will hold the curtain thirty minutes. At 8.45, if those trunks are not on the stage, I'll dismiss this audience and refund the money." Then he went behind the scenes. Manager Klawhanger observed to the ticket-taker that the nerve of some make-believe managers would jar a saint.

"Maybe that's so. But Bixby Jewell will do what he says," said the ticket-man in reply. Klawhanger only grunted.

When the overture was finished, and the curtain did not rise, the audience became impatient. Manager Klawhanger concluded to go to Mr. Decker's box.

"Your kid manager is holding that curtain," said Manager Klawhanger to Mr. Decker.

"Is he? Perhaps you had better see why." In the sense of relief following the signing of the contract, Mr. Decker had found

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his composure. He looked calmly at Klawhanger. The man who had made the money-talk was not so hard to face as that audience, which having become uneasy at the holding of the curtain, was directing many eyes inquiringly at Mr. Decker's box.

"I know why," said Manager Klawhanger. "It's about those costumes."

"Then you had better be getting them here mighty quick, or the boss will be giving the money back."

Manager Klawhanger did not expect this. It jarred his eyes away from Mr. Decker. Naturally his eyes went beyond to the audience. The sea of faces were looking squarely at him with twenty-two hundred pairs of eyes. He wilted.

As quickly as he could he went behind scenes. Manager Jewell stood there with his back to the curtain, his watch in his hand. Beside him stood the curtain-man, and beyond him in a line the entire crew of stage-hands. It looked like a walk-out. The chorus girls ready in tights, short skirts, powder and rouge for the first scene, stood about giggling like school children at recess. The chorus men, stiff in impossible beards and a certain grand conceit, lined against the tinseled scenes and scoffed. Just as Manager Klawhanger stepped on the stage he heard Manager Jewell say:

"Props! Whistle through the tube to the Professor, and tell him to unload a march."

Manager Klawhanger glared about him. "Who's holding the curtain?" he demanded, in a pompous show of authority.

"Eight twenty-five," said Manager Jewell, by way of reply. "I will continue to hold it until eight forty-five."

"Ring it up!" demanded Manager Klawhanger.

"After you have brought those costumes, my dear Alfonse," said Manager Jewell with a bow. The chorus laughed; the audience, hearing the laugh, applauded. The orchestra began playing a march.

Several of the principals came out on the stage, curious at the delay. Manager Klawhanger made a pretense of appealing to them. "What d'yer think! This kid manager is holding the curtain on us!"

The prima donna, in spangles and tights, stood close enough to the young manager to remark: "One-night stands are always kicking."

"They are obliged to, my dear," replied Bixby Jewell, quietly. "First the owner of the show demands New York prices; then, after we have filled the house to S. R. O., the prima donna refuses to leave her car, or the tenor is ill, or the manager of the show refuses to deliver New York goods."

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"Think of the railroad fares," suggested the prima donna. "These new towns are lucky to get us on any terms."

"Think of this house seating twice as many people as many theatres on Broadway, and of its being sold out at Broadway prices," replied Manager Jewell.

The prima donna laughed, and swung around on one shapely limb. "They came to see *me*, dear boy, not the costumes."

The orchestra came to the end of the march. A menacing silence closed about the two managers.

"Eight-thirty," said Manager Jewell. "It will take fifteen minutes to get those trunks, and that's your limit."

"Oh, all right! Get them! But I wouldn't be as unreasonable as you are for a million," said Manager Klawhanger pettishly, for he could not endure that silence. But he had still another trick to play.

Manager Jewell whistled in the call-boy, who was also property man.

"Props!"

"Yes, sir."

"Telephone for those trunks!"

"They are on the way here, sir."

"What!"

"I was peekin' through the curtain at you and Mr. Decker, sir. When I seen him sign that contract I telephoned for 'em."

The entire stage burst into a peal of laughter. Out in front the audience squirmed in its seats because it had not heard the joke, but applauded out of good nature. The prima donna became coquettish again. "What? The boy has worked Mr. Decker for a contract? *My* Mr. Decker?" And there was another laugh.

"All right, Props," said Manager Jewell. "I'll return the favor. Tell Billy to ring up."

"First act!" shouted Props, and then ran out to open the side door for the trunks.

Fifteen minutes later, while the audience was listening to the first act, Manager Jewell took the receipts from his treasurer and locked the money in the safe. Then he said to Manager Klawhanger: "My treasurer will check up with you, but I'll not turn over a cent of money till after the second act. I am going to see those costumes on the stage with my own eyes."

Manager Klawhanger, who had been planning to let the genuine costumes lie behind scenes in the unopened trunks, and to let the performers go on in the imitation costumes, rolled to his feet to bluster:

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"Sir! Do you mean to question my word?"

"You have not given any word to question," replied Manager Jewell. "You have not yet ordered your company to wear those genuine costumes."

"Nor do I intend to. I fooled you plenty. The show has started. You can't stop it now."

"I can and I will. As soon as the chorus steps on the stage in the imitation costumes I will ring down, dismiss the audience, and refund the money. These people know me, and they will go if I tell them to. Then I will wire your New York manager what I have done, and you can whistle yourself to sleep."

Manager Klawhanger turned purple with rage. "My firm will never send another attraction here. We'll cut you off our circuit."

The firm-set, ruddy, round-faced youth of twenty-four stepped close to the portly, fidgety-eyed man. "See here, Klawhanger. You have bluffed long enough. You are not a member of any firm, nor have you any authority to use the name of any firm. You are a hired man, just as I am. Your firm is selling the goods; my boss is buying. All you can do is to deliver. Now, there is the curtain down on the first act. You better go give that order."

Man and youth looked eye to eye in the calmness of complete understanding. The portly man breathed hard, but gave up the attempted deceit as easily as he had undertaken it. "Next time I come I'll expect to find you owner of the house," said he, quizzing, and turned to go behind scenes.

The double line of dressing rooms below stage was bustling as Klawhanger descended thereto. Through half-open doors the chorus girls, slipping out of their first-act costumes with the sure movements of long usage, caught sight of him. A surprised word here and there brought the buzzing to a stop, and many eyes sought the manager's face.

"Open those trunks," said Klawhanger indifferently; "the real thing goes."

There was a moment's silence, broken by a soubrette in an end dressing room: "Oh, Chubby! Did you let that boy do you?"

A quick, fluttering laugh went down the double line of rooms, then hushed. It was dangerous to laugh *at* the manager.

"No, indeed. I didn't *let* him do anything. He just naturally lifted me up in the air and interrupted my usual trend of thought. I had old Decker all fixed. But I didn't know about this young thing; he's a double-decker."

This time the laugh was delightful. It was *with* the manager, and it was genuine.

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"It was he who designed this house," cried a voice. "We have to thank him for remembering the people."

"Bless him for it," answered the gay soubrette. "But who'd suspect such a boy!"

In the front of the house the audience had broken into the murmuring unrest of the entr'acte. Several men approached Manager Jewell in the foyer.

"What held that curtain so long?" they demanded with evident interest in their looks.

"Little matter of discipline," replied Bixby Jewell, running his fingers along the edge of that five-year contract. "Sorry to hold a curtain so long, but in this case it was worth it."

From mouth to mouth it went, until many in their seats, admirers of Manager Jewell and keen scoffers over proprietor Decker's conceit, were buzzing with it. Recalling Jewell's brief visit to the Decker box, they guessed it to be another soubrette dinner. In the knowing smiles that went toward the Decker box Mr. Decker himself read a message: "Bixby Jewell has been disciplining that old fool, and it's about time."

Later, when the long-expected chorus came upon the stage, there was a quick burst of applause at sight of the celebrated costumes. And when the soloist deftly smoothed her gown and cast a meaning glance at the Decker box, there was a shout of pleased laughter at her by-play. All became friendly. Stage and auditorium met on the common ground of a clever bit of ridicule. Bixby Jewell, who had heard the round of applause upon the entrance of the chorus, rose from his desk in his private office, where he had been idly watching his treasurer check the night's receipts with Klawhanger. Opening the door a little way he stood sidewise therein. By a turn of his head he could see from Klawhanger, deep in his task, out through the draperies of the foyer, down the beach-like slope of human heads to the stage, and then on either side to the solidly filled boxes. In the owner's box, Mrs. Decker was leaning forward in rapture over the scene. On the other side he saw his mother equally interested. But neither Mr. Decker nor his father was visible. As he noted the heads, in the long sweep down to the stage, sway ceaselessly as the eager audience looked its keenest, he wondered where the two men might be.

It was a grand scene, and worth the price. For a moment Bixby Jewell felt his ambition realized: a magnificent theatre, an adequate, Eastern-proven attraction, and an audience in evening dress! His mind leaped back to the day on which he had become a man of all work about a theatre. His father's words came to him: "For two and a half years let's see what you can do." It

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lacked a month of being two and a half years. In a month from this night his class in college would stand on this stage to receive their diplomas.

As he stood musing he heard the treasurer's low voice:

"Twenty-one hundred, twenty-seven dollars, fifty cents."

"Check," said Klawhanger.

Manager Jewell closed the door, for the audience was uproariously demanding an encore of the scene, and spoke to his treasurer: "You may settle. Twenty-one hundred odd dollars for a Western one-night stand is pretty good money, Mr. Klawhanger. And the next time you come we will do equally well by you."

"All right," said the portly man, pleasantly, "but for my sake please lay in a stock of paper money. The West is so raw; look at this!" And the soft-fingered one gazed sadly at the heap of gold and silver coin which Jewell's treasurer was beginning to count.

The door of the office opened, and Bixby Jewell looked up to see his father entering.

"May I come into the autocrat's office?" asked the elder Jewell, quizzingly.

"You are welcome, dad," said the son, placing a chair by his desk.

"I came in to congratulate you," said the elder Jewell.

"Thank you. It is a splendid performance. Marvelous costumes, weren't they?" And the boyish eyes twinkled over toward the portly one busy at the money stack.

"I did not see them," said Mr. Jewell quietly.

"Didn't see the costumes? Then you missed the best thing in the performance," exclaimed Bixby.

"No, I missed nothing. The performance I referred to occurred in Mr. Decker's box."

"Oh!" Bixby laughed nervously under his father's compliment. Then he held out his contract. "There's my diploma, dad."

Mr. Jewell took it, glanced through it with the speed of a practical business mind, and placed it in his own pocket.

"I'd like to keep it if you don't mind. Besides, my boy, you have no further use for it, as it's no good."

Bixby could only question: "Not good?"

"No. The Decker block, theatre and all, has just been sold."

The portly one and the treasurer stopped counting to listen. Bixby exclaimed again: "Why, I didn't suppose Decker would sell. It's a grand investment in this new town."

The elder Jewell was enjoying the scene. He expanded a bit:

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"My boy, you remember what your professor of English said about educating men and monkeys? It's the same way in business. This boom has made men, monkeys, and easy-marks rich without discrimination. But even with their new money they are still men, monkeys, and green pastures for the needy. Now Decker will sell anything for ready money. In the sight of coin he just drops his mouth open, loses his sense of decorum, and asks if he can have it. The man who has just bought the Decker building knows this. It isn't exactly right to say that he skinned Decker. All he did was to show Decker a check on Decker's own bank for a certain amount, and Decker wanted to buy the check with the building. So your contract is no good. You will have to deal all over again with the new man."

"I'll take my chances," said Bixby quickly. "I think my diploma will be sufficient recommendation."

"No good at all," said Mr. Jewell, positively. "He knows you and knows all about this contract. He has been looking for you to have just such a shake-down with Decker, and he fully expected you to win. But he doesn't want you as a manager."

Bixby Jewell was of the West resourcefully Western. But this unexpected play of moneyed men was beyond him. He had a momentary twinge of disappointment.

"Then it's back to the bill-boards till the town needs a second theatre," said he. "Paste isn't the only thing that sticks to a bill-poster's fingers. Your son will get along, dad."

The elder Jewell smiled. This last remark only added to his already settled conviction of his son's fitness.

"The new owner does not want you as a manager, Bixby," continued Mr. Jewell, "because he wants you as a partner. How would 'Jewell and Son' suit you as a firm name?"

Bixby Jewell sat still long enough for the unexpected to sink securely into his mind. Then, in simple, manly gratitude he laid his hand over his father's.

"Dad! You did this for me!"

The portly Klawhanger rolled to his feet. The money-argument was the one plot he understood. "Gentlemen, I beg you will allow me to be the first to offer congratulations. Young man, I said I expected to find you owner when I came next time, but I didn't believe it when I said it. You Westerners are mighty impulsive in your manners, but you certainly do arrive at results. Let me wish you many, many prosperous seasons. And—and I hope you will always have the big shows. And—and if you don't like the way they go, you know the remedy all right: just hold the curtain on 'em."

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The Sphere

A JAPANESE TAM O' SHANTER

THESE EXTRAORDINARY CARVED FIGURES ARE A STRIKING FEATURE IN THE LANDSCAPE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGES IN KOREA. THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FRIGHTEN AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

From a Sketch by M. Charousset

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Hannibal Outdone

The London Daily Chronicle

Hannibal's passage of the Alps was a pigmy feat compared with the task of crossing the Himalayas, which has just been accomplished by a very little British army going a very long way. Within the last few weeks the force under General Macdonald has climbed the last flight of the most stupendous natural staircase upon the planet, and is camped at the present moment upon the upper landing at the top of the world. What it has already done in the face of fantastic hardships is an epic of military mountaineering, interleaved by the strangest pages in the history of transport. What lies before it is a romance of exploration intimately connected with a far-reaching move in what Mr. Kipling calls "the great game."

The expedition started from Siliguri, in the plains below Darjeeling, very little above sea-level. There the foothills begin, and from their spurs of dense forest to the highest snow peaks upon the forbidden frontier, the wall of the world is piled up, mass over mass, to summit-heights five and six miles in the air. Conceive that stairway by which a column of a thousand fighting men, and more than a thousand porters, with pack-animals, and hundreds of tons of stores for man and beast, has succeeded in climbing to the level of Lhasa. Imagine a tolerably tall steeple. Imagine a score of them, one upon another—a hundred—another hundred—up, up, up, until your mind is about as high as it can fly. That is the altitude of Mount Everest—not Ossa upon Pelion, which would still be insignificant, but the Matterhorn, let us say, reared upon the top of Mont Blanc. The Thibetans, needless to remark, do not live their ordinary lives quite so far skyward. But their tableland is upon an average plane of nearly three miles above sea-level—higher than all but the loftiest summits of the Alps.

Experience

W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine

The first time, when at night I went about
Locking the doors and windows everywhere,
After she died, I seemed to lock her out
In the starred silence and the homeless air,
And leave her waiting in her gentle way
All through the night, till the disconsolate day,
Upon the threshold, while we slept, awake:
Such things the heart can bear and yet not break.

After-Dinner Speaking

From a Western Exchange

Senator Depew, of New York, says that one morning he received a letter marked "Personal" in an envelope addressed "Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, A.M., P.M., Ph.D., LL.D., S.T.D., etc."

The letter read as follows: "Dear and Most Honored Sir—I have read of your after-dinner speeches. It has never been my good fortune to listen to your eloquence, but I have delighted myself

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and friends by publishing reports of your utterances.

"So much have they impressed me that I have one great wish. It is to listen to the speech you——"

Senator Depew here reached the end of the first page of the letter, and, turning over to the next page, read:

"——would deliver after a dinner in your railway restaurant at Poughkeepsie."

Rushed

Life

A dozen operations
Per day was not such fun.
The doctor didn't stop to eat—
He could only cut and run.

Country versus Town Mouse

William Allen White in Judicious Advertising

The farmer is the reader in America; he is the thinker, too, for that matter. He is the reservoir of that strong, sane, hard-headed Americanism that is the balance-wheel of our national, political, social, and moral machinery. And he is not fickle. The American drug store still sells Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and the farmer's wife will have nothing but Clarke's O. N. T. Thread. When the advertiser gets the farmer, he has got a ten years' interest-bearing bond. The city requires something new; the metropolitan bill-boards of two years ago would look archaic today; and the advertisements in the city papers for ninety-five and six would interest only the collector of antiques. But the farmer's paper prints the announcements of the old stand-bys. The farmer particularly loves that which may be justly called the "old reliable." The town man desires the new and unreliable, just to give him a new sensation; the element of chance, the sting of uncertainty—these are the spices and condiments that are needed by the city buyer, but the farmer has a simple, unsated, natural craving for time-tried things. The farmer used to bite easily. But the spawning ground of the American sucker now is in the great cities. There the American jay lives. There is the real provincial. The trusts floated all their watery stock in the big towns; the farmers were buying things to eat and to wear and to adorn themselves with, while their smart brothers in the city were buying blue sky and thin air on green-tinted bond-paper at a few cents above par.

Juvenile Strategy

The Chicago Tribune

"What have you got in that package?" said the attendant at the great public musuem.

"Bananas," answered the boy. "Dozen of 'em. Want one?"

"No, and you can't bring them in here."

"Why not?"

"It's against the rules. But you can check the package at that window and get it when you come out."

"Cost anything to check it?"

"Five cents."

The boy said he wouldn't pay it, and went away.

Ten minutes later he reappeared, without the package.

"I guess I can go in now all right," he said.

"Hold on. Have you got those bananas concealed about you?"

"Yes, sir; all but the skins. I throwed them away."

Woman the Inexplicable

Mrs. L. H. Harris in The Independent

The brotherhood of man is already foreordained in the very order of things, but the sisterhood of women is inconceivable. They have no mutual consciousness upon which to base such an ideal; their evolution depends entirely upon another hypothesis. They will never coöperate with one another, because, in the very nature of things, their chief hope and happiness depend upon their cöoperating with men. Until marriage every woman is the unclaimed part of some man. She is his complement as he is her completion. And if she is never married, she is never finished. She may be a useful, brilliant member of society, but in her own consciousness she is incomplete. She is like a June day without its night of stars and silence, like a lily that does

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not lose its life in a white passion of bloom and fragrance.

The intellectual woman, once she is developed, apparently contradicts the theory as to the lack of relationship among women, but she is, in fact, the most conspicuous example we have of mental affinity to men on the one hand and of temperamental antipathy to women on the other.

spiration in this work, in the dark beginning not one of them would have had the heart or hope to conceive it. Even now there is less in common between one of these admirable women and the repentant creature whom she cares for than between day and night. Privately and personally she never receives such an one in consciousness on the same plane with herself. And even if God



The Sketch

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

PORTRAITS OF MISS ELLEN TERRY, MR. TREE, AND MRS. KENDAL

Academy Picture by Hon. John Collier

The spiritually-minded woman is no exception to this biological law of sex relationships. Women have more ways of being religious than men have, but they have less faculty for converting or forgiving one another than any other class of people in this world. A man first conceived the idea of establishing homes for fallen women, and while Christian women have followed his indemanded it, she would not be able to accomplish such a magnanimity. Yet the same Christian woman will undertake the reclamation of the most abandoned man with an angelic cordiality, a sweet piety, that is as admirable as it is impracticable.

These women as a rule belong to the elemental type. They are often witty, but never reasonable; and in the pres-

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ence of men as tremulous with unshed beauty as suppressed butterflies. But with one another they are simply "confidential," an evidence of the strangest mystery in feminine character. They are always intimate. Each is a foresworn priestess of the tender emotions, in whom the others confide. It is not that they are vicious, but naturally treacherous to one another. The "dearest" friends betray one another, know it, and yet, such is their frailty for confidences, when next they meet there will be the usual exchange of private scriptures. But the same women would keep a man's secret inviolate until death, and it is an open question if the angels in heaven could win it from them.

No Need to Dye

M. de Labonnefon in Cosmos

Is it possible to give to silk, while yet in the bodies of the worms that secrete it, a determinate color? I reply that the coloring of silk in the manner proposed is possible and has been accomplished, both by Messrs. Levrat and Conte, of Lyons, and by myself. The lack of success of some experimenters comes from the substances employed, which do not all pass with ease through the tissues of the worm. From these later experiments, we are told, the following results are evident.

It is quite possible to pass a coloring-matter from the digestive tube to the silk-glands through the intermediary of the blood. But although certain products—neutral red, for instance—pass easily through the tissues, there are others, like methyline blue, that traverse them with difficulty. Still others, such as picric acid, will not pass through them at all.

We shall succeed, then, in giving to silk various indelible tints when we shall have found for each one of these tints a coloring-matter capable of traversing the tissues of the silk-worm. But it is also probable, according to experiments on the natural coloration of cocoons, that certain kinds of worms can be impregnated by colors that remain without effect on other species.

It should be added that, to answer rigorously those critics who believe in the hypothesis of a superficial coloration of the silk, Messrs. Levrat and Conte caused subcutaneous injections of neutral red to be made into worms ready to spin. . . . Worms thus treated were instantly colored red and gave a light pink silk. Probably multiplied injections administered several days before the spinning would have given rise to a completely red silk.

"Desire Sings"

T. Surge Moore

If only I were the sky,
What days would be thine!
No more than thou would'st of a kind,
Whether sunshine, or shower, or wind!
If the heavens above thee were I,
How the stars would shine!
What a friend the moon would be
To guard or companion thee!

Thy days thou should'st fill like a rill
That has found the best
Of seaward paths, and gay
Takes bedded in flowers its way,
Were mine but the life of a hill:
But were I the west,
Thou would'st sink all beauty and light
Home to my heart every night.

Spenceriana

The late Grant Allen in The Forum

A story is told about Herbert Spencer's fondness for billiards, which, whether true or not, is at least most characteristic. He once met an officer from the Senior United Service Club—which, owing to the annual cleaning, was then receiving the hospitality of the Athenæum—in the billiard-room of his own club, and incontinently challenged him to a game of a hundred up. The officer accepted. Spencer led off, and made a miss in balk. The officer then played, and—ran out his hundred at a break. Spencer, says the legend, instantly put up his cue in the stand, and observed, solemnly, in his sententious voice: "Some acquaintance with games of skill becomes a cultivated mind, but mastery such as yours bespeaks a wasted youth. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning." It is quite immaterial whether the story is true or false; it gives at any rate an admirable example of Spencer's conversational style, which was almost

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The Sketch

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

ESCAPED ONE: I PRAYED THAT I MIGHT MEET SOMEONE ON THIS LONELY 'EATH WOT I COULD OVERPOWER AN' CHANGE CLOTHES WITH. ME PRAYER'S BEEN ANSWERED, BUT BLOW ME IF I DIDN'T FORGIT TO GIVE THE SIZE.

Drawn by Frank Chesworth

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The Tatler

THE ARMORY OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

THE CHIEF ARMORER CAN FIT OUT WHOLE REGIMENTS OF VIKINGS, SOLDIERS, AND WARRIORS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE. EVERYTHING IS KEPT IN APPLE-PIE ORDER

as concise and clear-cut as his writing. Every word told, and every clause was balanced.

If you wish for a rough gauge of a man's intelligence, Spencer used often to say, you cannot find a better one than to observe the proportion which personalities bear to generalities in his conversation. Judged by this test Spencer would have come out easily first of all the men I have ever talked with. During twenty years of intercourse I can hardly remember hearing him speak of an individual except for some practical purpose, or else to illustrate some general principle. His talk was of generalities; almost everything he said was a generalization. If you remarked it was a fine day, Spencer would answer: "Yes; anticyclonic conditions like those of yesterday seldom break up without warning of the advent of a depression from westward." If you observed that Mrs. Jones was a pretty woman, Spencer would reply: "Her father was a West Highlander, and her mother an Irish woman; and intermarriage between Highlanders and Irish almost always produces physically handsome but intellectually inferior children." I often used to wonder, when I uttered some most commonplace statement, what universal principle or philosophic remark it would draw forth from Spencer, and I was seldom disappointed.

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The Tatler

THE SWITCHBOARD OF THE COVENT GARDEN STAGE

WORD REACHES THE OPERATOR THROUGH A MEGAPHONE. WITH A TURN OF A LEVER THE HEIGHTS OF THE BROCKEN OR THE HALLS OF THE NIBELUNGEN CAN BE APPROPRIATELY LIT UP IN AN INSTANT

George Eliot once made a good repartee to him on one such occasion. The talk had turned on fly-fishing; and she asked Spencer, who was a devoted, though not, I believe, a very successful, fly-fisher, what sort of fly he preferred to fish with. "Oh," said the philosopher, "I lay little stress on the particular kind of fly; I make my own; and all I aim at is to give what the fish expects—the vague representation of an insect fluttering about over the surface of the water." "I see," said George Eliot, "you are so fond of generalizing that you fish with a generalization." Which in point of fact was exactly what he did do.

What Editors Want

The London Academy

Very unbusinesslike are the proceedings of many who desire to see their books published or their articles and stories accepted by the magazines. Take an example: The majority of the magazines have a more or less decided line of policy with regard to stories and articles, yet editors are pestered with manuscripts utterly unsuited to their pages. They are also worried and wearied with articles on subjects which have already been recently dealt with, and—a very common occurrence—are offered tales and essays ludicrously late

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—*e. g.*, Christmas matter sent in long after all the Christmas numbers have gone to press. A little business forethought and common sense would save many a disappointment to would-be contributors and worry to editors and publishers' readers. Editors want good, fresh, suitable copy, and do not reject proffered contributions through carelessness or for the fun of rejecting them.

Not Bacon, but Shaw

The London Daily Chronicle

George Bernard Shaw now comes forward as the author of *Shakespeare*. "If," he says, "you take the titles of Shakespeare's plays — just a sufficient number for the purpose—and take the fourth letter from the end of the title, you will find that they spell Bernard Shaw. For example:

MacBeth
Julius CaEsar
Comedy of ErRors
Merchant of VeNice
Antony and CleopAtra
Two Gentlemen of VeRona
Merry Wives of WinDsor
Troilus and CresSida
Timon of AtHens
Antony and CleopAtra
All's Well That Ends Well

The Tammany Mayor

J. Herbert Welch in Success

It is as if a band had struck up a quick march in the city hall when Mayor McClellan comes swinging along the corridor. The attendants and clerks take on a new alertness and animation. He nods to them briskly as he pushes through the swinging door to the inner office. His bell rings sharply, and at once the mill begins to grind. The first callers, who have been waiting for him, are shown in and bowed out in quick succession, and even those who have been unsuccessful in their errands are usually smiling when they pass out. Every day since the mayor has taken office a fight has been waged. Politicians with set expressions on their faces are constantly hurrying along the city hall corridor to the big room in the corner. District leaders with thousands of votes in their control pass in, and raise their voices in threatening speeches.

"But I've spent a lot of money in this campaign —a big pile of money," one exclaimed. "I've got to get this money back, and I've got to make good with the 'boys!'"

"That is your responsibility, not mine," replied the mayor.

"But you're trying to cut out our chances," cried the leader. "We elected you. You knew what we'd expect. You're not so young and inexperienced as not to know what your election signified."

"I knew very well what it signified," the mayor answered, "but it seems that you did not."

"I am so hard beset at this particular place on the road," said the mayor, in answer to the question as to Presidential ambitions, "that I am not sure, after all, that my journey may not end here."

"What is your guiding principle on the journey?"

"To do the best I can and keep straight," replied the mayor, promptly.

"Do you make any distinction between personal and political honesty?"

"Not a bit. There is absolutely no distinction. I don't see how there can be, yet your question is reasonable enough. I have encountered many men who will do things in political contests that they would not think of doing in affairs more personal. There are men of this kind in Congress, who have the strictest ideas of personal integrity, and yet waive these ideas in the political arena, on the ground, I suppose, that all's fair in love, war, and politics. They can not, of course, be regarded as honest men."

"A great many people have been prejudiced against you because of your association with Tammany Hall."

The mayor considered for a moment, gazing out at the trees in City Hall Park. "Well," he said, turning around, "a good deal more could be said on this subject than I have time to say, but, in brief, I am a firm believer in political organization. My father, you know, was a great organizer. A robust partisanship is a concentrated force which

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GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN

MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK

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has accomplished much public good in this country, but to be effective, in these days, it must have behind it an organization, or machine, if you like. A political machine is a necessity with us.

"The moral tone in none of them is high, of course, but it is just as high as average human nature when confronted by opportunities for personal gain. It is easy to decry a machine. This, in itself, means little. The proof of a man is in his temptations."



Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

Courtesy of Harper's Bazar

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES"

MOTHER: THERE, ETHEL, DON'T CRY. THE SPANKING HURT MOTHER MORE THAN IT DID YOU.
ETHEL: I KNOW IT. THAT'S WHAT I'M CRYING FOR.

Winning Hands

London Answers

Kubelik pays £300 annually as insurance of his bow hand alone, so that if it were at any time injured as to prevent him from fulfilling an engagement he would receive £2,000 as compensation. If his hand were totally disabled, so that he could never play again, he would get £10,000, which would enable him to live in ample comfort. Paderewski, the famous pianist, says that his fingers are as precious to him as his life, for he could never play if he lost any of them. He makes insurances from time to time to cover special risks, as when he is going on a long journey by land or sea; but apart from these his two hands are regularly underwritten from year to year. He pays the huge sum of £800 annually in this way, with the result that if anything went wrong with one of his precious hands at any time, so that he could no longer earn an income by his playing, he would be paid £10,000 in cash.

Besides this he is insured against temporary disablement of the fingers by disease or accident, and in case of anything happening to prevent his playing for a single week he draws, as a rule, a sum of £500 as compensation. He has done so on more than one occasion.

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The organizers of his concerts, who often stand to lose more than the artist through any unfortunate happening of this kind, likewise take the precaution to cover all such risks, and to one such agent the amount they insure for is usually about £1,000 or £1,500.

In the same way as Paderewski, Josef Hoffman is heavily insured according to the special arrangements made by some underwriters for pianists. Not only is each hand separately insured in his case, but every individual finger has a special policy made out for it. Not long ago he fell from his bicycle and hurt his hand so badly that he could not play for several days. The underwriters had as a consequence to send him a check which ran into four figures.

Money to Burn

The Kansas Ranch News

If there is any flaw in the logic of this story, it is not easy to find: Mr. Brown, a Kansas gentleman, keeps a boarding-house, it appears. Around his table at a recent occasion sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed, and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocketbook and handed it to Mrs. Brown, with the remark that there was ten dollars toward the twenty he had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews, in turn, passed it on to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpentering work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed, and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays ten dollars on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to Mrs. Brown, remarking that he had now paid her the twenty dollars he had promised her. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour bill, Mr. Hadley again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board; whereupon Brown put it back into his pocket-book, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.

A Beneficent Trust

The London Graphic

The growth of the Public-House Trust system initiated by Earl Grey is one of the most satisfactory of recent social developments. The idea of the trust is not to destroy the facilities for obtaining drink, as the extreme Temperance Party would do, but to encourage people only to drink in moderation. With this object in view, the public-houses under the control of the trust are treated as places for general refreshment instead of places for the exclusive consumption of alcoholic liquor. Tea and coffee and food are provided, and customers are not made to feel that they are inferior beings if they prefer to abstain from alcohol. It is stated in the report of the trust for the past year that even brewers' draymen will now openly drink a cup of tea outside one of the trust public-houses, and that the force of example has been so contagious that other public-houses in the neighborhood of trust houses have taken to advertising the fact that they also provide tea and coffee. The secret of this striking success lies in the fact that no one connected with the trust has any motive to push the sale of intoxicating drinks. The trust is, in fact, a real trust for the public benefit in the good old English sense of the word, and it is absolutely different both in conception and in working from the so-called American "Trusts," which aim at plundering the public by the creation of monopoly. The manager of the public-house receives a fixed salary, the shareholders of the Company receive a fixed rate of interest, and all the profits are devoted to the creation and maintenance of public improvements, such as parks and recreation grounds. Managed on such grounds as these, a public-house becomes a boon to a neighborhood instead of a curse,

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Photograph by F. M. Chapman *Courtesy of The National Geographic Magazine*

AN ABANDONED COLONY OF FLAMINGO NESTS, BAHAMA ISLANDS

THERE ARE 2,000 NESTS IN THIS COLONY. EACH NEST IS 18 INCHES IN DIAMETER AND 12 INCHES HIGH, AND IS MADE OF MUD. IN THE BOWL AT THE TOP THE FEMALE LAYS A SINGLE WHITE EGG

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and it is most gratifying to learn that nearly every county in England now has its trust, organized and at work.

Rapid Spread of Civilization

The Portland Oregonian

Within a week or so—

The Americans have killed a "large" number of Cottas.

The British have killed 300 Thibetans.

The Dutch have killed 500 Achinese.

The Germans have killed 300 Hereros.

Pretty soon the whole world will be civilized.

"They Say" is a Liar

"Old Gorgon Graham" in the Saturday Evening Post

Loose talking breaks up more firms and more homes than any other one thing I know. The father of lies lives in hell, but he spends a good deal of his time in Chicago. You'll find him on the Board of Trade when the market's wobbling, saying that the Russians are just about to eat up Turkey, and that it'll take twenty million bushels of our wheat to make the bread for the sandwich; and down in the street, asking if you knew that the cashier of the Teenth National was leading a double life as a single man in the suburbs and a singular life for a married man in the city; and out on Prairie Avenue, whispering that it's too bad Mabel smokes Turkish cigarettes, for she's got such pretty curly hair, and how sad it is that Daisy and Dan are going to separate, "but they do say that he—sh! sh! hush; here she comes." Yet when you come to wash your pan of dirt, and the lies have all been carried off into the flume, and you've got to the few particles of solid, eighteen-carat truth left, you'll find it's the Sultan who's smoking Turkish cigarettes; and that Mabel is trying cubebs for her catarrh; and that the cashier of the Teenth National belongs to a whist club in the suburbs and is the superintendent of a Sunday-school in the city; and that Dan has put Daisy up to visiting her mother to ward off a threatened swoop down from the old lady; and that the Czar hasn't done a blame thing except to become the father of another girl baby. There are two ways of treating gossip about other people, and they're both good ways. One is not to listen to it, and the other is not to repeat it.

How Metals Grow

Prof. E. Heyn in Harper's Magazine

How does a plant differ from a lifeless mineral or metal? The plant possesses the capability of growth, of absorbing nourishment, and the power of propagation. We deny such powers to inorganic bodies like minerals and metals. And yet a mineral can grow! By introducing an infinitesimal alum crystal into a solution saturated with alum the crystal will continue to grow. By introducing two sheet-copper strips into a solution of copper (e. g., blue vitriol) and allowing an electric current to pass through the liquid from one strip to the other, the latter strip will be found to assume a continuous growth. This proves beyond doubt that growth exists in the inorganic world.

The necessity of applying fertilizers for the purpose of attaining certain kinds of plants is simply an artificial process for supplying conditions necessary to growth. But to the production of snow-flakes by the growth of ice crystals exposure to special atmospheric conditions is equally necessary. The majestic glaciers in our mountains are the accumulated growth of tiny ice crystals.

The act of preparation which the highly developed plant is compelled to pursue is, of course, denied inorganic bodies. If, however, we observe the procreative process in the lowest orders of plant life, as characterized by a simple division or expulsion of cells, we shall experience no difficulty in recognizing a transition to the world of inorganic matter. Each particle of a piece of alum broken off has an independent power of growth when surrounded by conditions conducive to such growth—i. e., by suspending it in a solution saturated with alum; that is to say, if, under favorable conditions, we enable water and the original components of alum to come into contact with the crystal germ.

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An Epitaph Fifty Years Hence

The Portland Oregonian

In a few years we shall read epitaphs like this:

Here Lies
John Pittsburg Skibo Smith,
Who Was Born in a
Carnegie Town,
Educated in a
Carnegie Institute,
Studied in a
Carnegie Library.
At the Age of 30 He Became a
Carnegie Hero,
And Has Now Gone to Be With
Carnegie.

The Sorrowing Mother

Katharine Pyle in Harper's Bazar

Last night I dreamed he came to me;
I held him close and wept and said,
"My little child, where have you been?
I was afraid that you were dead."
Then I awoke; it almost seemed
As though my arms could feel him yet.
I had been sobbing in my sleep;
My tears had made the pillow wet.

Sometimes I wake at night to find
That I am out of bed,
As though I'd heard him calling me;
Then with a pang comes memory;
How can we reach the dead?

I cannot think of him at all
As the bright angel he must be,
But only as my little child
Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise,
Angels—ye who know;
I am dull and slow to learn,
Toiling here below.
Do not fill his heart too full
With your heavenly joy,
Lest the mother's place be lost
With her little boy.

One night when I was half awake
I thought he called me, clear and sweet,
And then I heard across the floor
The patter of his little feet.

Last night the air was mild;
The moon rose clear, though late,
And somehow then it did not seem
So very hard to wait.
There seemed so much to learn,
So much for me to do,
Before my lessons here were done
And I was ready, too.

One night when I had wept till I could weep
No more, I dreamed he came to me in sleep.
He was not sick nor sad as he had seemed
On almost every night when I had dreamed,
But full of life, and flushed with health, and glad,
He took my hand and said, "What makes you sad?"

It has been raining all the afternoon.
These mild, gray days should bring the blossoms soon.
I like these gentle rains; they seem so kind,
Like tears that leave no bitterness behind.

Those may dare to doubt who have
Their loved ones here below;
For me, I do not now believe,
I do not hope—I *know*.

The Caddie's Rival

The Tatler

We have all heard of dogs being trained to field a ball at cricket and to retrieve lost tennis balls, but the innovation of the dog caddie has been reserved for a member of the Bala Golf Club of Philadelphia. This enterprising young lady has trained a Russian deerhound to track with unerring certainty missing golf balls, and in other respects to prove himself a capital substitute for the mere human caddie. Ben, as the dog is called, enjoyed golfing from the first. He would watch his mistress tee off and drive with immense interest. His eye would follow the ball's flight, and then away he would go after it, and when the caddie and the golfer caught up to him, there he would be standing patiently beside the ball. "I came out to golf one morning alone," said Ben's mistress, "alone, that is to say, except for Ben. I had told my caddie to meet me and he had promised positively to be at hand, but he broke his appointment, and I found that I had either to abandon the morning's golf or to carry my heavy clubs myself. Suddenly I had an idea. Why should not Ben carry the clubs? Ben was always glad to do anything he could for me, why then should not the clubs be fastened on his back? I found a ball of twine, and emptying the bag I fastened it on Ben's back. The opening was at the back of his head, and thus the bag sloped downwards to the left, overhanging his side a little. In this position there was no

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fear of the clubs falling out." At first Ben apparently did not care for his new office—he shook himself uneasily and rolled on the grass—but after a little petting and soothing he took very kindly to his new employment, and within less than a week he had learned to carry his mistress's clubs with a dignity and proficiency which would have done credit to the finest caddie in the country.

After a while, however, an improvement was made in the burden for the dog, and now instead of a bag for the clubs he carries a kind of harness with loops on each side to support the clubs. This harness is simple and light, and consists of a strap that follows the line of Ben's backbone from neck to tail, fastening at the neck to a collar. Then there are attached to this strap two loops, one on the breast and one on the loins, which buckle about the dog's body. The clubs pass through these loops, of which there are three on each side—one for the driver, one for the lofter, one for the brassie, one for the mashie, and two for the irons.



The Tatler

AN IDEAL CADDIE

RUSSIAN DEERHOUND OWNED AND TRAINED BY A PHILADELPHIA GOLFER

What England Thinks of the President

Sydney Brooks in Harper's Weekly

The Englishman sees in the President an amalgam of half a dozen national favorites. Take Selous, the big-game hunter; add Lord Charles Beresford; add again Baden-Powell, the defender of Mafeking; multiply by Mr. C. A. Pearson, the chairman of the Tariff Reform League and the champion "hustler" of the kingdom; throw in a dash of Chamberlain's decisiveness and practicality, and another dash of his belligerency, and you get a result which closely corresponds to the English idea of Mr. Roosevelt. Englishmen feel that, if he were an Englishman, Mr. Roosevelt would have done most of the things which particularly appeal to them—that he would have explored every inch of the empire, shot all the big game to be found in it, won his blue at Oxford or Cambridge, kept a pack of hounds, written some slashing books on

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Wellington and Nelson and the heroes of the Indian mutiny, captured De Wet, annexed an empire or two, and made his mark in Parliament as a progressive Conservative.



Leslie's Weekly

A COUNTRY CLUB

Rushing Things

Lippincott's Magazine

As there is a law against burying in the city of Albany, the Bishop had to have a special act of Legislature to be buried in the Cathedral. He was successful in having the act pass the lawmakers, but his friends were astounded and worried when they read its text. It began with the usual verbiage. The ending was something like this:

"We do grant that Bishop Doane be buried within the precincts of the Cathedral at Albany. This act to take effect immediately."

Hymn of the West

Ode for the St. Louis World's Fair

Edmund Clarence Stedman

O Thou whose glorious orbs on high
Engird the earth with splendor round,
From out Thy secret place draw nigh
The courts and temples of this ground;
Eternal Light,
Fill with Thy might
These domes that in Thy purpose grew,
And lift a nation's heart anew!

Illumine Thou each pathway here,
To show the marvels God hath wrought
Since first Thy people's chief and seer
Looked up with that prophetic thought,
Bade Time unroll
The fateful scroll,
And empire unto Freedom gave
From cloudland height to tropic wave.

Poured through the gateways of the North
Thy mighty rivers join their tide,
And on the wings of morn set forth
Their mists the far-off peaks divide.
By Thee unsealed,
The mountains yield
Ores that the wealth of Ophir shame,
And gems enwrought of seven-hued fame.

Lo, through what years the soil hath lain
At Thine own time to give increase—
The greater and the lesser grain,
The ripening boll, the myriad fleece!
Thy creatures graze
Appointed ways;
League after league across the land
The ceaseless herds obey Thy hand.

Thou, whose high archways shine most clear
Above the plenteous western plain,
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere
To breathe its quickening air are fain;
And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their brood throughout Earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!

"Tonnage" in the Professions

Scribner's Magazine

It is a well-established notion in modern industry, other things being equal, that net profit advances with the volume of the output. "Our ideal," recently remarked the executive of a large metal-refining concern, "is tonnage." The tendency thus expressed is not without its effect on the professions. It is the opinion of one of the oldest medical instructors in our country that the schools of today aim to turn out more graduates and better students of medicine than ever before; and that they succeed, but do not turn out as good doctors, on the average, as they did forty years ago.

Schools are becoming teaching shops, and the instructors teaching machines.

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The large number of students forces the subdivision and specializing of instruction, and each specialist seeks naturally to magnify his office. The student is passed successively or simultaneously through a certain number of courses which are more and more "thorough," but often leave him with an inadequate knowledge of the general facts and principles of his profession which the older methods gave him. His attainments are incompletely coordinate. The most extensive railroad system in the country, with the most powerful organization of capital and energy, is also the best-managed to the smallest detail. The proportion of "good doctors" in the multitude issuing from the modern schools is probably as great as the old schools turned out; the positive number of the less competent is necessarily larger. But the least fitted of these will not do the harm in some ways that the best-trained often, in good faith and ignorance, were wont to do. The "tonnage" of the profession seems portentiously large, but the one principle that we may be confident works now as surely as it ever did is the survival of the fittest.

Warning to the Japanese

The Chicago Chronicle

In spite of their early successes, the Japanese may read and ponder with much profit the remarks of Napoleon on the subject of making war upon Russia:

It was making war upon Russia that ruined me.

Russia is the nation that is most likley to march to universal dominion.

I would not have declared war upon Russia but that I was persuaded she was about to declare war upon me.

In the end Russia will become mistress of the world.

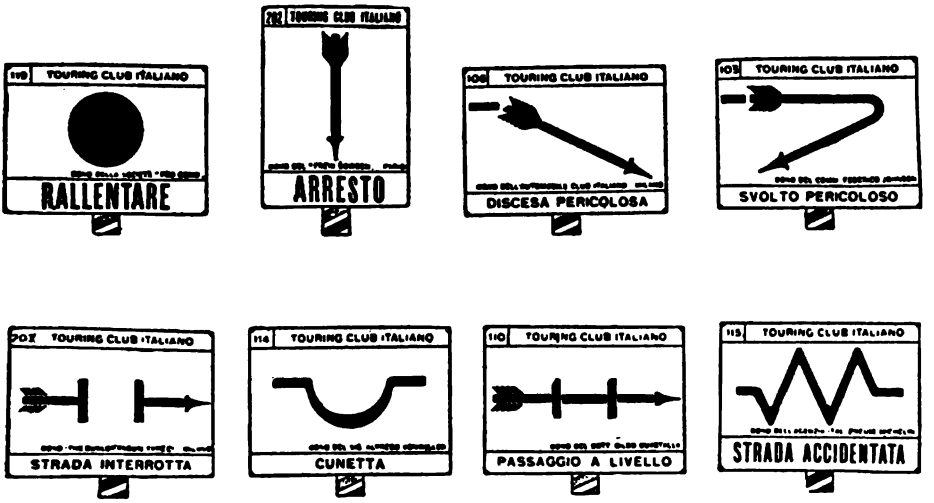
But for my marriage with Marie Louise I would not have declared war upon Russia. (He expected assistance from Austria.)

I am reproached for not getting myself killed at Waterloo. I think I ought rather to have died in Russia.

Russia is in a favorable position to conquer the world.

Perhaps I did wrong to commence the Waterloo campaign. I did not think then that Russia would take a hand.

If I had had 200,000 more men in Russia there would have been that many more lost.



AUTOMOBILE ROAD SIGNS

Designed by the Touring Club of Italy

1.—GO SLOW. 2.—STOP. 3.—DANGEROUS INCLINE. 4.—DANGEROUS CURVE. 5.—ROAD CROSSING. 6.—DITCH ACROSS ROAD. 7.—RAILWAY CROSSING. 8.—DANGEROUS HILLS.

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After I had reached Moscow I should have died there.

These are the afterthoughts of a master of war who had conquered western Europe and whose downfall dated from his ill-starred campaign against the Russians.

The Japanese are not as yet attempting such an invasion as that undertaken by Bonaparte, but they are arrayed against the same stolid foe, the same innumerable hosts and the same enemy isolated in snow and ice during the greater part of the year.

So long as Japan confines its energies to the sea and to defensive operations on land it will not encounter the fury of the power which, almost without pitched battles, was able to destroy the grand army of France and to cause the throne of its military dictator to crumble. Its real perils will date from the moment that it begins offensive movements on land.

The Warship

The Washington Star

The warship truly is a grand
But perishable trinket;
It takes five years to build it, and
A half an hour to sink it.

Russia Lacks Leaders

E. J. Dillon in The American Review of Reviews

Russia possesses very few conspicuous and seemingly no great men at the beginning of one of the most fateful periods of her checkered history. At home, the thinking and the working classes live in a continuous ferment of passive resistance to the daily manifestations of bureaucratic authority—a ferment much too intense and wide-spread, it would seem, to be amenable to the palliative or coercive measures hitherto employed against it with success. Abroad, a series of complications has arisen which threatens to undermine the paramount position occupied by Russia in the hierarchy of nations for over a decade; and as yet the men capable of steering the ship of State clear of both or either of these dangers have not come to the front. Dexterous and conscientious officials are, indeed, numerous enough at the apex of the social pyramid, but they are mostly individuals to whom uniforms, rank, and decorations impart the appearance of intellectual or administrative talents which many of them in reality sadly lack.

From this striking fact, however, it would be a mistake to draw the inference that there are no master spirits among a people of nearly one hundred and fifty millions. There may be, undoubtedly there are, many men of superior parts, possibly more than one individual of real genius, who, under such circumstances as prevail in the United States, France, or England, would be able and ready to take the tide in the affairs of their country at the flood. But in Russia, it is affirmed, they are condemned to obscurity. The impersonal system of bureaucracy acts, people complain, as a scythe, cutting off, as it were, the heads of those who rise above the low level of the average *tshinovnik*, or official. For the man who has not donned the State uniform in his youth, and been duly ground in the administrative mill, even though he were a Bismarck and a Napoleon combined, there is no legal avenue to power or influence. He is condemned to inactivity and silence under pains and penalties which, during the past few weeks, are understood to have been intensified. His whole duty is to hearken and obey; his greatest crime, to criticise or oppose those whom chance or seniority has placed at the head of the administration. These are plain facts which almost every Russian will avow; whether the principles underlying them are sound or the reverse, is a question which I am not now concerned to discuss.

"Moving Picture" Treatment

The Chicago Tribune

Moving pictures as an aid to the cure of insane patients were recently tried for the first time at the Dunning Asylum, Chicago. Dr. V. H. Podstata, superintendent, declared after the test that the effect produced was beneficial.

The performance on the canvas drew

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Der Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart)

A FUTILE QUEST

"I SEEK THE ADMIRAL OF THE PACIFIC—AND I DO NOT FIND HIM !"

the attention and interest of everyone of the four hundred patients gathered in the entertainment hall.

Excitable patients seemed to be quieted and calmed by the pictures. Those suffering from chronic melancholia appeared to be stimulated and aroused from their constant brooding over imaginary wrongs, and showed an unusual interest in what was going on. The effect was specially noted by attending physicians in certain cases where patients had been particularly restless or flighty or had been noticeably despondent, and a report made to Superintendent Podstata. In every instance the report was that an excellent showing had been made.

As a result of the experiment a moving picture machine will be purchased for the asylum, and entertainments will be given once or twice each week for the benefit of all patients who are not so violent as to need constant restraint.

A Book Review

The Whim

We heartily recommend Mr. Rockefeller's latest book, "Why God Gave Me the Oil Fields." In this interesting work the Oil King proves by Scriptural precedent that he was justified in doing the deeds and people necessary to accomplish his object. "According to Scripture," says he, "no man shall covet his neighbor's property. But supposing that property is just what he needs to successfully carry out his designs? Surely the only thing a religious man can do is to gain possession of that property before he begins to covet it."

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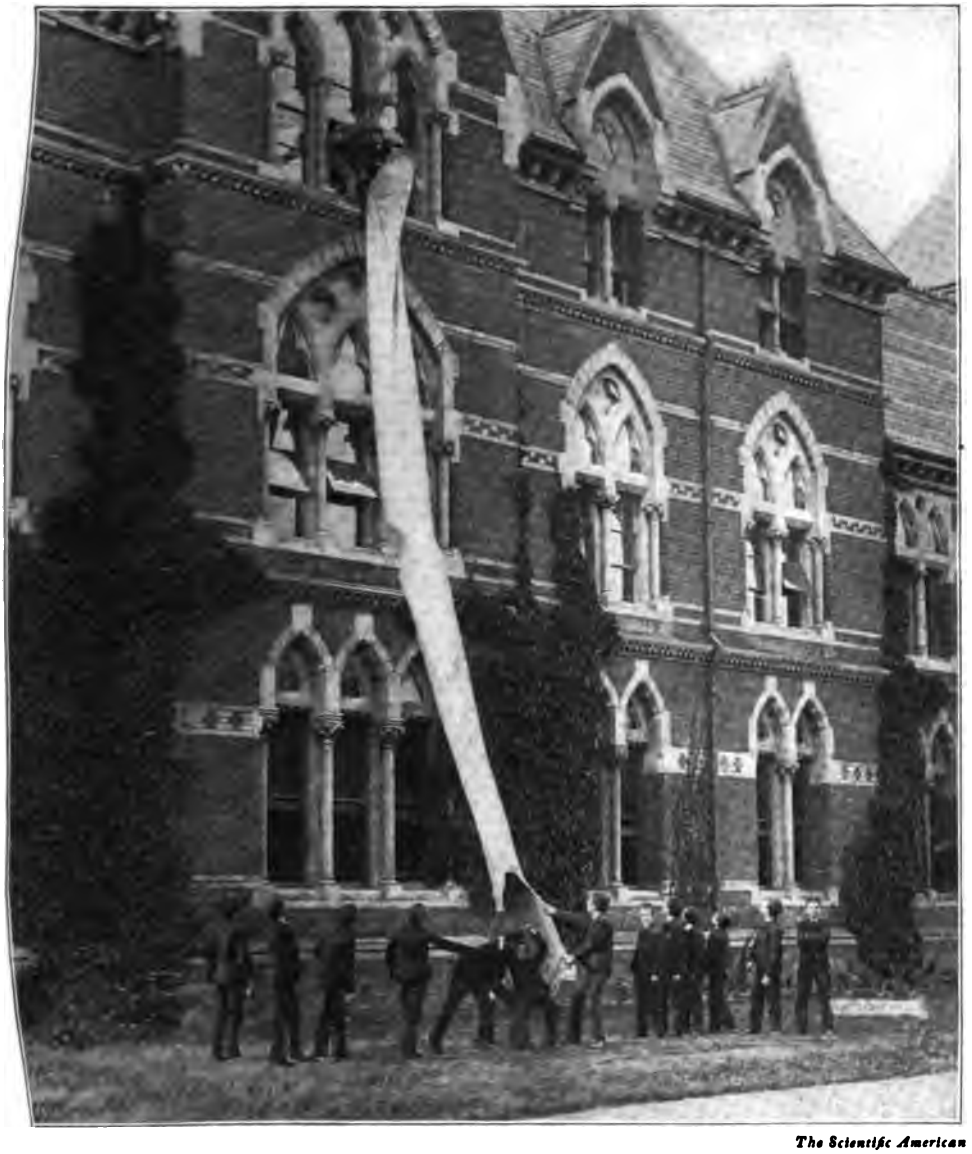
The Sketch

THE LIMIT

SNAKE: S—S—S—S!
CHARMER: WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD GIRL?
SNAKE: IF YOU PLAY "BEDELIA" AGAIN I SHALL STING.

At another time he says: "The Biblical injunction, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth,' has been a source of great satisfaction to me, and has proven very helpful when apparently insurmountable difficulties confronted me. I simply put my left hand behind my back and with my right wrote the orders and instructions which cleared my path of greedy rivals. By dint of long and careful study, I found that many of the Scriptural injunctions were really not intended to be taken literally, and that many of them were capable of several constructions. The reader can readily imagine with what relief I often found that a divine command which seemed absolutely to forbid me to take a certain step, after careful study was found to recommend the very thing which at first it seemed to forbid."

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The Scientific American

SHOOTING THE CHUTE

NOVEL FIRE ESCAPE APPARATUS POPULAR IN ENGLAND

Shooting the Chute

The Scientific American

The most favored type of fire escape in Great Britain at present is undoubtedly the canvas chute, of which thousands are in use in public buildings, theatres, hotels, warehouses, asylums, hospitals, private mansions, and schools. One of these is capable of emptying a school dormitory fifty feet from the ground, costs little more than fifty dollars, is exceedingly light, and may be kept just under the window-sill in an unobtrusive manner.

Naturally, to stand the strain, the canvas has to be especially strong. This reminds one that accidents have hap-

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pened from such slight causes as a projecting nail in the shoe of one of the sliders, causing the canvas to rip and let the unfortunate slider through. As these canvas chutes are made up to one hundred feet in length, it will be seen that a fall through a hole in one of them might well mean certain death.

Practice with the canvas chute fire-escape is taken very seriously by the young persons in schools, department stores, and other establishments, and promptly taking hold of the lower end walks out a little way with it, so that the descent of the others may be a swift slide.

Improving on Nature

T. P.'s Weekly

A correspondent sends the following particulars of an ingenious mingling of the functions of the pencil and camera:



MODERN ADVERTISING IN JAPAN

BILL-BOARD OF A JAPANESE NEWSDEALER ON THE RAILWAY LINE NEAR TOKIO

praiseworthy attempts are made to make "records" in the way of emptying the supposed burning building against time.

The moment the alarm is given, it is arranged that the first person to slide down the chute shall be especially expert. This is because there is no one at the bottom to hold the chute out at an angle, and so break the fall. Therefore, the first person down uses his or her elbows and knees in such a way as to retard a too speedy descent; and arrived at the bottom, he or she

Many of us desire to keep some record of a scene for memory to glow over. How are we to retain and revive the delight a landscape gives us? A photograph? Bah! A black, black pencil and creamy paper? Better! But, then, we are only occasional artists, and our skill lags far behind our appreciations. We are not all Corots, though some of us think we have the sensations, and simply lack the skill.

The process I employ, and which gives me most satisfaction, with little

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labor, is this: I carry a folding, pocket, 3¼ in. by 3¼ in. camera, with a walking-stick stand. The plate is exposed, and I sit down and absorb as much of the atmosphere of the place as I can. Then comes a night that I may devote to a task so pleasurable, and the plate is dropped into the carrier of my lantern, and focussed on a 12 in. by 10 in. sheet of drawing paper, pinned to a stout vertical easel. With a pencil, the essentials to the effect desired are traced in.

One can omit freely. The grouping of masses may be altered by adjusting the lantern. Cloud effects and other components may be supplied from different slides. Then the slides are removed, and the drawing gets its finishing touches. Whether the result is a picture or not depends on the artistic fitness of the worker. The process may be practised by many, so far as my knowledge goes. I was led to it by lack of skill at pure sketching, and by a desire to get results which were not photographic.

The Skeptic

Edward L. Sabin in The Century

Cat an' chickens slickin' up,
Geese are all a-squawkin';
Quail are hollerin' "More wet,"
Corns are kind er talkin';
Spider strengthenin' his web—
Knowin' leetle feller;
Weather man predictin' "Fair"?
Gimme my umbreller!

Busy Idleness

Shailer Mathews in The World To-day

The thoughtful student who comes up to many theological seminaries fresh from the last year or two of his undergraduate work suffers a distinct shock. Instead of the treatment of subjects of vital interest in philosophy, sociology, and literature, he finds himself forced to a wearisome study of the languages. Hour after hour he struggles with details of grammar. Occasionally, it is true, he meets a professor for the discussion of some large theme in Christian thought or work, but his efforts are mainly restricted to an attempt to master material which he can not but know will be of little or no service to him in the future.

Why this attempt to force all theological students to devote to unusable linguistics time which might be given to the study of Christian truth or to actual conditions of the human beings among whom they must work? Why should a theological student be forced into scholastic molds while the medical student is at the clinic? The reply amounts to nothing more nor less than that it has always been customary to train theological students in this way.

Infantile Theology

Harper's Weekly

Even the dangers of literature are lessened for the very young by their free powers of rearrangement and application. A little girl of four, who had been taken to church, reproduced the whole scene with much ingenuity, taking for a text, as she stood in her high-chair, "Lead me in the paths of righteousness in the presence of mine enemies"; and then descending and donning her father's old college cap, she sang, with vim and endless reiterations, "Let your light so shine, little brother, let your light so shine that God will not put you in a bushel."

Religious instruction as sifted through the childish intelligence often results oddly, and one little girl of strong theological predilections was heard instructing a younger child thus: "Now, I'll tell you exactly how I am made. First, there is little round me that is busy and does things; over that I wear a skeleton of bones and then all the sinful lusts of the flesh." Upon the superficiality of sin she might have been interpreted as having definite convictions; but when it came to the nature of Deity, patriotism obstructed her vision, for she wavered and finally confessed: "I don't know much about God, anyway: only one thing for sure, He is a Virginian."

On being told of a friend's death, a little girl of six stood wondering, round-

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eyed and rosy, at the foot of her bed, and swiftly propounded these questions:

"Did her body get to heaven?

"Will her soul take up her skeleton?

"Does a soul have any kind of feet?

"When she gets there will God put an angel head upon her?

"Will she wear a shirt-waist and skirt?

"I don't want to die, because of the valley of the shadow of death; that must be very dark."

Then, without a pause, came, as a conclusion, a quick laying aside of the whole sad matter, as she sang out, cheerily: "I am going to hop to my bath on one foot," and she did, chanting, as she went, "D-e-a-d—dead, dead, dead."

The New Russian Hymn

Puck

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last beaming?
No, your highness, I can't; for some time in the night
It ran foul of a mine and it's long past redeeming.
Giant powder's red flare,
Iron filings to spare—
Then up went a battleship high in the air;
And the mines of Port Arthur,
Oh, long may they flo-oat!
I regret to-oo repor-r-rt—
Had destroyed-d—the wrong boat-t-t.

Sugar-Coated Pills

Winthrop M. Daniels in The Atlantic Monthly

Seriously considered, the justification offered for indirect taxes is a most curious commentary upon our system of self-government. In the United States, for example, not far from half of the government's total revenue is obtained by disguising taxes in the prices of merchandise, either duty-paid imports, or liquors and tobacco freighted with the weight of the internal revenue. Despite the incidental advantages such taxes afford in consulting the convenience of the payer as to the time and the amounts of particular payments, the great reason for the existence of these taxes in every country is their power to conceal from the governed the real cost of supporting the government. The people, in whose interest the government supposedly is conducted, must be induced to pay their taxes in an unconscious condition, "lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and should be converted" to a belief in another than the dominant program of expenditure.

Millions In It

The American Review of Reviews

It is a good many years since the Western Union went into the pool-room enterprise; and it had been developed into the most profitable single department of all the ramified business of this great monopoly. It was estimated by the newspapers, last month, that there were three hundred pool-rooms in New York City alone; and some of them stated the gross income of the Western Union's race-track news business to be not less than five million dollars a year. This was probably an overstatement. But a very conservative financial paper, the *Wall Street Journal*, went into the matter in some detail on May 19, and came to the conclusion that a minimum estimate would be that the company had been deriving two million dollars a year net profits from its pool-room traffic. This figure, when placed in relation with the fact that in the year ending June 30, 1903, the total net revenue of the company was $8,214,472, shows, first, how tremendous an item in the company's profits the pool-room tribute money had come to be, and, second, what a drastic measure the directors adopted on the 18th when they abolished this whole department.

Force of Habit

The Chicago Tribune

They got a walking delegate
To umpire while they played;
He said he'd give it to them straight—
But what a mess he made.

Nobody ever got to first—
The players were appalled,
They said he surely was the worst,
For strikes were all he called.

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THE BOOK LOVERS MAGAZINE



AUGUST 1904

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Photograph by George R. King

VETERAN WHITE PINES IN OLMSTED PARK

The advance of the outer-park movement is the best assurance that relics of former forests will be preserved.

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THE
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THE PROMISE OF CIVIC BEAUTY

OUTER-PARK SYSTEMS OF AMERICA

BY ANDREW WRIGHT CRAWFORD

The dawn of the twentieth century has discovered a movement that is rich with promise for urban life. The desire for civic beauty is upon us; not the effeminate, anemic beauty whose delicate existence depends on artificial light and air, but the vigorous, full-blooded beauty of nature herself. For this movement for parks means that each and every man, woman, and child shall be able to go to nature at will; that nature in all her glory shall be accessible, yes and easily accessible, from whatsoever quarter one may inhabit. One great park in one quarter will not suffice. Each section must have its park, and the way to it must be made attractive. It will not do to go to nature's heart through dinginess and come back through squalor. The beauty of the park must be suggested by the parkway.

It was this desire that was conceived in the last decade of the last century. It was realized in one instance. That realization led to the fulfilment of another dream. A third ideal seemed possible, the attempt was made, and success was achieved. And so achievement has followed achievement until the City Beautiful is no longer dreamed about; it is planned. It is no longer proposed in the abstract; it is secured in the concrete.

In 1893 there seemed to be no harm in allowing a few enthusiasts to show what might be done in the way of making a plan for an outer-park system for Boston. The plan was drawn. It showed the surprising possibilities of the environs of Boston. The Metropolitan Park Commission was thereupon appointed, and since 1894 has been carrying out the suggestions of the preliminary commission, until now Boston and its suburbs have the greatest park system in this country, and perhaps the most comprehensive in the world. Within eleven miles of the State House, the area covered by the Metropolitan district, there are thirty-nine different municipal corporations. In order to secure a completely coördinated system it was necessary that each one of these different

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Photograph by George R. King

CIRCUIT DRIVE, FRANKLIN PARK

Until ten years ago Franklin Park was the largest of Boston's parks. The Blue Hills Reservation, covering 4,857 acres, is now the largest in this country.

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communities should be compelled to bear its proportion of the expense. When a park system is proposed for any other city there are always individuals who claim that whatever other cities have done, their difficulties were as nothing compared with the difficulties that beset the particular municipality. It is always the cry. When one remembers this barrier that confronted the Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston at the very outset—this barrier of the whims and wishes and opposition of all these differing towns and villages—the difficulties in the way of other cities seem surmountable with comparatively little effort.

The Metropolitan system does not include the local parks of the various municipal corporations within the district. The corporation of Boston has 2,389 acres. Many of the thirty-eight other cities and towns have extensive holdings of their own. The object of the Metropolitan Park Commission was to connect these scattered holdings by parkways, and to add to them large reservations in the outlying districts. To December 1, 1903, the commission had expended $11,196,841, over three-fifths of which was spent for the land. And yet more. The Legislature of 1903 then directed a completion of the Metropolitan Parks system by making the additional appropriation of $3,000,000, subject to the provision that $300,000 only should become available in each of the ensuing five years. The reservations under the care of the Metropolitan Commission contain 9,247 acres; it has constructed fifteen miles of parkway connecting links, and has title to the land for ten miles more. An addition of another ten miles is officially proposed and will, in all likelihood, be secured. With the park holdings of Boston, and the other cities and towns included in the Metropolitan district, there are within eleven miles of the State House 15,175 acres of parks. The grand total of cost of land and improvements of both the local and the Metropolitan systems within the district is $33,275,052. The average annual cost of maintenance of both local and Metropolitan systems is $521,465, about evenly divided between the two.

The park system embraces the five most prominent features of the country around Boston. These are the three river valleys and the two highlands. Of the latter, one is the Middlesex Fells, covering 1,883 acres; and the other the Blue Hills Reservation, covering 4,855 acres, and situated eleven miles from the State House. The system also includes reservations along the ocean front, which are particularly popular with the inhabitants of Boston. One park is connected by a parkway with another park continuously. This is what is meant by a park "system." The northern portion of the system has no connection with the southern portion, although each division is thoroughly linked into a coördinated series of parks and parkways. The connection between the two portions will probably be made by a parkway leading from the Harvard Bridge, across Cambridge and Summerville, to the Fellsway. The reservation along the south bank of the Charles River will be continued by the Boston Park Commission eastwardly to the Charlesbank playground.

This playground is the most admirably fitted up of Boston's public playgrounds. It is important to note that during exactly the period that Boston was acquiring its extended outer-park system, it was also securing in the congested sections fifteen children's playgrounds, so classified in official reports. The great idea has helped, not hindered, the less imposing one. They are correlative. An outer-park system will in a few years become an inner system. The preservation of places of natural beauty should go hand in hand with the destruction of wretched hovels to make way for playgrounds. The movement is for a comprehensive system of open

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AN ARCHWAY IN DELAWARE PARK

Buffalo has nearly completed the inner ring of a park system, tying together sixteen large and small parks, squares, circles, and terraces.

spaces, both within and without the thickly built-up sections of cities.

In the same year that Boston began the acquisition of its system, a scheme of surrounding parks and boulevards was suggested for Kansas City. By 1901 it was largely acquired, and some extensions have since been made. The principle of this system is the same as that of Boston and of the outer-park systems that are being acquired elsewhere. The example of Kansas City has been contagious, and has helped greatly to spread the park movement through the nation. Kansas City has ten and a half miles of completed parkways, and land has been secured for about sixteen miles more. The total park and parkway acreage is over two thousand acres, and the total cost approximately $4,000,000. There is a central public playground for athletic and all outdoor games, which is to be equipped with horizontal bars, swings, and other popular athletic paraphernalia.

Political boundaries are disregarded. In opening his report on a park system for Ottawa—the movement is international—Mr. Frederick G. Todd says: "Your Commission being appointed by the Dominion Government, the scheme for parks and general improvements for the capital must be of a national character, and I have therefore paid but little attention to the purely arbitrary boundaries of city, town, or province, but have been guided alone by what would seem to be a wise provision for future parks and boulevards, commensurate with the importance of the capital city of the Dominion." The park system that is being advocated by forty civic organizations—which have joined

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forces under the defining title, "Organizations Allied for the Acquisition of a Comprehensive Park System for Philadelphia"—will require the coördinate action of three counties. An example of an *inter-city* park system is that which is being gradually acquired by St. Paul and Minneapolis. The Kansas City system is a *city-county* system, action by Jackson County having been necessary to complete it. The Palisades Park, which will preserve fifteen miles of the famous Palisades of the Hudson, four miles of which have already been secured, is the result of *inter-State* action by New York and New Jersey. The Niagara Falls Park is the result of the *international* coöperation of the sovereign State of New York and the Dominion of Canada.

The Palisades Inter-State Park will, because of its situation, necessarily form a portion of the park system of enlarged Greater New York. In the old city of New York, now called the Borough of Manhattan, considerable progress has been made in the acquisition of breathing spaces on the East Side, which have been turned into playgrounds; but the idea of a park system has also been adopted, and the famous Riverside Drive is being gradually extended northward, and is planned to reach a proposed park covering the wooded slopes along the banks of the river at the northernmost end of Manhattan Island. This park will be almost completely linked by parks, already secured, with Central Park. The Bronx, a portion of Greater New York, has a park system already in existence. One of its parkways is four hundred feet wide and two miles in length; another is six hundred feet wide and one mile in length; while Greater New York has in the Bay Ridge Parkway of Brooklyn the widest parkway in existence, its width varying from three hundred feet to the great maximum of



Photograph by Arthur Hay

WASHINGTON PARK IN WINTER

Springfield, Illinois, is just beginning the acquirement of a system. Instead of concentrating park improvements on one large area, the trustees declare that the citizens in various quarters "are entitled to the advantages and benefits of a park in their vicinity"—which is the dominating principle of a park "system."

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THE CHARLES RIVER AT RIVERSIDE

The valleys of the Charles, Mystic, and Neponset rivers have been taken for public use as portions of the continuous system of parks and parkways around the city of Boston.

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nine hundred feet. Most famous of Brooklyn's parkways is the Ocean Parkway two hundred and ten feet wide throughout its length of five miles, which leads to Coney Island from Prospect Park, the central axis of Brooklyn's system. It is proposed to secure an ocean front at Rockaway as large as Central Park.

Within easy access of Wall Street lies the Essex County park system of New Jersey, the most extensive *county* system in the country. In 1896 there were but twenty-six acres of park land in that county. There are now three thousand five hundred acres, and four miles of parkways, the beginning of an extensive system of park connecting-links. In Essex County, Newark and the Oranges are situated. The Park Commission of Hudson County, in which lies Jersey City, is at this writing just preparing its first annual report.

A phenomenon of municipal growth in Europe in the last century was the widening of old streets and the opening of new ones through old sections. This phenomenon is now being reproduced in this country—in some measure the result of the desire for the City Beautiful. In New York a Commission has been appointed, part of whose duties is the study of ways to improve the city plan; and several streets are being widened and new ones planned as approaches to new East River bridges. In Philadelphia two million dollars have lately been voted to begin the acquisition of the Fairmount Park Parkway, which will bring the park of that name to the centre of the city by a diagonal route—for the want of diagonals is the serious defect of William Penn's plan. Similarly, in St. Paul the Park Commission has approved a plan providing for the gradual acquisition of three approaches to its new State capitol.

Another duty of the Commission on the improvement of New York is to show where to locate civic centres—that is, open public places surrounded by public buildings. The most distinguished movement in this direction so far undertaken, with the exception of the proposed improvement of Washington, is that which contemplates the realization of the group plan for the city of Cleveland. In 1893 Chicago amazed the American people by its great Court of Honor. The public awoke to find an ideal in staff which would last for six months. If for six months, why not for six years? why not for six centuries? So Cleveland, a neighboring city, is actually at work on another Court of Honor, this one in solid marble—at work, mind you. Its plan is to group five or six public and semi-public buildings around a mall, with an esplanade cutting the mall at right angles, the esplanade commanding a view of the beautiful blue waters of Lake Erie. In addition, Cleveland has secured in recent years a park and parkway which extend about one-fourth of the way around the city from a lake-shore park on its eastern side. It is proposed to continue it to a water-front park on the west.

This thing is alive. For instance, a letter has recently come from the assistant city engineer of Hartford, saying "there is a project on foot, in this city, for the enlargement of Bushnell Park where the State capitol now stands; and the grouping, on and around this enlarged civic centre, of a proposed State armory and arsenal and other buildings, with the laying out of two new avenues. There is a great opportunity for a step in the right direction *now*, here in Connecticut."

It is a characteristic of the movement that the water-front of our cities is becoming more and more appreciated. The general plan is to preserve the valleys of small streams in their entirety, and to construct artificial embankments along rivers, so building them that they shall not interfere with the business of the railroads and quays which have usually appeared on the scene. This

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MYSTIC VALLEY PARKWAY, BOSTON

Capital use has been made of the banks of the water-ways in and near Boston. A typical parkway follows the Mystic River.

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Photograph by George R. King

JAMAICA POND, OLMSTED PARK

Olmsted Park, Boston, is directly connected by the Back Bay Fens, Commonwealth Avenue, the Public Gardens, and the historic Common with the heart of the city.

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is one of the stated objects of the park movement in Philadelphia and Washington, and one of the studies which the Improvement Commission of New York is undertaking. It is generally true also of the proposals that have been made for other cities. Providence and Baltimore have just secured reports on proposed park systems in which the preservation of the valleys of streams is the predominant feature. The Municipal Art Society of Baltimore secured the services of Frederick Law Olmsted, whose report, which was published in June of this year, recommends twenty-four new small parks covering two hundred and four acres, additions to existing parks of three hundred and twenty acres, the acquisition of fifty-eight miles of formal and valley parkways, in widths varying from two hundred feet to a quarter of a mile, and with yet larger outlying reservations.

The Olmsted brothers were likewise employed to prepare plans for connecting the parks of Louisville with each other, and for securing park systems for Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington. These reports are scarcely a year old. The report of the King's Highway Commission of St. Louis, on a continuous connection between its principal parks, was presented in March, 1903.

Other cities have park systems partly acquired. Through the heart of Omaha a parkway has been secured in the last few years, and it is proposed to obtain other and larger parks in the outlying sections, connecting them with the system so far constructed. Five miles of a surrounding parkway are now in use in Toledo. In Hartford, Connecticut, the parks of the system have been practically secured, and their connection by parkways is just beginning. One link will probably be opened this summer.



Photograph by Andrew Wright Crawford

A VISTA IN PENNYPACK PARK

Forty organizations—official, business, art, professional, philanthropic, educational, and local improvement—have joined forces under the title "Organizations Allied for the Acquisition of a Comprehensive Park System for Philadelphia."

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Photograph by Andrew Wright Crawford

ALONG TACONY CREEK, PHILADELPHIA

The preservation of the entire valleys of the smaller streams, and the construction of artificial embankments along traffic-laden rivers are principal objects of the park movement, especially in Washington, Baltimore, Providence, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg.

Springfield, Illinois, and Springfield, Massachusetts, are at work, as are many of the smaller cities. One that has made considerable progress is Harrisburg, where fifty public-spirited citizens secured the services of Mr. Warren H. Manning in planning a park system two or three years ago, and about half of his recommendations have already been carried out.

In Buffalo one of the most complete systems has been acquired, and one that offers great variety, due to its admirable city plan, which spreads out in the shape of a fan from Niagara Square, the centre of the city.

The boulevards of Chicago were perhaps the best known of any in the country until the last few years, but Chicago has been very backward in the acquisition of the small parks and playgrounds that form a city's lungs, and of the great parks that, on account of their size, are generally called "country" parks. It has sharply realized this recently, and is in a fair way to remedy its want. Mr. J. F. Foster, general superintendent of the South Park Commission, thus epitomizes the situation: "The North Side Commissioners have authority to expend one-half million dollars for small parks or playgrounds. The West Side Commissioners have also been authorized to expend one million, and the South Park Commissioners one million. The South Park Commissioners have also been authorized to expend three million dollars in the acquiring and improvement of larger parks. These funds are available, and will be used, without delay, by the South Park Commissioners at any rate, in the carrying out of the intention of the law. Fourteen new parks have been selected, the land has largely been purchased, and the plans of most of

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Photograph by Andrew Wright Crawford

ON THE MILL CREEK ROAD

This valley forms a large portion of the natural park connection, eight miles in length, between Bryn Mawr and Chestnut Hill, two residential suburbs of Philadelphia.

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them have been adopted. The president of the Board of County Commissioners has appointed a committee of members of the County Commissioners, the different park boards, the Common Council, and public-spirited citizens, for the purpose of taking what steps are necessary to bring about the establishment of an outer system of park reservation, something similar to that existing about Boston." Mr. Dwight Heald Perkins has been employed to prepare such a park system, both by the city of Chicago and Cook County.

An exceptionally encouraging sign is that business organizations are among the leaders in this advance. It is the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce that is principally responsible for the adoption of that city's group plan. It was due to the Merchants' Association of San Francisco that last November there was an affirmative popular vote on a loan of two million dollars for the acquirement of parks, a portion of which will link Golden Gate Park with the Presidio, a government reservation. The Philadelphia Board of Trade, the Merchants' and Travelers' Association, and the Retail Grocers' Association are among the forty organizations agitating a complete system for Philadelphia; and the Trades League joined in a meeting held this spring to further the movement. Similarly, the Queens County Board of Trade, the Metropolitan Avenue Board of Trade, and the West End Board of Trade are three of twenty-three organizations that have formed "The United Civic Associations of the Borough of Queens," among the objects of which is the acquisition of a park system combined with "a broad-minded development of the city plan" of that portion of Greater New York. The Staten Island Chamber of Commerce a year ago presented a report on a proposed park system of four thousand acres for that residential section of the metropolis.

Reference has already been made to Mr. Todd's report on a park system for Ottawa. It is with satisfaction that we read therein that considerable has been said recently about Ottawa being made the "Washington of the North." The expert declares: "Washington had the good fortune to be well planned before a single house was built, and to this fact is due much of its beauty; for there is hardly a city in the world today possessing a more perfect street plan than Washington. With a natural location which cannot be compared with that of Ottawa, with no grand natural features such as the Rideau and Chaudière Falls, the original plan of Washington took advantage of every natural feature which the location possessed, and made the most of it; and from this plan has evolved a beautiful city."

It was for the improvement of this, our national capital, so well planned, that the Senate in 1901 passed a resolution directing the Committee on the District of Columbia to consider and report plans for the development and improvement of the entire park system of the District. The committee was empowered to employ experts, and the result was a commission composed of the most eminent men in the country in the work of civic embellishment: Messrs. Daniel H. Burnham, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., Charles F. McKim, and Augustus St. Gaudens.

The Commission appointed by the Senate presented its report on January 15, 1902, and the twentieth century raised the curtain higher. Fuller light on the science of the beautiful in city building was let in. The ideal is here presented. Now to realize it—whatever red tape may have been observed or not observed in the appointment of the Commission! That sin of omission or commission was not its sin, and does not affect the validity of its recommendations in any sense.

The Commission's report directs attention to the original plan of Washington drawn by L'Enfant, Washington,

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NANTASKET BEACH RESERVATION

The example of Boston in making shore reservations a portion of its outer-park system is being followed in New York, where the acquisition of two ocean-front parks is being urged.

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and Jefferson; and to the result of that plan in Washington as it is today. Checkered though its beauty is, no other city has such an opportunity in the plan upon which the streets are laid. That plan is the usual gridiron system of streets, but very generously relieved by many diagonal avenues leading from particular foci. The most important focus is the national capitol, from which twelve thoroughfares radiate. The White House is an another important focus. And other foci are marked by circular or square parks, which, located precisely at street intersections, present attractive vistas as one approaches them.

Many of the public buildings of Washington are surrounded by grounds that are incidentally open to the public, and these with existing parks cover about five thousand five hundred acres. One detail may be noticed—that there are no less than two hundred and seventy-five small triangular or circular grass plots, whose existence is due to the number of diagonal avenues on the plan. They lend themselves greatly to the embellishment of a city; and the beauty of Massachusetts Avenue, which stretches across the whole northern portion of Washington, is largely due to their existence.

These are some of the advantages that the commission had to begin with. It is not my purpose here to enter into a discussion of the proposed park between the capitol and the White House, Pennsylvania Avenue and the Potomac. The wide plazas, the beautiful architectural constructions, the waterfalls, fountains, and canals, the Lincoln memorial, the monument to the heroes of the nation, the memorial bridge, the Washington monument as the dominating feature of the entire development of the mall—all this has been discussed in many articles, and approval has been writ large. The beauty of the conception caught and held the imaginative attention of the public to the exclusion of the equally notable, interesting, and comprehensive scheme for an outer-park system, a scheme that has a larger educational value than the mall plan because the idea of the latter can be adopted only to a small extent in other cities, which cannot draw upon the wealth of the entire country. But all municipalities can acquire outer-park systems if they act in time, if they take ground before its value makes the cost prohibitive. And, even if they delay, the cost will compel them merely to go further afield for their encircling chains; but they will have lost some opportunities, and the distance from the heart of the city to the country parks will be the greater, and therefore the latter will be less easily accessible.

It is, however, important to note the very encouraging action of Congress in conjunction with the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whereby the realization of the most essential feature of this proposed mall section is insured, namely, the removal of the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, which now run across it. The key to the development of the mall section has thus been secured. But this same action at one and the same time insures another great improvement. The Baltimore and Ohio tracks now cross Massachusetts Avenue not far from the capitol, making the one ugly stretch in that distinguished thoroughfare. These, likewise, are to be removed and a great semi-circular plaza is to be laid out with the avenue as the diameter. One hundred feet north of the avenue, set so far back in order to insure a full view of its main façade, a monumental Union Station is in course of erection. In the future the first vision of Washington will be of this plaza, with the dome of the capitol two or three blocks away at the end of Delaware Avenue.

With this splendid beginning toward the realization of the mall plan it is astonishing that a backward step should almost have been taken. The width of the mall, as recommended by the Com-

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Photograph by Andrew Wright Crawford

THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

A view in the proposed Mill Creek Park of Philadelphia, which will form part of an extensive outer-park system.

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mission after an exceedingly close study, is to be eight hundred and ninety feet. It was proposed that the new building for the Department of Agriculture should be placed so that this width would be cut down to six hundred feet, rendering impossible of execution the Commission's plan of a *tapis vert* with four rows of American elms on each side. The proposal seems to have been abandoned, but the danger is sure to recur again with other buildings unless the Newlands-Powers bill is passed. That bill provides that no building shall be erected within four hundred and forty-five feet of a line drawn from the centre of the dome of the capitol to the centre of the Washington monument. Surely the bill will pass finally and the entire plan be carried out!

The report of the Commission suggests, obviously enough, the continuance of the plan of securing small triangular parks, saying: "Distributed with the same wise foresight as was shown by the founders of the city, and with equal liberality, there should be some ten or twelve hundred in the outlying district."

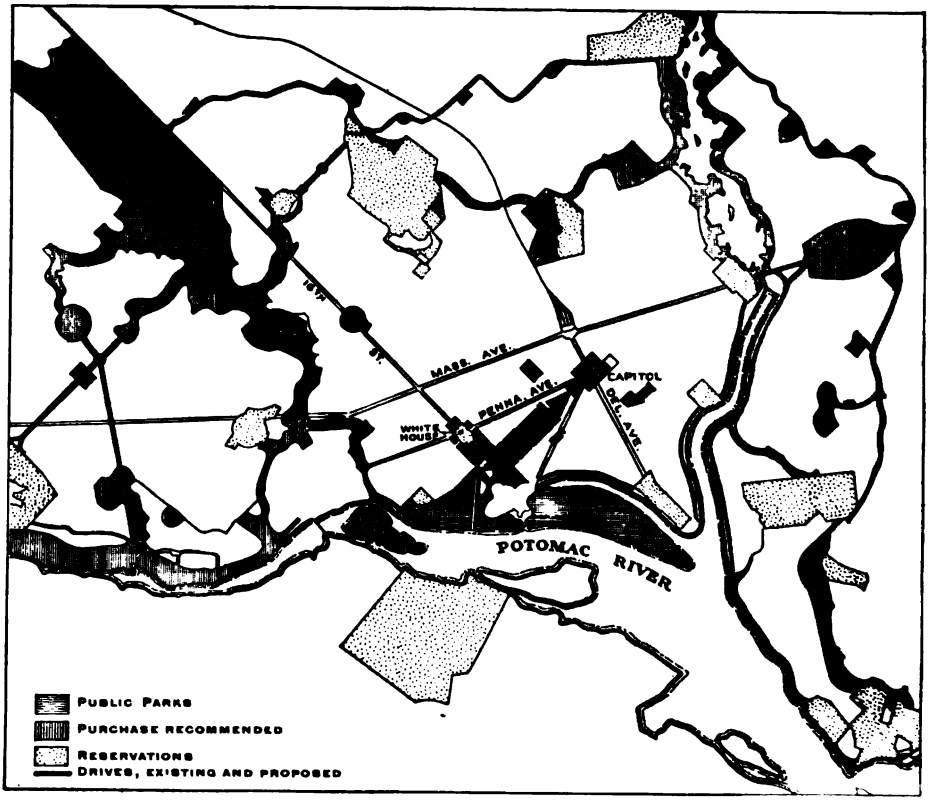
The built-up portion of Washington is bounded by three watercourses, the Potomac constituting its southwestern boundary, the Anacostia River its southeastern, and Rock Creek its northwestern. The recommendations of the Commission, if adopted, will give continuous parks and parkways along all three, preserving the Rock Creek valley in its entirety, and fully half of the Anacostia flats. The latter is important from the hygienic point of view, because Washington's malaria is chiefly due to the mosquitoes that breed there. It is proposed to dam this river on the line of Massachusetts Avenue, dredging out a large portion of the bottom to a depth sufficient to prevent the propogation of the pestiferous insects, and filling up the remaining portion with the dredged material. A water park, with large possibilities of development, will thus be obtained. This park will be connected on the west, or city side of the river, with the mall section by a parkway elevated so that it will not interfere with the quays on the river front, along which it will run. On the eastern side of the Anacostia a similar elevated parkway is planned to follow the river's edge until it joins the Potomac, whence a river road continues the drive southwardly for three or four miles to the almshouse grounds. Here it will climb the hills and return along the crests thereof to the northern portion of the Anacostia Park, passing several forts on the way and affording a panoramic view of the city and the entire valley of the Potomac. Across the hills to the north of Washington it is planned to secure two series of parks and parkways, the northernmost of which will pass several more forts. This drive will lead to the Rock Creek valley, a portion of which is now a park, and continue on to the Potomac, passing more forts. These forts were built during the Civil War for the protection of Washington. Their commanding elevations make them particularly desirable for public use, and the proposed "Fort Drive" will connect them with each other and the Rock Creek and Anacostia Parks. It is also proposed to extend Rock Creek Park down to the Potomac, and to open three or four parkways across the watershed between the valleys of the Potomac and that creek. One important suggestion of the Commission is that a parkway shall follow the banks of the Potomac to the Great Falls, "one of the greatest cataracts of our Atlantic water-shed"; and that another shall run eastwardly to link Washington with Mt. Vernon. The adoption of these recommendations would give Washington about eight thousand acres of park land, joined by parkways sixty-five miles in length.

The system thus conceived is well balanced, equitable in the distribution

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of open spaces, noble in the possibilities of development. But the realization of it in its entirety depends on prompt action by Congress. An important connection is the proposed Rock Creek parkway leading from the mall along the course of the creek to the park. The valley is being encroached upon on all sides, and if it is to be secured at all it should be secured at once. Other portions of the plan are likewise threatened by building operations.

There is nothing so important to the advance of the general movement for urban improvement in this country as the early adoption of the recommendations of this commission. Its educational effects will be extensive. No city, however embellished, can exert so widespread an influence. Washington is becoming more and more the winter residence of wealthy citizens, who can by personal generosity reproduce to some extent in their native towns and cities the ideals existing in the nation's capital. It is the focus to which politicians will be drawn in greater and greater numbers; and they are men who obtain an official residence there because they can get things done at home, which means that they can secure the adoption of more extensive plans of improvement than the ordinary individual, however wealthy, can undertake. Cosmopolitan in the nationality of its inhabitants, Washington is already a



THE PROPOSED PARK SYSTEM OF WASHINGTON

"The system thus proposed for Washington is well-balanced, equitable in the distribution of open spaces, noble in the possibilities of development." If the plan is carried out, as it ought to be, Washington will have 8000 acres of park lands and 63 miles of parkways, as against Boston's existing 15,517 acres of park lands, and 25 miles of parkways—which will soon be 35 miles.

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AS WASHINGTON'S UNION STATION AND PLAZA WILL BE

The key to the development of the mall was obtained by action of Congress in securing the removal of the railroad tracks that run across it. The railroad tracks that cross Massachusetts Avenue are also to be removed. The erection of the new Union Station makes the third distinct step toward a beautiful federal city secured by one act of Congress.

Mecca for travelers from all over the world, and particularly for the citizens of this country. Our native visitors will become more and more numerous with the continued betterment and cheapening of transportation; and they will do much toward forming the public approval and support that is necessary to large enterprises.

The government property in Washington is valued at about one-half the total valuation of the entire property of the city. The government bears one-half the expense of administration—an arrangement that is only superficially fair. The whole country wants the capital to represent visibly the wealth and greatness, not of the territory of the District of Columbia, but of the territory of these United States of America. Now, to ask the citizens of Washington to bear one-half the expense of making it so, is manifestly to ask an unjust thing. The country wants it, and the country can well afford it—perhaps the District of Columbia cannot. Therefore, let the Federal revenues pay much the greater share of the cost of these proposed improvements; and let the country at large have a just cause for satisfaction in having paid for the creation of a beautiful Federal city.

The great movement that has spread throughout the country shows that the entire nation is ready for such extended developments. It sees their utility not only from the esthetic, but from the business and hygienic points of view. Many cities are executing extensive plans for outer-park systems, and radical schemes are being undertaken for the embellishment of their inner sections.

Congress can provide nothing for which the future generations of the country will thank them more than generous funds with which to begin the acquisition of the outer-park system, as proposed. It cannot be too urgently pressed upon the attention of the Congress that action withheld now may be action withheld forever. The possibilities are ample, and everything has been done except to find the funds. Let Congress do that part, which is its share, and the future is assured.

Andrew Wright Crawford

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A DITCHING GANG IN A JERSEY MEADOW

THE EXTENSIVE MEADOWS OF NEW JERSEY ARE BEING DRAINED BY DEEP, NARROW DITCHES TO LESSEN THE BREEDING-AREA FOR MOSQUITOES

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THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOSQUITO

BY JOHN BERNHARDT SMITH

[Dr. John Bernhardt Smith is Professor of Entomology in Rutgers College and State Entomologist of New Jersey. During the past few years he has achieved a national reputation as the leader of the campaign against the mosquito. He has recently installed at the St. Louis Exposition an elaborate exhibit illustrating the life habits of the mosquito and the latest methods of combating the pests.—EDITOR]

Man, in the course of his development, has become used to so many annoyances and discomforts that he tends to resent the suggestion that their continuance is not inevitable. So, instead of welcoming the efforts of the misguided individual who endeavors to benefit humanity by demonstrating that mosquitoes are not a necessity, he laughs and abuses him. Exterminate mosquitoes! Preposterous! We have always had them, and always will have them. Why, they are everywhere! They come from every swamp; from every pond; from the meadows, the marshes, and even the grass and bushes! It is only a fool notion!

When pressed for details the objector is usually obliged to admit that he never saw a mosquito larva except, possibly, in a rain barrel, and that his conviction is based upon nothing more tangible than a current belief. Now the truth is that mosquitoes do *not* breed everywhere; and while they may be distributed in annoying numbers over one hundred square miles of territory, the entire supply may come from an area of less than one square mile. Nor do mosquitoes breed in or among damp grass or bushes, though they do resort to such places for shelter. Water they must have for the development of the early stages, and without suitable water-areas there can be no mosquito life.

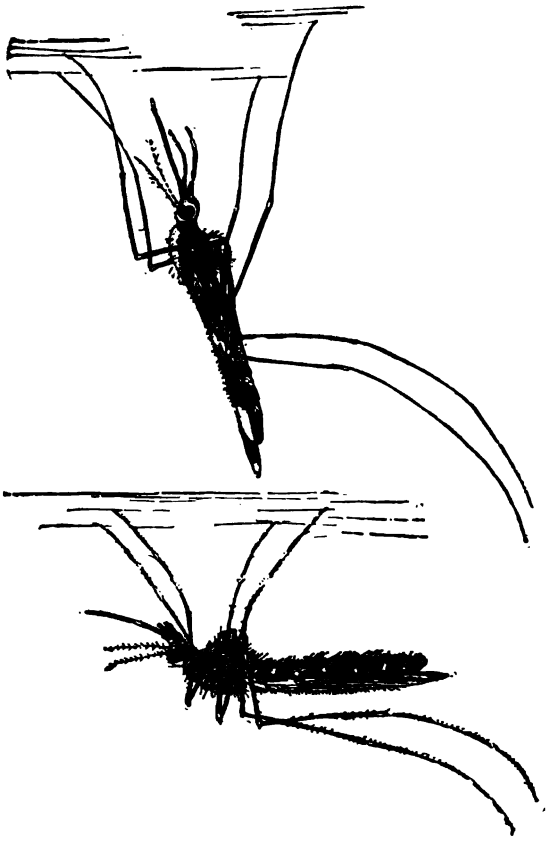
The objector may admit this, and proceed to point out the innumerable ponds, swamps, streams, and other water-bodies; to say nothing of salt ponds and the like on the salt marshes. The idea of spreading oil on all these, or filling them up! It would cost millions and could never be done! And now it is that the troubles of the mosquito crank begin; because he must claim that, while mosquitoes cannot breed without water, not all water breeds mosquitoes. If the listener can be gotten to consider this, there is hope of converting him to the true faith; if he turns away in disgust the case is lost; even seeing will not afterward cause him to believe.

Mosquitoes divide broadly into two classes as to breeding habits: those that lay eggs on the surface of the water, and those that lay them in low, moist places where water may be expected to come from rains, tides, or other sources. This division, while not strictly accurate for all, will do very well for the common pests that annoy us during the summer; and it is of the highest practical importance. Only those mosquitoes that lay their eggs on the surface can breed in permanent bodies of water, and no mosquitoes of this class are great travelers or fly far from the place of their birth. It is from observations made on the habits of these species that the mischievous statement was derived that no mosquito, of any kind, wanders far from home.

Those mosquitoes that lay their eggs in moist places are at the mercy of weather conditions. The eggs may dry, and re-

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main so for weeks or months; but when water does come the larvæ or wrigglers are out in a few hours—growing almost one-fourth their full length in a day. If there is water enough to last a week, the brood is safe, and adult mosquitoes develop; if the pool dries up in less time the wrigglers die. Millions of larvæ perish in this way, and it is safe to say that not half of all the wrigglers that hatch ever reach adult maturity, even when their natural enemies are not considered. A summer of occasional showers, giving not over an inch or two of water, with drying weather between, would keep down mosquitoes of this character to the lowest point; but when there are heavy showers at short intervals, keeping mosquito-pools alive, we get a season like that of 1903. Yet, though these mosquitoes are so much at the mercy of the weather, nature has not left them without protection; for not all the eggs of one laying hatch the first time they become covered with water. A goodly percentage lies over through a second drying out, and a fair number require three or even four coverings with water before they hatch. It is likely also that some eggs of every brood lie dormant until the following season; for all in this second section go through the winter in the egg stage.



MALARIAL MOSQUITOES, AND OTHERS

The upper mosquito belongs to the dangerous malaria-carrying *Anopheles* species. It may be distinguished from the harmless *Culex* species, shown below it, by its attitude when at rest; its body is held almost at right angles to the surface on which it alights, and the hind legs extend high in the air beyond the body, while the *Culex* species holds the body parallel to the surface, with the hind legs curled forwards.

Another peculiarity of this series is that many of the species fly considerable distances from their breeding places, and those that breed on the salt marshes all fly a long way from home. Add to this that the shore species are unusually favored by conditions of water supply, and it becomes evident that along the middle and south Atlantic coast the mosquito problem narrows itself down to the control of shore breeding-areas. In New Jersey the entire pine region is supplied from the coast, and up to the city of Philadelphia the species may and occasionally do extend.

It becomes important, therefore, to learn all about these salt-marsh species, and to determine how and why they are favored above all others. First of all, it makes no difference to these wrigglers whether the water in which they live is salt or fresh, and so a high tide will serve to develop eggs as well as a heavy rain. Throughout the preceding summer eggs have been laid all over the marshes; and some from every brood, with all from the last brood, have lived over the winter. In

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early spring high tides and melting snows fill every depression, and as soon as this water warms up in midday to sixty degrees or over, the wrigglers appear. They grow slowly now, and do not change to adults until May; but they form the nucleus from which later swarms are derived. As the grass in the marshes grows and becomes more dense, it forms an even more effective barrier to the little "killiefish" that come up with each tide; so, when the late May or early June high-



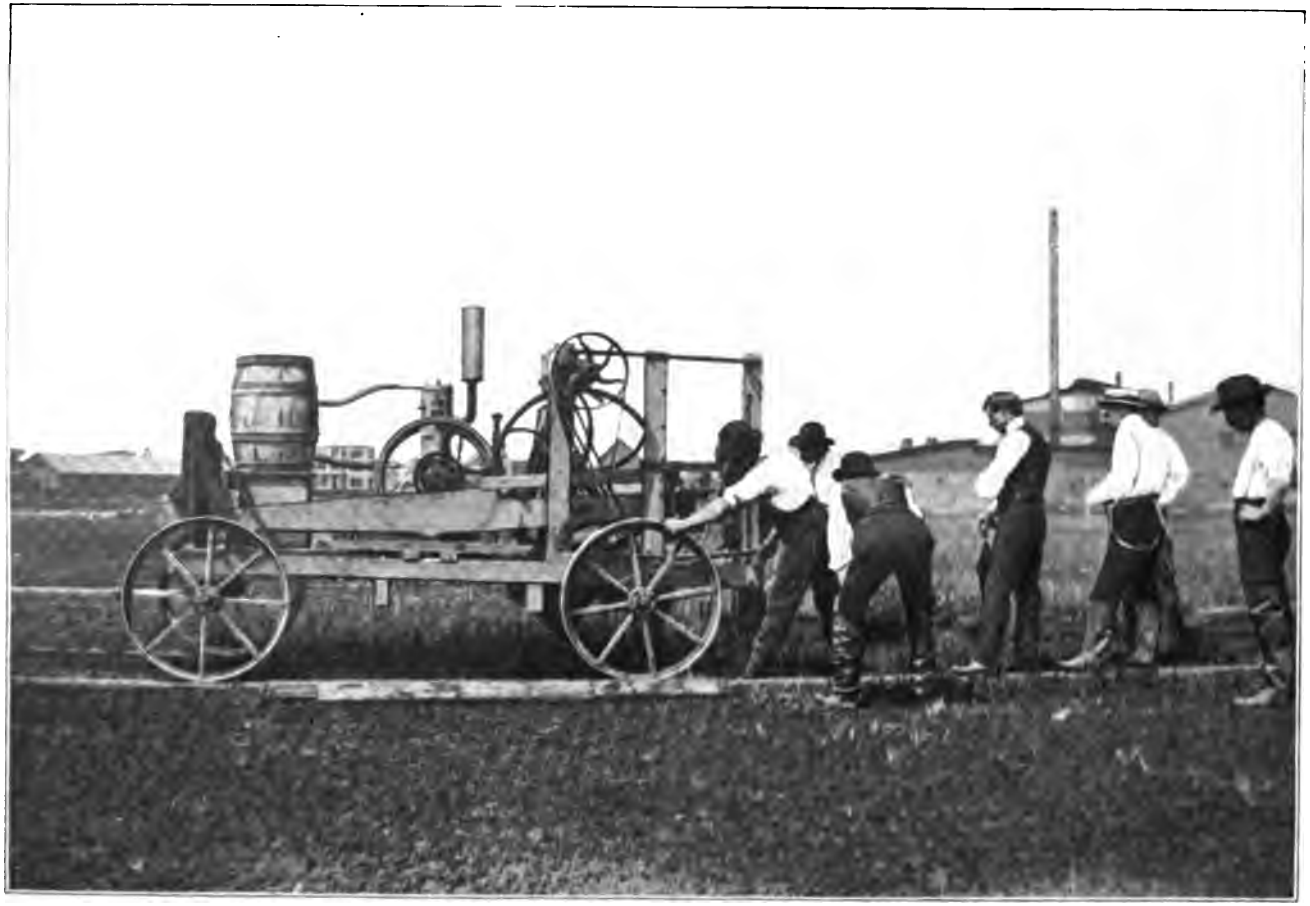
MOSQUITO EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS

The mosquito has attained the dignity of a World's Fair exhibit. Under the direction of Professor Smith a complete exhibit has been installed, showing the various species and the methods adopted for their extermination.

tide comes up over the meadows, and fills every hole to the highland, the fish are barred from a large section of dangerous breeding-area. The result is the undisturbed development of millions of mosquito larvæ; and if a rain fills up pools above the high-water line, it means such phenomenal broods as developed on the Newark marshes in 1903, and as appeared in mid-May of this year.

In speaking of broods, and of the number of specimens that develop within a limited area, few persons recognize the fact that breeding is intensive rather than extensive. It is not that there is a scattering of wrigglers over a large area. There is, on the contrary, a concentration of specimens within a limited space. The best illustration of that was seen last year in one of the New Jersey resorts, where a small pond, with an area of 1,894 square feet, produced in one brood over ten million, six hundred thousand specimens! This will seem almost incredible to those who have never seen a really well-populated mosquito-pool; but the estimate was carefully made after hours of work, in which every part of the pond was sampled and the larvæ in each sample were counted. There were two similar ponds close by, and the combined output was quite sufficient to give the place a full supply. If one million mosquitoes are distributed among one thousand porches, each will

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DITCHING BY MACHINE

THIS MACHINE CUTS DITCHES SIX INCHES WIDE AND THIRTY DEEP, AT A COST OF ONE CENT A RUNNING FOOT

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get one thousand examples; and I need not emphasize the fact that even one hundred healthy specimens will drive a dozen people indoors when they—the mosquitoes—are really hungry. It is further obvious that when the brood from such a pool has emerged, and is on the wing, the surroundings for a considerable distance will be found to be densely populated.

Just as a relief from so gruesome a tale it should be noted that this brood of over ten millions was only the sixth of the season, and that the introduction of a supply of "killies" completely prevented the development of broods seven and eight. Given one square foot of favorable marsh breeding-area, the mosquito possibility during a normal season is forty thousand specimens; and while this is terrific and discouraging at first view, it is also encouraging in that it shows that the elimination of even a small pool will have an appreciable effect upon the surroundings. The serious feature of the problem along the coast is that there are miles of uninhabited territory, breeding millions of insects that travel inland and infest many square miles of inhabited country. It is a curious fact in this connection that none of the migrating specimens of the common species are able to reproduce their kind. I have examined hundreds of females of *C. sollicitans*, and have not found a single example more than a few miles from shore that had even the slightest indication of developing ovaries. The tendency to migrate, then, seems to be characteristic of females that are unable to reproduce their kind, and replaces the normal mating and egg-laying impulse of the properly developed individual. Just what advantage the species derives from this peculiar character is not clear; but were it otherwise, even larger stretches would be made uninhabitable by the greater multitude of mosquitoes.

It is a common belief that all swamps are mosquito breeders; but that is by no means the case. Densely overgrown or woodland swamps produce wrigglers sparingly, and of species that do not get far away from home. In fact, most mosquitoes do not like to breed in dark places or cold water; and though in the pine regions of New Jersey and some southern States there are numerous and extensive swamps, these are usually of little importance in the mosquito problem. Open swamp-areas are dangerous as a rule, and are especially favorable for the malaria carriers.

One of the most interesting phases of the investigation in New Jersey is the determination of the fact that many of the supposed danger-spots are really quite safe. For instance, the cat-tail areas in the valley of the Hackensack and at the edge of the salt marshes breed practically no mosquitoes after the first days of early summer, and such as develop are not troublesome. Those ponds or pools that are covered with green scum or duckweed, or become filled with the fine green threads of *Spirogyra*, harbor no wrigglers; and no breeding ever goes on in permanent bodies of water that have fish of any kind, other than bottom feeders; provided, however, that the borders of the pond or stream are sufficiently clean to allow the fish to get to the edges. Holland, which is cut up by sluggish canals in every direction and offers apparently ideal breeding places for mosquitoes, is practically exempt from the pest: first, because the numerous canals drain the land perfectly, allowing no temporary pools; second, because fish and predatory water insects are in every ditch; and third, because those that are not often used become completely covered by vegetable growth. This growth is favored by the farmers because in late summer, when it tends to choke the way, it is dragged out to make an excellent fertilizer.

To understand just why this vegetation interferes with the wrigglers it must be remembered that, though they live in

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water only, they, or at least all those that produce troublesome adults, must get their supply of oxygen from the outer air; they cannot take it from the water itself. The breathing arrangement consists of a tube of variable length at the end of the body, and at the tip of this they have the spiracle or opening into the respiratory system. Unless the air supply can be renewed at short intervals the larva drowns like any other terrestrial species. Cover the surface of a pool with duckweed, or other green "scum," and life becomes impossible. Fill the water with threads of *Spirogyra* and the insects become entangled in it, and die from exhaustion. Our applications of oil are simply imitations of nature's methods; we put on a film through which the wriggler cannot safely thrust its breathing tube.

In that series of species in which the eggs are laid on the surface of the water, the winter is usually passed in the adult stage; the specimens hiding in hollow trees, under projecting sod banks, or in the cellars of our houses. There is scarcely a cellar, in a region where mosquitoes are found at all, that does not have its winter population of impregnated females—the males die in the fall. To this series belong the common house or rain-barrel mosquito, and the malaria carriers or "dapple-wings." The house mosquito gets its name because of its tendency to get indoors, and because its favorite breeding places are found in or about our dwellings. Rain barrels or other receptacles containing water—cisterns, gutters, sewer basins, and even cess-pools—answer equally well, and the water contained in a broken cup may develop a group of three or four hundred. There is no place too small and no water too foul for this insect. Indoors, it breeds in a neglected pail in the cellar, or in a forgotten glass or jar of water in the pantry; I have even found larvæ in the water tank of a letter-copying press. It is easy during the summer to get a brood of these insects and to watch them to maturity. Fill a pail half full of water, put in a little soil and a handful of grass or leaves to start bacterial and other life, and set this outdoors. The chances are that next morning there will be from one to half a dozen egg-boats on the surface, and in twenty-four hours baby wrigglers will be on hand. In a week they will be in the pupal stage, and then the pail had better be covered with mosquito netting to hold the adults. The sexes may be readily distinguished, the males having large feather-like antennæ, while the females have them slender with only a scant clothing. To balance the male adornment the female has a much better developed apparatus for biting; the male being so poorly furnished in this respect that he is, of necessity, confined to a diet of nectar, or exudation from plants or fruits.

The larvæ or wrigglers of the dapple-wings, or *Anopheles* mosquitoes, differ from the common forms of *Culex* in that they normally float on the surface of the water, and go beneath only when disturbed. In other respects their development does not differ to any marked extent.

That these insects are the sole agents in transmitting the various forms of malarial fevers is now almost universally admitted by physicians, and this has placed the subject upon a different plane from that which it occupied a few years ago. So long as mosquitoes were merely annoyances to which one became more or less accustomed, it was easy to dismiss the matter of lessening their numbers as unworthy of serious consideration. Recognized as agents in the transmission of disease, the attention of sanitarians was directed to the matter; and all who studied it at all carefully became convinced that control, if not actual extermination, is not only possible but practicable, and not especially expensive. It is a task, however, that requires coöperation to obtain satisfac-

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tory results; and no single community can, within the range of any of the migratory forms, keep free by work done within its own borders alone.

New Jersey is the first State to provide for a systematic study of the problem as it exists within her borders, and the community is gradually awakening to the fact that the outcome of the investigation is meant to be practical. Though there are no less than thirty-five species breeding within the limits of the State, only eight are at all troublesome, and four of these breed on the salt marshes. Furthermore, the marsh breeders constitute more than half of her entire mosquito crop, and nearly ninety per cent. of the supply in the southern and shore counties. This made a careful study of the marsh conditions imperative, and that study forms the basis of the statements made as to the extent and character of the mosquito's breeding territory.

During the season of 1903 surveys were made at various points along the shore: first to determine the breeding-areas, and next to map out drainage schemes; and the maps, reports, and so forth, together with estimates of the cost of the work, were sent to the municipalities concerned.

The town of South Orange had been, for a year or two previous to the beginning of the State work, carrying on a local campaign under great disadvantages, yet with marked success considering the occasional influx of the salt marsh species, whose character and source were not then known. The results form an object lesson well worth the study of Village and other Improvement Societies.

In the city of Elizabeth a similar campaign was started somewhat later, and in 1903 the first work was done on the salt marshes where, in 1902, I had located the principal source of supply

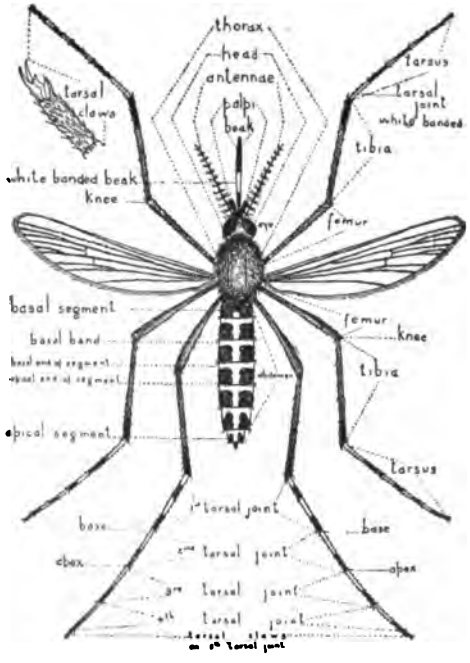


HYDRAULIC DREDGE AT WORK

This dredge is used along the Jersey coast to pump sand from the channels to be spread over the meadows. A machine of this type will drive sand through pipes half a mile or more, and will cover several acres in a day.

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for that city. The result was that in a territory where millions of mosquitoes developed in 1902, practically none developed in 1903. Unfortunately, only a small sum of money was available, and much work was of necessity left undone. But the effective character of the methods adopted was proved; and this was demonstrated to the Newark board of health, which, combining with the State work, authorized the ditching of one of the worst sections of the meadow to the east of that city. The work was done by a machine at the rate of one cent per running foot, and the ditches were six inches wide by thirty inches deep. Within forty-eight hours the area covered by a ditch was dry, and no surface water remained later in the season for more than twenty-four hours. In the spring of 1904 the ditched area showed not a larva, and could be crossed in slippers. On the other side of the road rubber boots were needed, and wrigglers were in countless numbers. The object lesson was startling,



A JERSEY MOSQUITO, SLIGHTLY MAGNIFIED

and for 1904 the city has arranged to have its entire marsh area drained.

At Monmouth Beach, and on both sides of the Shrewsbury River, some work had been done with oil and shallow ditching in 1903, and so well had this served that in the early spring of 1904, under supervision of the State investigation, about a hundred and fifty thousand feet of permanent ditching was put in, clearing a large area on both sides of the river. The larvæ hatched before the work began; but as the development was slow in the cold water, it was completed before they matured; and where millions of mosquitoes would have emerged in early May, practically none reached the adult stage. Furthermore, the work is permanent, and nothing further will be needed for several years. What these communities have done others can do.

Deep narrow ditches are advocated because no vegetation develops in them, and they remain open for years, though the top may be overgrown and almost closed. During the severe winter of 1903-4 the machine ditches on the Newark meadow remained open, while the shallow, broader ditches were frozen solid. The object in salt-marsh work is to facilitate the escape of surface water, whether it comes from rains or occasional high tides; and these deep ditches, on a soft marsh, drain from thirty to fifty feet on each side. Sometimes series of little breeding holes occur in an area otherwise safe, and these it is easier to fill than to ditch. Again, it occasionally happens that there is a more extensive depressed area surrounded by a ridge, or requiring an unusually long ditch to drain; in such a case the depressed area is drained to the centre, where a permanent pond is formed and stocked with "killies." If the pond is so shallow that there is doubt as to its lasting powers, a barrel may be sunk in the deepest portion and that will afford a retreat for the fish in case of an unusually long continued drought.

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It should be thoroughly understood that reclamation of salt marshes is not the prime object, though the schemes already outlined improve them materially. The only object is to make them mosquito-safe. Reclamation—involving dikes, tide-gates, and pumping stations—is an expensive proceeding, warranted only when the reclaimed land will be unusually valuable; mosquito-drainage is cheap, and requires only the simplest kind of engineering work.

There are regions where migratory mosquitoes never come, and where there is no salt marsh within hundreds of miles, which are yet troubled by mosquitoes. In New Jersey, and I suspect in most other States, the chief offender is the "house mosquito," the species that requires attention from every good citizen because of the wide range of its breeding places. It means, for its control, that every man shall keep his back yard free from stagnant water; that, if a rain barrel or cistern is a necessity, he will cover the former and all the openings to the latter with wire mosquito-netting; and that, where cesspools are in use, there shall be traps between them and the house, and a screen over any opening to the outer air. It means that the municipality, whether city, town, or village, shall keep all gutters and drainage ditches in good condition, and that local boards of health shall compel every landowner to remove stagnant water-areas on his property.

In New Jersey, boards of health now have this power through an amendment to the general health laws; and it rests with each community whether the local improvements shall be made. In New York City the board of health exercises the same powers, and is extending the range of its work to outlying districts.

I have said nothing yet about oil, which has been so frequently used and is so often recommended, because I wished to emphasize, first, the importance of permanent work; and because, in dealing with the salt-marsh species, its employment is impractical. But it has a very important field in dealing with sewer catch-basins and in destroying broods of larvæ in areas that cannot be at once improved. A film of oil—fuel oil is best—spread over a surface so as to form a complete cover, will kill every larva and every pupa beneath it, and any adult mosquito that may attempt to lay eggs. It requires about an ounce to cover ten square feet of area. An oiled pool is safe for ten days thereafter, but should then be reëxamined and, if necessary, re-treated.

As to the final outcome of the campaign there can be no reasonable doubt. The days of the mosquito pest are numbered, though the number is yet considerable. It takes time to overcome beliefs fixed by centuries; and until the majority of the community believes in the success of the work, and each individual looks upon every remaining mosquito as a personal enemy, the desired result will not be obtained.

John B. Smith



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FOUR FRENCH PAINTERS OF TODAY

To most people, Henner's name calls up memories of girls' heads, vague in outline, intense in the expression of their wonderful eyes, or of lovely nymphs lying on the river's brink, piping on a reed-flute, in that dim twilight which is often called "Henner's hour." Above all of his generation, he is a master of flesh-painting. He delights in seizing the play of light shimmering and vibrating on soft, velvety flesh, in contrasting the shadows of the twilight landscape with the lingering brightness of his latest nymph's body.

Henner's life has been an uneventful one. He was born in Alsace—the Alsace he typified in 1870 in an allegorical figure extremely popular in France —and owed his first opportunities to the self-sacrifice of his peasant father and brothers, who believed in the genius of "le petit." Unremitting hard work and the pursuit of a high ideal have long since brought him success. Now in his mellow old age no artist in Paris is more beloved by his young contemporaries.

Paul Jean Sinibaldi is chiefly known by his work for the French illustrated press, especially the *Revue Illustrée*. Born in Paris, in 1859, he studied under Cabanel and Alfred Stevens, both of whom have strongly influenced his work. His *Daughter of the Rajahs* is now in the Luxembourg.

Laurens' *The Holy Inquisition*, shown in the Salon of 1889, marked the passing of the strange epidemic of goreful horrors which raged in Paris studios during the middle eighties. Battle, murder, and sudden death were painted in countless forms—asphyxiation, decapitation, starvation, burning, drowning, strangling, death by poison and by dagger, at cannon's mouth and under wild beasts' claws. No wonder the Parisians dubbed the Salon "the morgue." Laurens' sombre temperament led him far in this path. *The Holy Inquisition* marks the reaction; the artist has resisted the facile temptations of the subject: judges, torturers, victims are conspicuously absent. With Greek repression, Laurens has confined himself to the prologue, this bare hall where three monks sit reviewing the papers in some heretic's case. The composition is simple and full of vigor; the bare walls and misty archways give a certain impressive dignity to the scene.

More than fifty years ago a band of strolling Italian artists came to the little town of Fourquevaux, near Toulouse. When they left, young Laurens followed them, and thus was launched on his artistic career. He soon made himself a master in historical painting, and for the last twenty years has been the first practitioner of that genre.

Especially in France the currents of art and literature keep closely parallel. In both realism ran riot for two decades, and in both reaction followed. The change from Zola to Huysmans is paralleled by the change from Millet and Gervex to Moreau and Agache. Squalid fact gives way to mystical allegory and decadent fantasy. In *The Old Conqueror* Agache has given an effective sermon in paint based on the Psalmist's text—"For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him."

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FABIOLA

BY J. J. HENNER

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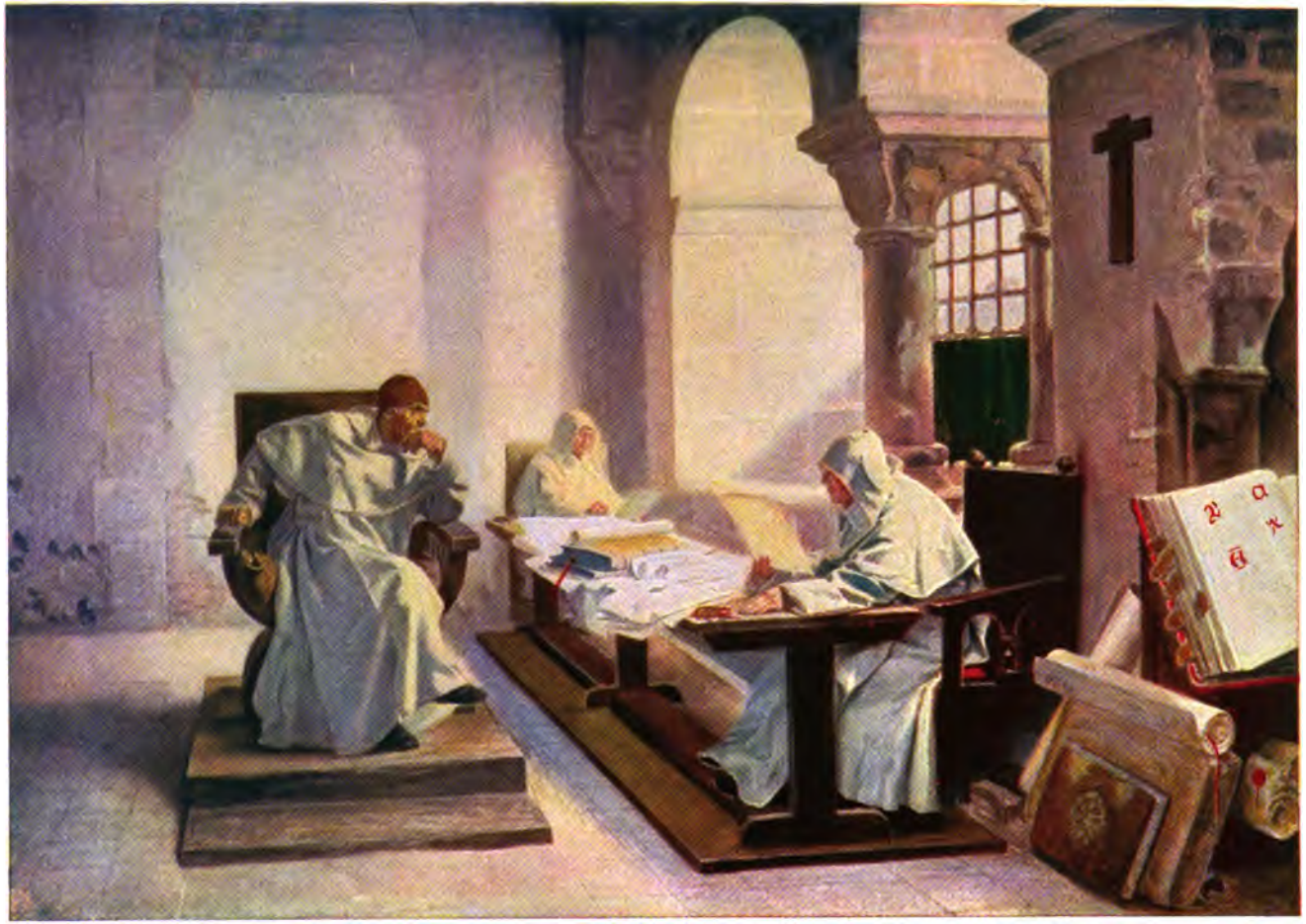


THE OLD CONQUEROR

BY ALFRED AGACHE

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THE HOLY INQUISITION

BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

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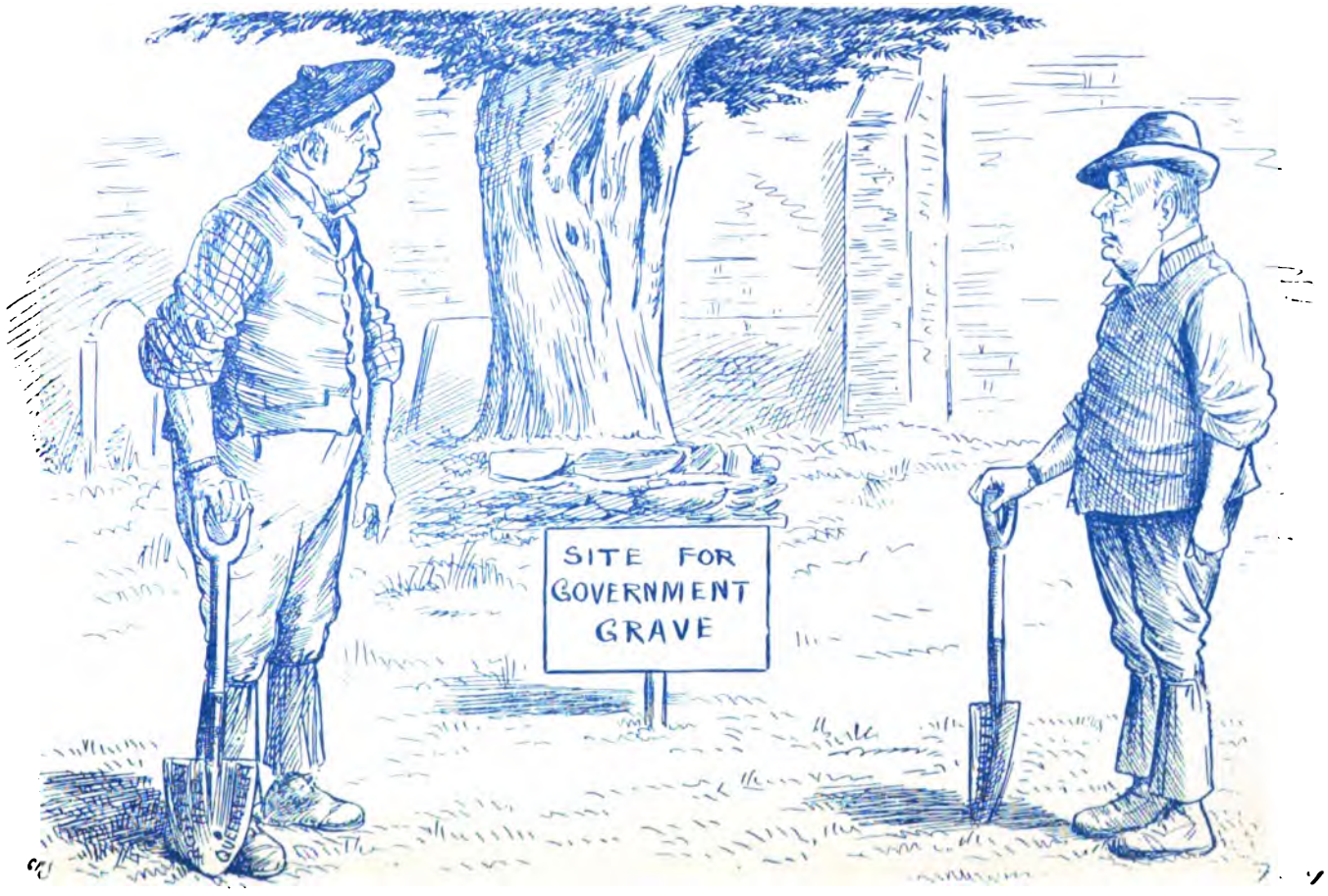
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A DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAHS

BY PAUL SINIBALDI

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F. C. Gould in the *Westminster Gazette*

BURYING THE HATCHET—AND THE GOVERNMENT

The recent reunion of the Rosebery and the Campbell-Bannerman factions of the Liberal Party, under pressure of the tariff issue, makes the defeat of the Conservative government practically certain.

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THE NEXT ENGLISH PREMIER

AN ESTIMATE OF THE LIBERAL LEADERS

BY F. A. ACLAND

After having been in the depths almost unceasingly for a score of years, the Liberal party in British politics is at last on the rising wave, and only judicious and effective leadership appears to be needed to ensure for it the possession of power for the next four or five years. Even so late as two years ago the prospect of Liberal success seemed as remote as Utopia. The Liberal party was still overwhelmed by the anger of the English people at the indiscreet attitude—considered at least from a party point of view—which it had taken during the South African war. But the war is over, taxes are terribly high and must be higher, trade is dull, the government and its party are stale, and the prime minister, though personally popular, does not command the confidence of a Salisbury or the enthusiasm of a Gladstone. The natural reaction in favor of an opposition—"the swing of the pendulum" as it is called in England—has received a considerable impetus by the introduction into British politics of the tariff question in its most aggravated form. So we find member after member of the Unionist party deserting its ranks and going over to the recently despised opposition; while at every by-election for the House of Commons the Conservatives either lose the seat outright, if it has been previously held by them, or continue to hold it only by a sadly reduced majority.

To appreciate the present Liberal position it is necessary to glance briefly at the course of English politics during the last twenty years. In 1884 Mr. Gladstone had just ridden triumphantly into power after his whirlwind Midlothian campaign. That year was the zenith of Liberal success. Ever since the history of the party presents an almost unbroken record of disintegration. Its decay has been only one phase of the universal reaction which characterized the closing years of the century. The humanitarian movement, which had long dominated and uplifted English life, had spent its force. After half a century of high moral and political tension the public had grown weary of doctrines and of doctrinaires. The Liberal party had delivered its message; it had carried well towards completion its program of political and industrial freedom for the individual. New issues were called for; the old could no longer stir enthusiasm. New issues came, but to the Liberals they brought weakness rather than strength.

Chief of the dividing issues has been imperialism. It has come to be the dominating factor in British politics. The empire is made the touchstone of all proposals. A new pride in great dominions has been reinforced by a new need for fresh markets where the losses inflicted by younger rivals may be repaired. Especially has the growth and the loyalty of the colonies fostered the imperial sentiment.

The Conservatives have reaped the entire benefit of this imperial reaction. The Liberals, it is true, planted the seed of colonial loyalty by their generous let-alone policy, but Disraeli watered and Salisbury and Chamberlain enjoyed

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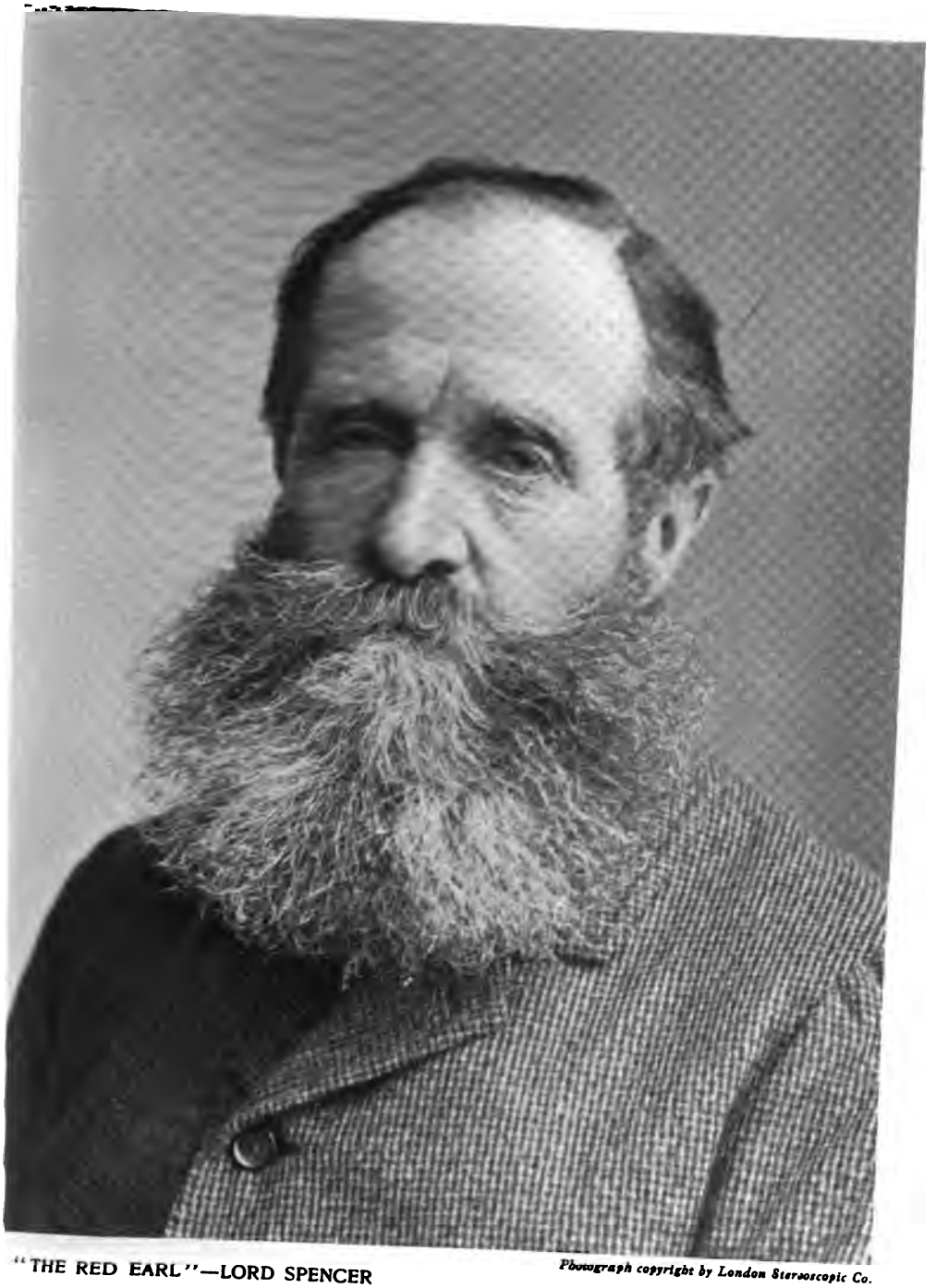
the increase. The two most prominent imperialists have been Tory leaders—Disraeli and Chamberlain. Tory principles, too, like Tory leaders, find imperialism congenial: privilege at home is always secure while public attention is focused abroad. Partly from conviction, partly from party necessities, the Liberals have for the most part taken an opposite stand. A score of years ago Gladstone incurred the anger of the forward party by his over-generous surrender to the Boers after Majuba, and by his failure to rescue Gordon at Khartoum. On his retirement the party divided. His successor, Lord Rosebery, was a strong imperialist, while the radical wing of the party became more and more decidedly Little Englanders. With the South African war the breach widened. Lord Rosebery and the little group of Liberal imperialists which included Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Haldane, gave the government a cordial general support. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the nominal leader of the party, with Mr. Morley and Mr. Lloyd-George, attacked the war and the war-party so bitterly that it seemed impossible that the imperialist and pro-Boer wings could ever re-unite.

In home rule again, imperialism was the deciding factor. More than any other cause, it was the reluctance of the English people to weaken in the slightest the splendid fabric of the empire that was responsible for Mr. Gladstone's failure. The course of the home rule agitation is familiar. All remember how Mr. Gladstone found himself in 1880 dependent on the Irish party for a majority; how his long-considered projects for relieving the distressful country took immediate shape; how his chief colleagues, Lord Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Chamberlain, refused to follow his lead and succeeded in defeating the home rule bill in the House of Commons; how in 1892, after six years of Tory rule, the wonderful old leader succeeded in overthrowing the government and passing a new home rule bill through the House of Commons, only to see it thrown out by the Lords. Mr. Gladstone acknowledged himself beaten and retired from office two years later. Here again the withdrawal of his compelling personality was the signal for dissension. The lines of division were much the same as in the imperialist split. A large section of the party, of course, under the leadership of Hartington and Chamberlain, had definitely broken away in 1886, and under the name of Liberal Unionists became allies of the Tories, their alliance gradually merging into identity. But of those who remained, Mr. Morley and Sir William Vernon Harcourt have been the only staunch upholders of their dead leader's policy; Rosebery and Asquith, and the imperialist wing generally, have sought to wipe home rule off the party slate.

In domestic affairs the party has been more united, in a negative way. It has agreed in disliking the reactionary measures of the government, but has not been strong enough to resist them effectively. Emboldened by the lack of a strong opposition, the Conservative government has effectually turned back the hands of the clock. The unholy trinity of parson, peer, and publican who, Liberals allege, are the pillars of Conservative strength, have been carefully looked after. The cup seems full; the Liberals have been stirred to new life and at last are playing an opposition's proper part.

Now the pendulum is swinging the other way. The disintegration of the Balfour government began immediately after the conclusion of the South African war. The war had to be paid for, and the income tax during 1903 stood at fifteenpence in the pound, so that the sixteenth part of one's income was taken before the ordinary expenses of life had been approached. The imperial spirit was undoubtedly chastened for the time. By-elections began to go

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"THE RED EARL"—LORD SPENCER

LIBERAL LEADER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

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"C-B"—SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

OFFICIAL LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

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steadily against the government. The education bill bitterly antagonized all non-conformists, many of whom had stood by the government during the war. The report of the South African War Commission brought fresh disaster and humiliation. The introduction of Chinese labor into the Transvaal has embittered the working classes. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain made a move which seemed destined to make or end the fortunes of the government, in the introduction of his now famous preferential tariff policy. The government reached the verge of collapse; it was saved from utter defeat only by the lack of unity that still prevailed among its opponents. The policy of Mr. Chamberlain had not been accepted, yet it had been so far approved that from twenty to thirty free-trade members of the Conservative party forsook Mr. Balfour, and his majority dropped from one hundred to fifty, while it frequently fell almost to the vanishing point. The semi-protective policy of Mr. Balfour does not at present appear to excite any enthusiasm in the country. Whether the voter will view with more favor the straight protection of Mr. Chamberlain, with its sugar coating of imperial preference, is still a question of the future.

At present it would appear, then, that as stated at the outset, the only thing needed to ensure the success of the Liberal party, at the election that cannot now be long deferred, is a leader who can command the confidence of its various factions. The personal equation is a large factor in the Liberal problem. Personalities have played almost as great a part as policies in the recent fortunes of the party. Gladstone's enthusiasm and energy and partisan adroitness found a poor substitute in the dilettante cleverness of Lord Rosebery, who succeeded him in the premiership in 1894. After fifteen months of leadership which factional struggles and personal jealousies made "a hell on earth," in his own vigorous phrase, Rosebery welcomed the defeat which put the Salisbury government again in power. In the parliament of 1895 the choice of a captain for the Commons fell on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Obviously, he was elected only for lack of a better, but for lack of a better he has remained in the leadership ever since. The prospect of success has reopened the question. Now that the party platform has been decided, the pressing want is for a leader. Looking over the field there appear to be half a dozen possibilities, and perhaps three probabilities. In order of probability they may be named somewhat as follows: Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Morley.

It may be interesting to consider each of the six for a moment. Lord Rosebery, as we have seen, has already been prime minister, but the fact does not count very heavily in his favor, his premiership having been so abject a failure. This was his misfortune more than his fault, but it is none the less true that he lost his great opportunity. Lord Rosebery is a peer, an opportunist, and an aristocrat to his finger tips. The radicals do not like him, and they like him the less because in his way Lord Rosebery is as strong an imperialist as Mr. Chamberlain; if he has refused to follow the latter in his imperial tariff scheme, it is probably less from a conviction of its futility as a trade promoter than because he does not believe it will carry the country. On the other hand, Lord Rosebery would secure the support of all the moderate Liberals and of the free-trade Unionists, who will count as a factor in the coming contest. It may be added that of all the Liberal leaders Lord Rosebery stands closest to the King; and while the latter will no doubt be scrupulously fair when the time comes to send for a Liberal statesman to form a government, the influence of the sovereign, tactfully exercised, counts

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heavily in the delicate balance of politics. On the whole, therefore, despite his past failure and radical antagonism, Lord Rosebery may fairly be considered the favorite in the race in the absence of any great figure in the House of Commons. Lord Rosebery is in his fifty-seventh year.

Then there is Lord Spencer, a rather colorless peer, despite his cognomen of "the Red Earl." He is the official Liberal leader in the House of Lords, has done excellent administrative work for various Liberal governments during the past thirty years, and has never wavered in his party faith. He has, perhaps, no special claim on the leadership; but on the other hand he has never antagonized any particular section of Liberalism. He is the head of one of the few remaining great Liberal houses; and the Countess of Spencer is the leader of Liberal society. As the titular chief of the party in the upper house, his name will probably be suggested to the sovereign in the first place on the formation of a Liberal government. The issue will be determined by his own wishes and those of the King, but it is probable that Lord Spencer would succeed in forming a stronger government than either Lord Rosebery or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The "Red Earl" is just a year under seventy.

I have placed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman third on the list of possibilities. It might seem fairer to place him first. He has at least borne the brunt of the fight for several years in the House of Commons, where the real fighting of an opposition is done. He bore, too, the obloquy that sprang from public anger over the attitude of himself and many of his friends during the war. But it would be absurd to seriously accuse Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman of disloyalty, and he has already been forgiven his tinge of pro-Boerism by the general public. The difficulty in the way of Sir Henry's becoming the accepted and trusted leader of the Liberal party is that he cannot lead. He was, in fact, never regarded as more than a stop-gap in the leadership, and any government which he succeeded in forming would be likely to partake of the same character. He is personally popular, and is a most genial and complaisant gentleman, but has never shown the force necessary to dominate a great party. Other things being equal, the Liberal party prefers always having its leader in the Commons, as indeed befits the party of the people, and this is an important point in Sir Henry's favor. He stands well enough with the radicals, without having aroused their enthusiasm, and he has escaped giving serious offence to moderate and imperial Liberals, though these latter do not take kindly to his leadership. It cannot, however, be said that he stands out as a commanding figure, and he has done little to heal the divisions that have rent the Liberal party of late years.

Sir Henry, or "C-B," as he is familiarly termed by his followers, is sixty-eight, and his years sit less lightly on him than they did on his great predecessor, Gladstone; so that it may well be doubted if he could stand the physical strain involved in the premiership and leadership of the Commons. Should the premiership fall to Lord Rosebery or any other peer, Sir Henry may be depended upon to lead the House of Commons with circumspect caution. Should the premiership, however, go to a commoner other than himself, it is likely that he would be relieved from an unpleasant position by the gift of a peerage, that he might go to the aid of the small band of Liberals in the House of Lords.

It may be objected by some that the name of the Duke of Devonshire, for twenty years a Unionist, should not figure at all in the list of possibilities for the Liberal premiership. Yet there is no doubt that he is well in the race, though perhaps rather against his will.

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THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

A UNIONIST WHO MAY BECOME LIBERAL PREMIER

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JOHN MORLEY

THE STRONGEST MORAL FORCE IN ENGLISH POLITICS

He is a great force wherever he is, and in whatever party he is found he must be somewhere near the top. In the tariff controversy he has declared himself an uncompromising freetrader, and his face is firmly set against any tariff change in the direction of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. The Duke has the reputation of being constitutionally indolent, and indisposed, therefore, to take on himself such burdens as the premiership would entail. This is, however, largely a delusion, for a close study of his career shows how active he has been during his forty-five years of political life. Certainly the Duke's mind works slowly; certainly, also, it never seems to waver. A decision once taken is taken for good reason and is irrevocable. He takes little interest in an academic discussion, but, given a tangible object, he brings the greatest energies into play and shows an extraordinary power of concentration and grasp of detail. He doubtless works only from a sense of duty, and rather obtrudes on the public the fact that he finds little pleasure in fulfiling some of the inevitable obligations of public life. Perhaps the best example of this is the

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famous incident of the tremendous yawn given by him in the middle of his first official speech in the House of Commons. Disraeli, looking on, is said to have smiled and remarked in his cynical way: "He'll do." A lady to whom the story of the yawn was told as an indication of the Duke's general air of boredom, ventured to ask how he could possibly have yawned in the midst of his own speech; to which the Duke replied: "Ah, you should have heard the speech!" The Duke is not lacking in tact or energy, and he is regarded as eminently typical of the peculiarly English qualities of patience, tenacity, and practicality. He probably wields a larger personal influence than any other man in England, with the solitary exception of Mr. Chamberlain.

As with the other three leaders who have been discussed, the Duke of Devonshire is possessed of enormous wealth, a vast fortune being, in his case, represented in his London residence alone. Devonshire House, on Piccadilly, is one of the landmarks of London, and when eventually the magnificent stretch of ground behind it is cut up for building purposes, it will be some generations before the ducal coffers will need replenishing by marriage with an American heiress. The Duke, though seventy, is healthy as well as wealthy, and, his lot being cast in the House of Lords, the strain of official life would fall easily upon him.

There remain of the six statesmen named, Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith. The chance of premiership falling to either is undoubtedly remote, though not impossible. Mr. Asquith, though an untiring party worker, is still an active member of the legal profession. Like Mr. Chamberlain, he is of nonconformist stock; like him also, he was middle-aged when he entered politics and achieved success immediately, Mr. Gladstone pouncing upon him and giving him ministerial rank after the briefest of training. He is an accomplished debater, his trained legal mind furnishing splendid equipment. In the campaign of education brought on by Mr. Chamberlain's sudden resurrection of the tariff issue, Mr. Asquith was the most untiring and effective champion of free trade. He followed the apostle of protection on his circuit, took up each of his speeches in detail, and mercilessly annihilated the plausible fabric of Mr. Chamberlain's rhetoric. Yet he lacks the warmth and magnetism which Mr. Chamberlain finds more potent aids than mere cold logic, and his personal following is small. He is himself a follower rather than a leader, and is regarded as Lord Rosebery's lieutenant in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, he probably ranks first among Liberal leaders in the Commons in combined intellectual and parliamentary ability; and in the event of Lord Rosebery being unable to secure the premiership, his backing would probably be given to Mr. Asquith. As Mr. Asquith is the youngest of the group of Liberal leaders, being but fifty-two, he may well aspire to the prime-ministership ultimately, if not immediately.

One word more regarding Mr. Morley. Although a statesmen of very high rank, and a man who has compelled the respect of friends and foes alike by the independence and fearlessness of his character, yet his first interests are literary rather than political. He is an advanced radical, and is probably the only Liberal of the front rank who remains true to the home rule policy which shattered the party eighteen years ago. It would therefore be only by a marked accession to the strength of the radical wing of Liberalism, or by the balance of power falling again to the Irish party, that a premiership by Mr. Morley would become a working plan. When Lord Rosebery formally withdrew from the leadership of the Liberal party, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley gave out prearranged declarations of their attitude towards the vacant

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post. Sir William announced that he would no longer lead the party in the House of Commons, as by virtue of capacity and seniority he had continued to do since the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, while Mr. Morley stated that he had no aspiration or inclination to undertake this duty. However, should circumstances render it desirable, Mr. Morley's renunciation eight years ago of his claim to leadership would not stand in the way of his selection to-day. Mr. Morley is not wealthy, though his famous biography of Mr. Gladstone brought him the handsome sum of £10,000. He is in his sixty-sixth year.

As to the prospective Liberal government, apart from its chief, there would no doubt be much new official blood introduced. In nine years—and that period has passed since any Liberal government held power—many new men have developed, though none of them yet overshadow the older leaders who have been named; and on the other hand, a number of those who formerly commanded cabinet rank have either passed out of politics or will have to be politely laid on the shelf. Sir William Harcourt, who has figured in every Liberal government for forty years, and who is one of the most striking personalities in the House of Commons, whether regarded physically—for Sir William is a giant among men—or intellectually, is seventy-six, and wishes no more of politics. It is not likely that Lord Rosebery will serve in any government of which he is not the head; "prime minister or nothing," will probably be his attitude; and the Duke of Devonshire will, we may be sure, take office of any kind with reluctance.

Others whom we may confidently expect to see in the ministerial ranks are Sir Edward Grey, who is already almost on a level with the older leaders; Mr. Bryce, author of the famous book, *The American Commonwealth*, and a little too professorial in type ever to win more than a secondary portfolio; Sir Henry Fowler, the non-conformist imperialist who made so marked an administrative success in two great departments during the last Liberal government; Lord Tweedmouth, who did excellent work as whip in the difficult days of Lord Rosebery's government, and who is an enormously wealthy peer; and, as the party is badly off for wealthy peers, perhaps Lord Aberdeen may be included, either for a cabinet position or for a return to his former post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Of the new men we may be quite sure that Mr. Lloyd-George will receive ministerial rank. He is not an altogether desirable type of politician, but the responsibility of office works wonders in the way of curing objectionable propensities; and while he might remain an element of danger in even a Liberal cabinet, he would probably be a greater element of danger out of it. Mr. Lloyd-George is at present reckless in statement and furious in criticism; but his vigor and watchfulness have been invaluable to the party during the last four or five years, and he has undoubtedly earned government rank. Fourteen of his forty years have been spent in the House of Commons. He was prominent from the first, but it was not until the last parliament that his reputation was firmly established. The lack of first-class fighting men among his Liberal allies, and the supply of first-class fighting subjects afforded by his Tory opponents, gave him his opportunity. An orator of true Celtic fire, a debater alert and direct as Mr. Chamberlain himself, a practical organizer and party opportunist, and at the same time a "crank" of the first water in whose lexicon there is no such word as compromise, this young Welsh radical is sure to go far.

Still another non-conformist may be expected to find a minor ministerial position—Mr. R. W. Perks. Mr. Perks is a partner with Mr. Yerkes, the American financier; he is also a Methodist

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HERBERT H. ASQUITH

A LAWYER WITH LITTLE PERSONAL MAGNETISM BUT HIGH DEBATING POWERS

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and an imperialist, and on this last point is sadly at variance with Mr. Lloyd-George; Mr. Perks or Mr. Lloyd-George will respectively rise in rank as the imperial or the anti-imperial element of the party secures the upper hand.

Perhaps the newest aspirant of all is Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a recruit to Liberalism of but a few months' standing. It is odd to think of one as a possible member of a Liberal government who but lately was booked for an early appointment with the Unionist government. But to do Mr. Churchill justice, he has always occupied a distinctly independent attitude. He definitely broke with his party on the tariff question, and then found himself opposing the Conservatives on so many points that he decided to go over wholly to the Liberal party. Possibly the fact that the Liberal organization tendered him a seat, while the Conservative organization treated him very chillingly, may have influenced him. He is full of dash and conceit, and will no doubt get government rank long before many who have



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DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

A WELSH RADICAL WHO IS THE MOST AGGRESSIVE FIGHTER IN THE OPPOSITION

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done more serious work to earn it. He is only twenty-eight years of age, and will be remembered by many in America as the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and the former Miss Jerome of New York, a lady still notable among the leaders of London society as Mrs. Cornwallis-West. It may be added, too, that many English people have not the least idea that there are two Winston Churchills, and are convinced that the clever young English member of Parliament is also the author of *The Crisis* and the other remarkable novels from the American writer of the same name, the Americanism of the books being accounted for by the maternal connection with America.

But, after all, there can be no Liberal government until the Liberal party first convinces the country that it can rally unitedly behind some one of the leaders named. The present situation of the Unionist government is a precarious one, but this wide crevice in the Liberal armor may save them yet.

F. A. McLand



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WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL

A SON OF LORD RANDOLPH, WHO HAS RECENTLY BECOME A LIBERAL

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ON A NORMAN ROAD

SHRIMP-WOMEN RETURNING WITH THE DAY'S CATCH

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TRAMPING THROUGH NORMANDY

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

The greatest obstacle to agreeable pedestrianism in Normandy is the proverbial Norman distrust—*méfiance*. All French provincials are puzzled by strangers—in which term are to be included persons who are not of their particular province, as well as foreigners—and are distrustful of them to a greater or less degree; but the Norman is so in a very pronounced and special way. His distrust of the stranger takes the form of a comical sort of terror of being financially duped—cheated or swindled, not to say robbed—probably because he is himself perpetually engaged in financial duping. The Norman's reputation for closeness and trickiness in money affairs is no myth; for the matter of that, he is proud of it. And while he is at great pains to keep within the law—for which, as an institution destined to restrain his neighbors from openly despoiling him, he has an exaggerated respect—there is no species of meanness or evasion to which he does not readily resort to gain a sou or two. Whatever in the world is mysterious to him, is in the world to deprive him, somehow, of his property.

The pedestrian comes under this category. The Norman accepted the automobilist instinctively, at the very outset, because he was an obvious representative of wealth. If the bicyclist puzzled him for a time, he long ago came to understand and accept him also, by force of seeing him so frequently. But it passes the Norman comprehension that any one should walk from choice; the pedestrian—for pleasure—he cannot understand, and he is suspicious of him accordingly. Walking, to his thinking, is necessarily confined to *pauvres gens*, and there is nothing for which he has so supreme a contempt as for *pauvres gens*, poverty being, in his code, an unpardonable sin, and the only one.

I have been refused lodging more than once at auberges that would certainly have been hospitable had I arrived by automobile, bicycle, or railway train; and at others, though admitted, I have been treated like a thief because I made evident my means of payment, or like a beggar because I did not; and have had my pieces rung and scrutinized, as if I were a counterfeiter, when I paid my bill.

If I should say that to be a good drinker—by which I do not mean a hard drinker, but a judicious drinker, adroit in utilizing the manifold social possibilities of the drink—is an indispensable prerequisite to comfortable tramping in Normandy, I should doubtless exaggerate somewhat. Still, I do not know of a region where being a good drinker comes so near being an indispensable prerequisite; where it really counts for so much.

If the tramper does not succeed in disarming, by one means or another, Norman distrust, his tramping life in Normandy will be made a burden to him. Norman distrust can be disarmed, but it cannot be disarmed in an instant, *à l'Américaine*. It takes time to do it—the Norman is the last person in the world to stand and deliver—and there is no social device to be mentioned in the same breath with drinking for courteously consuming time.

If the tramper asks a simple question at a farm-house, he cannot decently

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linger—not in Normandy—after his question is answered. If he makes a petty purchase in a store, his situation is only a trifle less awkward, since he is morally obliged to retire as soon as the transaction is completed. On the other hand, he has only to order a drink—in this country of cider and apple-jack every store is an actual *débit*, or place where liquors are sold, and nearly every farm-house a potential one — to be entitled to sit at a table for as long as he wills and to talk. I have not yet discovered the reason, but it is a fact that it is well-nigh idle to call for milk at the farms. In three cases out of four the immediate response is, "We haven't any left." It is the worst of form to ask for a drink of water, not to mention the serious risk run in drinking the water if it is given.

True, it is one thing to be entitled to sit at a table an indefinite time and talk, after ordering a drink of liquor, and quite another to talk engagingly enough to establish a genuine *rapport* and get the better of a suspicious host's unfavorable prepossessions. If the tramper's chances are *nil* without these rights, with them the outcome is still uncertain. The advantage is a serious but not a decisive one, unless it is followed up; and following it up is no easy matter. To follow it up, the tramper must be expansive without excuse or encouragement—expansive while he is being eyed askance like an escaped convict. The Norman host is curious, consumingly curious; but he is not, like certain French types, charmingly, childlikely, and naïvely curious. He will not question. He is close-mouthed on principle, close-mouthed by temperament, and close-mouthed by ruse. The most he is likely to vouchsafe is a hard, hostile, chilling "Monsieur n'est pas d'ici"; more affirmation than interrogation, and more accusation than either—his veiled fashion of saying: "Monsieur is a scoundrel!"

Now if Monsieur returns a simple, direct negative and nothing more, Monsieur may as well "pack up his kit and treck" for all the good he will get by staying; there are ten chances to one he will not elicit an atom of reliable information about any subject whatever, of any real importance to him. But if Monsieur seizes the occasion to tell at once, without waiting for further provocation, all about himself—what his nativity is, whence he has come and whither he is going, why he has come and why he is going—the game is won. The monologue will be transformed into a dialogue, His Clam-ship will permit himself to drink with Monsieur—at Monsieur's expense — and will show himself in a score of ways one of the best fellows alive, even permitting Monsieur to attempt to beat him down in his prices, a proceeding which he resents brutally from a person about whom he is not reassured.

The pipe—with the inevitable offer of tobacco—is likewise useful as a courteous consumer of time and an aid to the *entente cordiale*, but on condition that the smoke is preceded by the drink. The snuff-box, the offering of which is the commonest form of civility in this region, is still more useful, since it appeals to women as well as men; and two-thirds of the casual passer's dealings in stores and cafés are with women.

As a means of establishing confidence and facilitating conversation, I have found my dog of the greatest utility. Having called attention to her by putting her through the few tricks of which she is capable, I have launched into her history, and have succeeded, by a little artful interweaving, in giving complete information about myself, all in seeming to give information about her.

In desperate cases, where all other resources have failed, the gratuitous and theatrical displaying of a passport, or similar traveling credential, is miraculously effective and correspondingly amusing—the Norman's reverence for stamped paper being so extreme as to

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AT THE STREET'S END, FALAISE

IN FALAISE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR WAS BORN

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A CHARACTERISTIC RIVER FRONT

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amount to a superstition. The sight of a government seal is an *open sesame* he cannot for an instant withstand.

Once this obstacle of Norman distrust is overcome and, as has been seen, it is not insuperable—indeed the excitement of overcoming it affords a certain pleasure—tramping in Normandy is well worth while for the rare sort of person for whom tramping anywhere is worth while; and if one is limited by time or circumstances to a single region of France, it may better, perhaps, be Normandy than another.

The beds are not infested with fleas as in Brittany, nor the ways with insufferable tourists as in Savoy. The language of the common people is not a distinct tongue as in Provence, nor a difficult *patois* as in Auvergne, and the roads are not endlessly and exasperatingly straight as in Touraine. Finally, one runs less risk from official interference than in Lorraine.

The landscape of Normandy is infinitely varied, and the human activity equally so. Normandy has the Seine and an ocean exposure; sunny slopes, sheer bluffs, table-lands, meadows, and extensive forests, decorative tree-forms, a mobile atmosphere, rich and constantly shifting colors of herbage, foliage, and bloom, and equally shifting, miraculous lights.

It has commerce, agriculture, manufacturing, dairying, fishing—all in large measure; seaports, garrison-towns, market-towns, watering-places, seaside resorts, and fishers' hamlets; farms, orchards, quarries, market gardens; its quota of fairs, markets, civil, military, and religious festivals, and of picturesque pilgrims on its roads.

It has, furthermore, such treasure-houses of the Gothic as Caen, Rouen, and Mont-Saint-Michel; old churches, ruined abbeys, and châteaux in unexpected settings; quaint interiors—provided with gigantic chimney-places, ancient clocks, armories, dressers, settles, linen, and china—which only the foot-voyager can hope to see. It has its folk-tales and folk-songs, curious rites and customs, and suggestive turns of expression.

An artist may travel far and see nothing finer than the bringing home of the cows at sunset in a Norman village; and the student of history, of architecture—civil, ecclesiastical, or domestic—of archeology, philology, social usages, or common law, finds about him an embarrassment of riches.

Normandy is sweet, clean, green, and prosperous. Its iris-crowned thatches are the most beautiful, its posy-gardens the most sedulously nurtured, and its farm-yards the most enchanting in all France. Its cows are sleek and good milkers; its horses world-famous; and its blonde women—even those seasoned by field labor—always sphinx-like and often fair. It is the region of the Gothic cathedral, the cider-apple, and the breeding-stallion *par excellence*.

Normandy is incomparable for brilliancy of coloration in the spring at the time of the cherry, plum, and pear; and, a little later, of the apple-blossoming. It is strangely alluring at the time of the cider-making. It is attractive, sensuously speaking, at every season; and the Normans, with all their droll fears for their pocketbooks, are not bad company in the long run.

A few suggestions for any who may be disposed to go tramping in Normandy, most of which are equally applicable to tramping in other sections of France.

Except in traversing forests, where forsaking the beaten paths usually leads to discomfiture without compensation, let chance be your guide. Leave the laboriously reasoned program, the cut-and-dried itinerary, and everything of the sort, to the overstrung tourists who can find delight in doing all France in a sennight, and all Europe in a month. Pin your faith to the *bonne aventure*. At the cross-roads take the route that beckons, or abide by the toss of the

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A STUDY IN NORMAN ROOFS

penny if all beckon alike. What matters it whether you find yourself at nightfall at Corneville or Jumièges, or at some venerable village midway between the two. Each has its peculiar allurement, and each can wait to be seen till another good day. The quaintest tavern interior, the most primitive people, and the nearest approach to instantaneous cordiality I found in all Normandy was in a hamlet that lay a good fifteen miles to one side of the point I had thought, on setting out in the morning, to reach at night. I should thus have missed the most precious of sensations had I lacked the moral courage to flout the whisperings of prudence and quit the plausible path.

Give way, then, to your suddenest impulse, your slightest whim, your craziest caprice, your drollest fancy. Be for a day, for a week, for a month, as your situation permits, irresponsible as the tuft of thistle-down in the toss of the summer breeze. Lie on your back in the shade of a beech and watch the clouds roll by, if the spirit moves you, or snooze with the lizards on the sunny side of a wall. Never quit a spot that pleases you because you think you *ought* to go see this or that—there is no such thing as obligation in tramping, no such word as duty in the vocabulary of the tramp—and never hesitate to retrace your steps if a locality too hastily traversed leaves a poignant regret.

Your object is not to make a given goal in a given time, else you would not be afoot; you would have resorted to the railroad, the bicycle, or the automobile. Your object is, first of all, to be completely yourself, and secondly to see the real country and the real people. You can have no use for a Joanne or a Baedeker—arch-enemies of spontaneity. There is no harm in your fingering bicycle maps and railroad charts, but it should be to the end of avoiding the routes they particularly recommend.

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Be on the look-out for local fêtes, fairs, markets, and *concours* of every description; they bring the rustic waybacks out from their retreats as a lantern attracts the moths from the night.

Knock at the doors of farm-houses and peasants' cottages on the flimsiest pretexts; even though you are not permitted to enter, you will be vouchsafed ravishing glimpses of people and things.

Cultivate the habitués of the road —beggars, tramps, gipsies, peddlers, tinkers, and unfortunate workingmen in quest of work. They rarely resent advances; in fact, they are rather inclined to make them. They are the best of temporary comrades, and can tell you very many curious, useful, beautiful, or wonderful things. A blacksmith's helper whom I overtook on the road, tramped with for half a day, and treated to dinner, supplied me with minute information I could have got in no other way regarding the occupants of the farm-houses we passed—even to designating those who gave lodging and soup to such as he—and showed me, in his wallet, addresses of cheap lodging-houses for a distance of nearly a hundred and fifty miles.

Beware of inspecting too closely a town in which you intend to lodge, before seeking your lodging. You thus arouse suspicion in the minds of a few. Rumor flies fast and grows in flying. At the end of half an hour, every man, woman, and child of the community is aware of your presence, and *knows* you are a villain. In a market-town where I made the mistake of studying a map in the public view, I was refused peremptorily and rudely by all the auberges, six in number, and forced to repair to a village three miles farther on for a bed. Offering to pay in advance, which works to a charm in England, in Normandy only serves to arouse or increase suspicion.

In pedestrianism, the shoes make the man. For wear and comfort on the



A STREET IN FALAISE

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hard and smooth French roads there is nothing so good as heavy tan-leather hunting shoes with spiked soles; and nowhere are these shoes so good for the money as in the rural towns. They should be kept well greased, never polished, with a special preparation which the rural cobblers provide. You should look yourself to their grooming as you would to the grooming of a valuable horse, for if left to the dubious mercy of the servants in the auberges they will speedily be ruined. Their fidelity equals that of a dog, and you are sure to grow very fond of them. The Breton sailor offers his patron saint a model of his ship in setting out on, or returning from, a hazardous voyage; and if there were a patron saint for trampers, he could be honored with no more fitting votive offering than a warm pair of these hulking shoes.

The question of baggage is equally crucial in tramping with the question of shoes. Between shoes that hurt the feet and too heavy a pack the choice is so slight that it is not worth the making. A two or three days' jaunt may be taken in fairly settled weather with no other impedimenta than an extra pair of stockings stowed in a pocket, a toothbrush, and a robust umbrella—which last is as precious for protection against the sun as against rain, and serves as a walking-stick when the sky is gray. But for a longer jaunt, or a jaunt in unsettled weather, you should be provided further with more stockings, an extra undershirt, a box of shoe-grease, a pair of slippers—to rest the feet—and a thick waist-coat, cardigan jacket, or sweater, to protect you from a sudden chill. The weight of such an outfit is not great, and it may be carried in a knapsack, an oilcloth roll, a hunting-bag or a grip-sack provided with a shoulder-strap. The knapsack and the hunting-bag are the most comfortable arrangements, but in suspicious Normandy the grip and the roll are perhaps preferable, since the knapsack has the disadvantage of greatly piquing curiosity, and the hunting-bag that of suggesting poaching. However aimlessly you may saunter, you need never be deprived of your valise—I discard the hypothesis of a trunk—for more than a week at a time, the highly complete French parcels-post system making it easy for you to have it sent on ahead and held awaiting your arrival at any strategic point you may choose.

The pedestrian need never be at a loss to know his exact whereabouts, as he frequently is in out-of-the-way districts in England. The maps in Joanne are unusually complete, and every hamlet, however small, has its name conspicuously posted. Signboards and milestones abound—large stones marking every thousand, and small ones every hundred metres.

One tramps because he likes to tramp, not to save money. Nevertheless, in Normandy, and the same is true of nearly every other section of France except Savoy and the Côte d'Azur, one must make a distinct effort to spend, while tramping, more than seven francs a day, or a dollar and forty cents. Nearly all the auberges and many of the smaller hotels give comfortable rooms for thirty cents a night—and no extra charges—the *petit déjeuner* for ten cents, and a *prix fixe déjeuner* and dinner for thirty cents each. It should be noted, however, that a distinction is sometimes made between the meals taken with the regular pensionnaires or the landlord's family, and the formal table-d'hôte in a special dining room for which fifty to seventy cents may be charged.

Drinks—with the exception of the *apéritifs*, which command Paris prices, and wine, which is scarce—are so cheap that there can be no serious financial objection to their liberal use as a confidence-winning appliance. All the spirits —rum, kirsch, cognac, marc, and calvados—are two and three cents a glass. Beer, such as it is, costs six cents a bottle, and the *boisson*, one of the most

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THE CASTLE AT CAEN

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY TOWER AND DRAWBRIDGE

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ON MARKET DAY—THE CANDY STALL

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refreshing summer drinks that is made, two and three cents a litre. The *boisson*, poetically called *le vin blond*, is universally drunk at table. It is prepared from the apple cheeses after the juice for the first quality cider has been expressed, and is often not to be distinguished from cider. Refined bottled cider costs ten cents a bottle. Coffee is poor and dear—the concoction served with a *petit verre* for five and six cents cannot properly be denominated coffee—and tea, except as a medicine, is practically unknown.

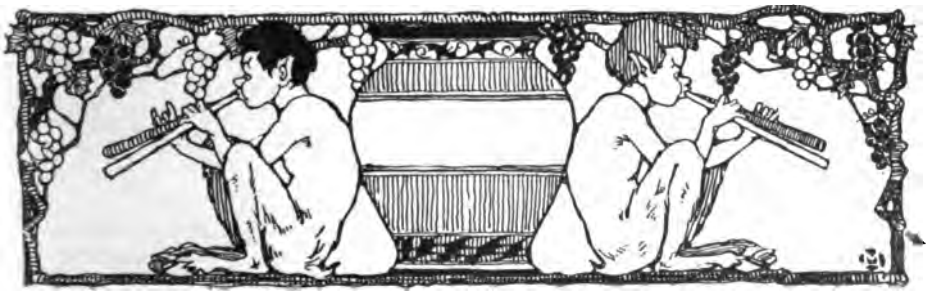
The parcels-post rates are twelve cents for packages not exceeding six pounds in weight, sixteen cents for packages of between six and ten pounds, and twenty-five cents for packages of between ten and twenty pounds—regardless of direction or distance.

With a little searching, particularly in the market-towns, lodging may be had for a franc a night—for less, if one does not insist on a room to himself—and meals in proportion. On grounds of picturesqueness, as well as those of economy, houses which advertise automobile supplies, and those which are affected by bicyclists, should be shunned. The restaurants and auberges bearing the sign *Loge à pied et à cheval* are, as a rule, the most desirable. The cheer is as good as elsewhere, the prices cheaper, and the company less sophisticated and more interesting. One who wishes to economize still further can be served in almost any *débit* a litre of *boisson* with unlimited bread and delicious Camembert cheese, or a slice of sausage, for six cents—at any hour of the day; or, he may have a bowl of soup for a trifle, if he puts in his appearance at the proper moment.

In a word, for the tramper in Normandy, seven francs ($1.40) a day represents luxury; four to six, comfort; and three to four, the essential. To bring the average per day below three francs and keep moving, it is necessary to go to the length of buying provisions at the stores, and sleeping sometimes in the open air and in granges, a method which is not without its special piquancy—as I know from experience, but which it would be hazardous, if not unpardonable, to recommend.

Pension may be had—if one has learned how to look for it—in almost any Norman town except the seashore resorts, for seventy francs ($14) a month, and the hotels and auberges make a considerable reduction on their transient rates for boarders—facts of which the tramper, who has all summer before him and likes a period of complete repose now and then, may avail himself to advantage. Furnished rooms with appliances for cooking may be had at reasonable rates in certain districts, and are much in favor with Paris artists; but this arrangement presupposes a stay of at least a month in a single spot, and so will rarely serve the purpose of the tramper.

Alvan F. Sanborn



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Picturesque Bits of Old London

Drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey



CLOTH FAIR

Cloth Fair is a typical street of Old London. For several centuries this region was the centre of the cloth trade of Great Britain, and here was held annually the famous Bartholomew Fair, which attracted merchants and merrymakers from all England. Many of the houses in this street date back to the Elizabethan period, and a few are even older.

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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, NORTH PORTAL

The magnificent Cathedral built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1675 replaced Old St. Paul's, which was begun in the time of William the Conqueror and destroyed by the Great Fire of London in 1666. It stands at the highest point of the old City, and its majestic dome is the most striking feature of central London as viewed from a distance.

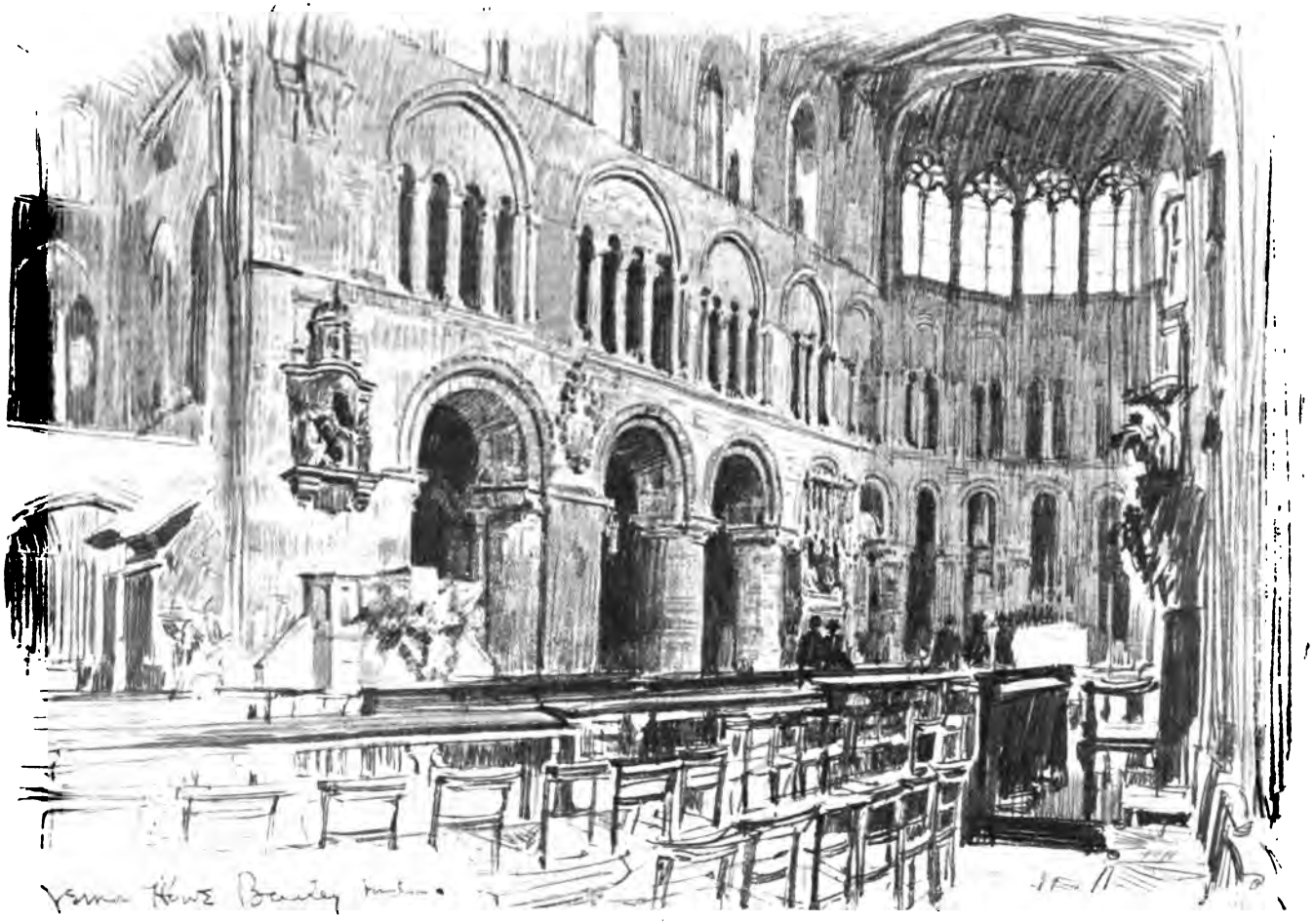
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ST. MARY-LE-STRAND

This church is familiar to every visitor in London, for it stands in the middle of the Strand, with the traffic of one of the busiest streets in the world swirling around it from early morning until late at night. It was built by Gibbs in 1717. The Strand has recently been much widened at this point.

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ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

With the exception of the Chapel in the Tower, this is the oldest church in the city of London. It was founded in 1123. Portions of the church were destroyed by Henry VIII, and later the Chapel became a fringe factory. The restored choir, which is the subject of the sketch, is one of the finest existing specimens of pure Norman architecture.

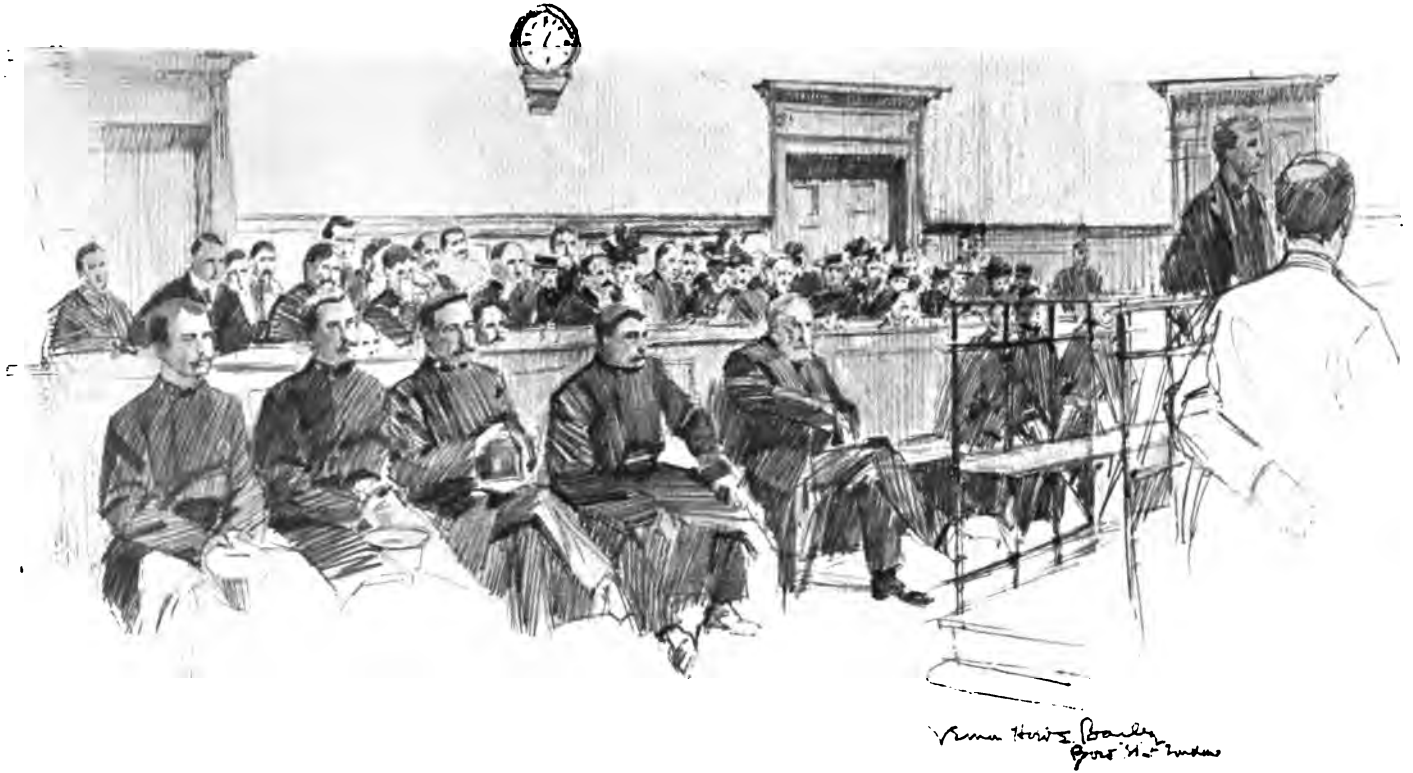
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LAMB BUILDING, INNER TEMPLE

Charles Lamb was born in 1775 in this house within the Temple. He spent sixteen years of his adult life in this quaint old-world enclosure in the very heart of London.

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BOW STREET COURT ROOM

This is the principal police-court in London, and probably the most widely-known minor court in the English-speaking world. It is close to Covent Garden, in what was once a most fashionable quarter.

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A BAMBOO VISTA

NEARLY EVERY FARMER IN JAPAN HAS A LITTLE BAMBOO GROVE, FINDING IT HIGHLY PROFITABLE

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THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

VI - THE SECRET OF JAPAN'S STRENGTH

While Japan is cannonading its way to rank with Christian powers as a first-class fighting nation, it is not neglecting its fields of rice, genge, millet and muji, its groves of mulberry and bamboo, its priceless plots of tea and mitsumata shrubs, and its multi-million gardens of berries, vegetables, fruits, and flowers. The thousands of patriots that have marched to the front have not thinned the ranks of the mightier hosts tilling the soil. Thirty million farmers are gathering ample harvests in the diminutive fields of Japan.

For twenty-five centuries the Sunrise sovereigns have dignified husbandry as the most important and most honorable industrial calling in the empire, and now more than sixty per cent. of the Mikado's subjects till with incomparable skill the limited soil of his islands.

The same diligent genius that enables a landscape gardener in Japan to compass within a few square yards of land a forest, a bridge-spanned stream, a waterfall and lake, a chain of terraced hills, gardens of chrysanthemums, hyacinths, peonies, and pinks, a beetling crag crowned with a dwarfed conifer, and through all the dainty park meandering paths with here a shrine and there a dainty summer house, has made it possible for the farmers of the empire to build up on less than nineteen thousand square miles of arable land the most remarkable agricultural nation the world has known. If all the tillable acres of Japan were merged into one field, a man in an automobile, traveling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, could skirt the entire perimeter of arable Japan in eleven hours. Upon this narrow freehold Japan has reared a nation of imperial power, which is determined to enjoy commercial preëminence over all the world of wealth and opportunity from Siberia to Siam, and already, by force of arms, is driving from the shores of Asia the greatest monarchy of Europe.

The secret of the success of the little Daybreak Kingdom has been a mystery to many students of nations. Patriotism does not explain the riddle of its strength, neither can commerce, nor military equipment, nor manufacturing skill. Western nations will fail fully to grasp the secret of the dynamic intensity of Japan today, and will dangerously underestimate the formidable possibilities of the Greater Japan—the Dai Nippon—of tomorrow, until they begin to study seriously the agricultural triumphs of that empire. For Japan, more scientifically than any other nation, past or present, has perfected the art of sending the roots of its civilization enduringly into the soil.

Progressive experts of high authority throughout the Occident now admit that in all the annals of agriculture there is nothing that ever approached the scientific skill of Sunrise husbandry. Patient diligence, with knowledge of the chemistry of soil and the physiology of plants, have yielded results that have astounded the most advanced agriculturists in Western nations.

Although the United States has extensive experimental farms—the Arlington station at the national capital alone

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comprising five hundred acres—and although our Department of Agriculture includes a corps of skilled and successful investigators, some of them enjoying international repute, the American government has turned for instruction in a number of essential principles to tiny experimental patches in Japan where little brown scientists, studying agricultural problems through the lenses of the microscope, are making discoveries of world-wide importance. Our experimental farms number fifty-six; Japan has nearly two hundred. Yet the combined area of those island stations is not equal to the single farm America maintains at Washington. The main experimental station in the Sunrise Kingdom is regarded in that country as a very big affair. Big it is in importance, and from the Japanese standpoint extensive in area. It is located in the suburbs of Tokio and comprises two cho and four tan—a trifle less than six acres.

On this small field the Oriental scientists are wresting from the soil and from the vegetable kingdom secrets utterly unknown to Western nations. American and European agricultural explorers have sought repeatedly to get facts in regard to the achievements of these Japanese investigators. But the Japanese government does not wish the West to share the fruits of its advanced researches. So pronounced is this opposition that an eminent American scientist, learning that I was to visit the experimental stations in Japan, invoked my assistance in securing certain information, stating that an effectual embargo had been placed upon his official efforts in that direction. Thus, the experimental farms, like the arsenals and harbor fortifications in Japan, have been included in the forbidden zone! It is a safeguard thrown around the industrial foundation of the empire.

From what its advanced agriculture has made its plains to yield, Japan has fed and clothed and educated its multiplying masses, fast nearing the fifty-million figure; it has stacked up gold in its treasury, has created a great merchant marine, has captured a growing share of European commerce, has already outmarshaled commercial America on the Pacific, has crowded its cities with roaring factories, and has given costly and triumphant equipment to its aggressive fleets and regiments. And it has accomplished all this out of the profits of harvests gleaned from a farm area scarcely large enough to afford storage room for the agricultural machinery in use in the United States.

Some exceedingly misleading figures are in general circulation, not only magnifying the measurements of the Sunrise Kingdom, but grossly exaggerating its resources. It is true that there are more than six hundred islands in the empire of Japan, but they constitute a total domain the size of the single State of Montana. And not only is the Sunrise Kingdom a very inconspicuous geographical corner of the planet, but a very great proportion of the acres in the empire are on the slopes or crests of high mountains. Many of the mountain sides are, in fact, rocky, inaccessible escarpments, and a large number of the peaks are volcanoes. During portions of the year seismic disturbances are as regular as sunrise in Japan. Five hundred shocks are the annual average. In the hope of ultimately forecasting the dread eruptions and tremors that menace life and spread desolation over farms, the government has added a Professor of Earthquakes and Volcanoes to the faculty of the Imperial University at Tokio! And the plains of Japan are periodically overswept by typhoons and storms that rise out of Siberia and the China Sea, raging at times for forty-eight consecutive hours, and occurring usually in the flowering season of the most valuable crops.

It will thus be seen that Japan on its narrow farming plains struggles with a concatenation of calamity. Yet notwithstanding the hurricane that stalks

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A GROUP OF JAPANESE FARMERS

In winter the farmer dons his ample mino, or straw overcoat, which effectually protects him from rain and snow.

across these little plains and the floods of lava that descend upon them, and in spite of the further fact that the pestilence of cholera, not to mention other plagues, frequently flourishes and paralyzes industry, the annual agricultural achievements of Japan continue to be the increasing wonder of the world. The fact that Japan on its little land sustains in prosperity a mass of humanity greater than half the population of America makes the economic study of its agricultural methods one of the most important matters of modern times.

One of the secrets of Japan's solution of its pressing problem of subsistence is that the people of that empire, in advance of all other races, have perfected the frugal art of utilizing everything. Whatever grows or passes to decay is of value to the Japanese farmer. Measured in money, he is not rich. But he dwells in a comfortable and inviting home, purged of every taint of dirt and dust. The transparent paper walls of his house, made of bark from his mitsumata shrubs, flood his dwelling with light, and keep out the wind. He enjoys good food served in dainty but inexpensive dishes made of native woods. Even in the homes of the poorest, there are no visible signs of poverty. There is no squalor in agricultural Japan. The humblest peasant farmer is clean, indus-

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trious, and comfortable. The area of fence corners abandoned on many American farms to wild mustard, fennel, and pigweed would furnish comfortable living to a whole family in rural Japan.

Some idea of the trifling cost of living in agricultural Japan was given me by an American who has spent fifteen years in the empire. Frequently he takes a vacation in the farming regions. He has good food, sleeps on clean and comfortable quilts in impeccable houses, is carried about in country carts, and at the end of two weeks he finds that his total expenses have not exceeded ten yen, or five dollars.

In Japan, when a farmer permits a telegraph or telephone pole to be erected on his land, he has made a great concession to modern reform. Only the exceedingly rich have fences around their farms in Japan, not because of the cost of the fence, but because of the value of the square inches the posts and pickets would consume. If a border is desired around a field, it is customary to plant mulberry trees. The total area of ground in Japan thus devoted to the silk-worm tree, which otherwise would be taken up with fences, amounts to about a hundred and ninety thousand acres. This has no reference to the mulberry farms and groves, the area for which is over three times as much. The fact that a Japanese farmer is forced to figure on the amount of ground a fence-post would occupy, and the interesting fact that the government, in its statistical enumerations, has had the areas covered by individual mulberry trees on farm boundaries carefully computed, demonstrates the great value of arable land.

Recently many agricultural-implement makers in the United States sent agents to Japan to try to introduce gang-plows, grain-planters, reapers, and threshing machines. In keeping with many other American efforts, the enterprise was undertaken without intelligent canvassing of the conditions, needs, and preferences of the possible Far Eastern purchaser. An American invasion of the Sunrise Kingdom with mowers, reapers, and threshing outfits is utterly beyond the pale of possibility. An attempt to sell crowbars and steam-hammers to the watchmakers of Geneva would be no more bizarre. The gross area of many a Japanese farm would not accommodate an American separator; nor could four horses hitched to a gang-plow find room to turn. Nearly everything is done by hand. The hoe is the sceptre and sign-manual of Japan! And in many parts of Japan the man with the hoe is not even a brother to the ox. There is no room for the ox! Such a beast of burden moving across some of the dainty fields of the Sunrise Kingdom would trample out the profits of a season.

In addition to the hoe and the spade, heckles and primitive flails are important implements in Japan. In the cultivation of a cho, or about two and a half acres —an extraordinarily large farm in the Sunrise Kingdom—the value of necessary farming tools for field work is less than three yen. Imagine an American farmer getting along with field implements not aggregating in value a dollar and a half! For indoor use the Japanese farmer cultivating one cho needs to expend about one yen on tools. For store-house purposes his implements cost more, their value being about twelve yen, making a total outlay equal to $8.25 in American money. With that amount of capital a Japanese is equipped to put in a crop on his big plantation! The government will furnish him his seed.

Recent photographs from Japan reveal fields having straight border lines. This is the result of a law enacted in the 33rd year of Meiji (1900) enforcing rearrangements of farm boundaries. Zigzag holdings have descended to the present owners from antiquity. To describe an ordinary Japanese farm of the dimensions of four tan (or about

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one acre) has required, on account of its sinuous boundaries, a deed almost as long as a president's message. Moreover, until quite recently few Japanese farmers could boast of such a thing as owning a broad acre all in one unbroken, imperial area!

The possessor of an acre was a landed proprietor, and the smaller owner of one se—ten of which it takes to make a tan—looked up to him as a planter of wealth and power in the land. But that acre, the title to which made him a rural aristocrat in Japan, was subdivided into many sections—a few square shaku in one spot, a few tsubo sandwiched in several ken away between the equally irregular holdings of his neighbors, a field of millet here, a paddy of rice there—with no direct communication between any of these scattered fragments of his little farm.

The government for four years has been at work on this problem, and by encouraging fair exchanges of land among the farmers, is succeeding in a number of districts in supplanting this agricultural chaos with an orderly system. The farmers, finding by painstaking survey of new fields having straight boundaries, that they are not surrendering any land, so far as area is concerned, are consenting to the new order.

The government experts have estimated that in the saving of time, and in the perfection of the system of drainage and irrigation, the productive power of agricultural Japan will be increased no less than ten per cent.



AN AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTAL STATION

One of Japan's two hundred little stations, strictly guarded, but showing results which are surprising the world.

While this movement will straighten farm lines, it cannot expand them. The laws that have found their way to the statutes, to provide for many of the problems growing out of the fact that holdings are diminutive, must still remain in force. One important provision is that a Japanese farmer cannot build his house flush with his boundary. He must leave an outer space of about a foot and a half. Otherwise a farmer's neighbors in Japan could so construct

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PULLING RICE THROUGH THE HOME-MADE GIN

their dwellings that, unless his property happened to border on a public road, he could not reach it without climbing over the roofs of houses, or dropping out of a balloon. Another law provides that when a farmer wishes to repair his house he may, if necessary, make temporary use of his neighbor's land upon which to place bamboo scaffolding or even to store building material. If he constructs a window or veranda within three feet from his neighbor's line, this farmer across the way can compel the builder to wall up with a screen of shutters the too familiar view he might otherwise enjoy. In the more fertile provinces farmhouses are so close together that the countryside is virtually one long succession of villages.

It has been obvious to the statesmen of Japan that a time was near at hand when the infinitely increasing demands of the nation would be more than the arable area of the kingdom could supply. The population of the islands, increasing at the rate of over half a million annually, is steadily exacting increasing harvests from the soil. As a result, land hunger has become an absorbing passion, both with the farmers themselves and with the leaders who are making history in the Far East. Therein lies the secret of Japan's long and painstaking preparation for a modern war. Its statesmen knew that sooner or later the nation would have to establish its title to outlying acres or be submerged under the multiplying weight of its own millions. And these astute diplomats under the Mikado had learned from Christian nations that military conquest and plausible programs of benevolent assimilation must precede the promulgation of claims to any coveted domain. Thus, for years in Japan the condition of the agricultural industry has admonished the men of destiny at the head of affairs to modernize the army and navy so that, when the opportunity should come, Japan could extend its dominion over portions of arable Asia.

The signs "For Rent" and "For Sale" are never seen on Japanese farms, nor do the advertisements in the newspapers of that country include any hint of opportunities for the purchase or rent of lands. On the contrary, an owner who does not care to work his

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STRAW MATTING IN THE MAKING

farm auctions a lease of the land to the highest bidder. On such occasions the competition is exceedingly keen, and rental rates are consequently forced to a high figure. In fact, some tenant farmers pay such exhausting rent that the residue of profit in a season scarcely covers the cost of fertilizing material necessarily applied to get a crop at all. That is the greatest item of expense in the agriculture of Japan. Bones from the four corners of the earth are gathered, shipped to Japan, and there ground to dust to enrich the soil. Millions of piculs of oil cakes are imported annually from China, the demand for this nitrogenous material having grown enormously during the current decade. And great quantities of superphosphates are purchased abroad. Altogether the imports of fertilizing products into Japan exceed in value ten million yen every year.

I have discovered a somewhat sensational fact in regard to this subject. Japan, knowing that the commercial nations were aware of its large purchases of fertilizing products abroad, has been placing heavy orders in America for various nitrates since the outbreak of war against Russia. Without compunction, when the material reaches the island empire, it is converted into explosives and shipped to the firing line; but as it enters Japan consigned as a fertilizing commodity, it escapes classification as contraband of war!

In addition to its importation of fertilizers, the manufacture in Japan of phosphate and nitrogenous products has assumed great proportions. To assist in quickening the crops of the land millions of kwammes of fish guano, dried herrings, rape-seed cake, and cakes of sesame oil, ye oil, and cotton-seed oil are annually prepared. All agricultural Japan reeks with the odor of this industry. One day on the river Sumida I had been studying the cargoes on hundreds of sampans, when there hove in view, bound up stream to the farm region on the Plain of Kwanto, a flotilla of curious, covered craft. It was a fleet of fertilizer carriers. The information to that effect which my guide vouchsafed was quite superfluous. It needed no interpreter to make it plain. A thousand megaphones could

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WEEDING IN A JAPANESE RICE FIELD

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not have more clearly announced the business of these boats. I could almost believe that all the floating mines of Russia would have recoiled from that squadron. Native fishermen and sailors on the crowded river did not even look up from their diligent labors, but the fleet's conquest over every foreigner on the Sumida and along its banks that day was conspicuous and complete. It was, indeed, agricultural Japan's invincible armada!

One of the marvelous results of fertilization in Japan is that it enables the small agricultural area not only to supply the empire, but actually to provide large quantities of farm products for export. It is known generally, of course, that Japan ships large quantities of tea abroad, the value of the leaves exceeding ten million yen annually. It is not, however, realized that the combined exports of cereals, vegetables, and fruits from the little kingdom aggregate in value even more than the cargoes of tea sent out. Its rice exported to China amounts to nearly a million yen a year. Rice shipped to France is valued at half a million; to Great Britain, more than a million; to the United States over half a million yen. Japan even exports beans to the United States. To the Philippines it sells great quantities of farm products. In 1902 it exported to Manila 5,832,217 kins of potatoes valued at over 125,000 yen, and 1,615,218 kins of onions valued at nearly 50,000 yen. The continued and increasing exports of farm products from the Sunrise Kingdom is one of the most astonishing economic facts of contemporaneous history. The only other fact which can equal it, perhaps, is Uncle Sam's incredible increase in imports, from Europe and elsewhere, of vegetables which could be raised to better advantage in America.

One of the most valuable things to Japanese farmers throughout the Mikado's empire is rice straw. From it the agriculturist in the land makes his rope. It helps to furnish the thatch for his roof and the matting for his floor. From rice straw he makes his waraji, or sandals. In winter he fares forth in his ample mino, or straw overcoat, which effectually protects him from rain and snow. The Japanese farmer, therefore, naturally treasures the straw his rice fields yield. Yet, indispensable as it is, his land is far too valuable and circumscribed to permit him to cumber it with a stack. He solves the problem by making bundles of the straw and tying them a few feet above ground to the trunks of his mulberry trees!

The cultivation of paper plants in Japan is a very important industry. As is well known, Japanese paper of various kinds is in demand throughout the world. Recently American and European manufacturers have been giving some attention to the possibility of producing from Japanese paper-pulp some of the numberless useful articles and toys similar to those in vogue in the island empire. To that end, Japanese paper shrubs are to be planted in America and in the countries of Southern Europe. The United States Department of Agriculture, which recently sent experts to secure seeds of the mitsumata plants, is to make extensive experiments in growing this particularly valuable variety. It is believed that this shrub will thrive in Florida, Louisiana, in irrigated parts of Texas and the Colorado Desert, and in some sections of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys in California. Should this introduction of the Japanese mitsumata plant into America prove successful, it will bring fortune to many farmers. Rice-planters, particularly in Texas —the climate of which, it is believed, will prove suitable to the valuable exotic —could set shrubs out along the unoccupied dikes and on all the narrow strips of land dividing flooded fields, and secure profitable returns from the enterprise. The American experts who have been investigating the subject in Japan

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THREE-YEAR MITSUMATA SHOOTS

These shoots of the paper-plant are from old roots, some of which are a century old and still vigorous.

are inclined to believe that when the mitsumata plants are grown successfully in America, and American machinery is invented for the conversion of the pulp into paper, that product will be put to many uses not thought of in Japan.

The reason why the mitsumata plant in particular is to be introduced into the United States is that the bark of this shrub possesses qualities which make it possible to manufacture from it a wide variety of articles. The uses to which paper is put in Japan are astonishing. To a Japanese farmer paper is as important as parchment was to an ancient scribe. When a tea-raiser in the Sunrise Kingdom takes a load to market, he covers his cart with a paper tarpaulin. Although oiled, absolutely waterproof, and almost indestructible, its texture is almost as fine as silk. It weighs only a few ounces. It can be folded and carried in a man's pocket. Mackintoshes or mantles of this same paper material are sold in Japanese cities for thirty-six sen (eighteen cents). Every farm-house in Japan is supplied with an abundance of oiled tissue paper in which products for market are wrapped. It is very tough and durable. The same sheets are used from year to year, and seem never to wear out. Sacks, through which it is claimed weevil cannot bore their predatory way, are used for grain and meal in Japan. I can readily believe the accounts given of the resisting power of Japanese paper, for in my mail one day in Tokio was a curious looking envelope which I found it impossible to tear open. I clipped the end with a pair of shears and read the enclosed letter. It was from a dealer in Japanese paper, who, in response to a note addressed to him by me, making inquiries in regard to the manufacture of leather paper in Japan, stated that the envelope containing his reply was made of the material in question.

Leather paper, or *tsuboya*, is one of the many remarkable products of the mitsumata plant. The pulp, in the manufacture of this peculiar paper, is subjected to much pressure and many wrinklings and rollings, is then coated with oil made from the seed of a plant belonging to the mint family, and finally hung out to dry in the air, where it is left for six months. The paper thus produced is as smooth as fine leather, tougher than pigskin, and nearly transparent. Colored leather paper is produced by applying pigments before the coating of oil. Hand-made wall and ceiling paper, stamped with ornamental designs, is coming into fashionable demand in the United States. Factories in Japan are busy supplying profitable orders for these artistic *tsuboya* creations.

The yield of the mitsumata paper plant in Japan frequently amounts to

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two thousand pounds of raw bark to the acre. The crude pulp is readily sold at thirty-two sen (sixteen cents) the pound. The seeds alone are sometimes quoted at three yen ($1.50) the gallon. As many as twenty-four thousand shrubs are grown on an acre. The harvesting is done by cutting the plants off at the roots. The next spring the shrub grows up again. In fact mitsumata roots a century old, and still sending up new shoots, are often shown. The plant is highly decorative, and is grown as an ornament in some of the gardens of Japan. Its introduction into America would be an esthetic as well as economic addition to the country. In the flowering season in Japan a mitsumata farm is a radiant field of delicate yellow. One peculiar feature of the plant is that it is the only common shrub in cultivation that has three branches at its forks instead of two. The paper produced in Occidental lands is made from the pulp of trees, from macerated grass, and from rags—some of them raked from the rubbish heaps of the world. The exquisite texture of the many forms of mitsumata paper is due to the nature of the bark, which somewhat resembles lace or web, and is not duplicated on any other plant in creation.

Another product of Japanese farms which may become popular and its cultivation profitable among the nations of the West, is moyashi udo, a remarkable salad plant which is crisper than celery, possesses the combined flavor of pineapple and young lettuce, is devoid of fibres, and comes into outdoor maturity in midwinter. It is predicted by American scientific agriculturists who have been in Japan and noted the flavor, popularity, and growing habits of the udo plant, that it is destined to become as famous and as important a table delicacy in Europe and America as asparagus or celery. The growing of udo is a profitable thing for Japanese farmers. The price obtained in Japan for a bundle of sixteen shoots of one variety of this plant is sometimes no less than fifty sen, or twenty-five cents.

The udo plant has been grown in the United States purely as a rare ornamental, as it was not supposed to be edible. Now that it is known to possess a value which promises to give it an honorable place with asparagus and similar dishes, its cultivation by American truck farmers may prove decidedly profitable. It is to be remembered that what gives the udo distinctive value is that it matures in the winter time. When served, udo salad is as white as snow, and lustrous like silk. The plant was introduced to Japanese agriculture from China.

The wasabi is another Japanese plant now attracting American attention. Nearly everybody knows about the soy



SHOOT OF UDO, TWO FEET LONG

The blanched young shoots of udo are crisper than celery, and possess the mingled flavor of young lettuce and pine apple.

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THE PROCESS OF SIFTING RICE IN JAPAN

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and other sauces of Japan. The preparation of these piquant condiments furnishes employment to thousands of people in that empire, and the growing of crops to supply the material is a lucrative adjunct of Japanese farming. The country is beginning to export these commodities. To every land in the Pacific where Japan has sent laborers and colonists soy sauce follows in a steady stream. The docks of Honolulu are redolent with this pungent but not displeasing importation. Not so well known as soy sauce, but of equal merit as an appetizer, is wasabi. Its use is universal in Japan. It serves the same purpose that horseradish does on Occidental tables, but is less acrid. Certain agricultural sections in Japan enjoy a favored reputation for growing this plant, and successive generations of the same farmers' families have devoted themselves to its cultivation. Recently young plants have been sent to the United States for experimental propagation, and if it can be made to thrive in America it is quite probable that it will speedily make its potent presence felt and appreciated in the Western world.

My own introduction to wasabi was unique. I count among my most pleasing experiences in this Sunrise Land my meeting with Tumio Yano, novelist and diplomat. And not the least item in my debt of gratitude to him is that he taught me to appreciate raw fish and wasabi! Mr. Yano has been the Mikado's ambassador to China and other lands. One night at the Nippon Club he led up to a delicate subject on the menu with much diplomacy. He finally got my assent to the statement that a cosmopolitan appetite is one of the distinguishing marks of cultivated travel. Then he passed me raw fish!

I confessed that I was willing to be a stick-in-the-mud or any other variety of silurian, rather than take place with the international elect by eating such a dish. My host, however, was painfully insistent, finally adding that with raw fish they, of course, ate wasabi. Now, I did not have even a vague notion of what this might be, but with that raw proposition before me it was comforting to know that at least it was to be diluted with something. I conjured up an experience in taking castor oil ambushed under sherry and sarsaparilla, which, while not a beverage one would grow to crave, might have been worse. I figured out also that with my gaucheries with chop sticks I might manage without exciting suspicion to drop the fish before the fatal moment, and eat only the mysterious wasabi. But, whether through cowardice or courage, I cannot say, fish and relish made quick and simultaneous journey to my reluctant palate, and in that never-to-be-forgotten instant there flashed into my consciousness the undeniable truth that in all my Occidental years I had been denied one of the most savory dishes in the world. Charles Lamb's Chinaman had jubilant delight over his first taste of roast pig; but that is a degraded passion compared with an Anglo-Saxon's initial ecstasy over an Oriental morsel of raw *namasu* garnished with the appetizing roots of *Eutrema wasabi*.

All honor to triumphant agricultural Japan, and may this Far Eastern member of the mustard family take deep root and spread and flourish in my native land! A vegetable that can make a man of provincial and prejudiced appetite relish raw fish, and call for more, has undoubtedly a mission in Western nations. There is many a jaded palate in over-fed Christendom that will hail wasabi eagerly when it is learned that this condiment imparts a new meaning to a menu.

There is profit in its cultivation in Japan. Two tons of the root are frequently dug in a season from an acre. Formerly there was a superstition that it could be grown only in running water, but the agricultural stations of Japan have demonstrated this to be a fallacy.

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No consideration of Japan's agriculture would be complete without at least a reminder of the Empire's vast tea culture, to which fifty thousand cho are devoted, in solid fields and odd corners of land, with an annual output of fifty million catties. Secondary crops, also, are an important feature of Japanese farming. After rice is harvested the farmers usually plant muji, rape, or genge—Japanese clover.

One of the secrets of the prosperity of Japanese farmers is that the diversified character of their crops enables them to keep busy throughout the year. When not in the fields sowing, cultivating, or reaping, the farmer is to be found in his warehouse stripping bark from his paper plants, rolling tea leaves, rearing cocoons, reeling silk, or engaged in some one of many other phases of his multiform industry. Nearly every farmhouse has a room or two devoted to the manufacture of silk.



JAPANESE FARMERS SELLING PLUMS IN THE MARKET

If forty-five million Anglo-Saxons were crowded into the insignificant tillable area of Japan, and forced to subsist on what they could make a few overworked acres yield, they would not be living in comfort, paying large sums into the national treasury, and raising product sufficient for export as well as for home consumption. In its agricultural achievements, Japan has solved the most pressing problem of existence. At the close of this war, its leaders are confident that it will assume at least industrial possession of some of the fertile areas of the Eastern continent. The Japanese predict that this alone would mark a turning point in Japanese history, for when these marvelous millions of island farmers have room to harvest with machinery instead of flails and heckles, and when Japan draws sustenance from great farms instead of pitiable acre-fractions, the empire, its leaders predict, will astonish the world with its new-found strength.

It is well that Western nations watch the furrows Japan proposes to plow on the Asiatic mainland.

Hamilton Holt

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ISRAEL ZANGWILL—PLAYWRIGHT

BY T. M. PARROTT

A blaze of Shakespearian revivals has been the latest phenomenon of the theatrical world. At one time last spring Irving, Forbes Robertson, Ben Greet's company, and the Century Players were simultaneously presenting some of Shakespeare's noblest dramas in New York. Is there any explanation of this sudden popularity of a playwright who died three centuries ago? Probably the simplest in the world. The theatrical manager not unnaturally prefers a dead lion, the sight of whose skin still continues to attract, to a living dog whose antics, after a week's repetition, are played to empty benches. Shakespeare is not more popular than usual, but the contemporary playwright has proved less so.

The truth is that the theatrical world has been passing through a reaction not unlike that experienced in commercial affairs from the boom or flush season of a couple of years ago. Like the average investor, frightened by the shrinkage of one inflated corporation after another until he prefers to keep his money in his stocking, the average playgoer has been so often deluded by exploitations of dramatic impossibilities, and by artificial ascensions of stars of the sixth magnitude, that he prefers the drowsy somnolence of his own fireside to the acute anguish he, perhaps unreasonably, anticipates in the theatre. Such a mood of suspicion is no doubt capable of much injustice. More than one of the new plays that have struggled out a brief and miserable existence on the boards of our metropolitan theatres, last winter, were worthy of a better fate. On the other hand, it is quite fair for a dramatist whose work has survived that most critical of seasons to congratulate himself upon a well-deserved success, and to look forward with good hope to a happy future. And in this category of the few and fit survivors we must include Mr. Zangwill with his delightful comedy, *Merely Mary Ann*.

This play—which passed that goal of every dramatist's ambition, the hundredth performance—is founded upon Mr. Zangwill's novelette of the same title published some ten years ago. It is not too much to say, I think, that this story, a little transcript from the life of London lodging-houses, was from the beginning one of the most pleasing of the author's works. The slow unfolding of the character of the shy and simple girl—born a farmer's daughter, but degraded to a cockney drudge, —is managed with equal artfulness and truth. One believes in Mary Ann; she is good enough to be true, and yet not realistic enough to be repulsive. It is unfortunate for the story, and even more so for the play, that the character of the artist-hero is by no means so attractive. Mr. Launcelot, it must be confessed, in spite of his birth and his lofty aspirations, is something of a prig and a good deal of a cad. Even a gentleman may, I suppose, under strong temptation, stoop to kiss a pretty serving-maid; but what shall we call the creature whose sensitive taste is so disturbed by this impulsive act that he lies awake at night over it until he is forced to rise and sponge his lips? If this part had been filled by a figure as sweet and sympathetic, let us say, as Tom Wrench in Pinero's sunniest comedy, we would

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Photograph by Elliott & Fry

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

have been spared the one discordant note in the very pretty idyl. But Mr. Zangwill apparently shares with Dickens the inability to draw an English gentleman.

The attention of most critics of the play, however, has passed over this blot, to fasten upon the last act in which the lovers, separated in the story, are brought together and reconciled. This act the critics have denounced with one accord as inartistic and untrue, a mere sop to the popular demand for a happy ending. At first glance it would appear that the objectors have a good case. The conventional happy ending is, no doubt, most commonly inartistic and untrue. Witness, for example, the absurd close which Mr. Kipling, against his own better judgment, was induced to clap upon *The Light that Failed*. And in this particular case the *advocatus diaboli* might very well cite Mr. Zangwill's own saying, that a piece of art can no more have two endings than a statue can have two heads. But, after all, a happy ending is in itself neither inartistic nor untrue. It is only so when it is out of keeping with what has gone before. A tragic ending for *The Gay Lord Quex* would be as inartistic and untrue as a happy ending for *The Second Mrs.*

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Tanqueray. And although the last act of *Merely Mary Ann* is distinctly less picturesque and attractive than the earlier scenes, it is, in my judgment, by no means out of harmony with them. It is quite possible to recognize in the translated Marian the modest sweetness and rare charm of Mary Ann. And, after all, every drama must have an ending of one sort or the other. Mr. Zangwill's story has, properly speaking, no conclusion at all; it simply stops short. A little episode of life has been finished, and we are left to draw our own conclusions as to the consequences. But a drama cannot be left hanging in the air in this fashion. Either the separation of the lovers must have been reshaped into a tragic catastrophe, or the story must be carried on, as it is, to their happy reunion. And as one looks back over the little comedy, with its sprightly outbursts of wit, its laughing strokes of ridicule, and its dainty blossomings of naïve humor, one is forced to admit that in going on to write his fourth act Mr. Zangwill has not only not violated, but has simply developed and carried to its logical conclusion, the original spirit of the tale. And it may be remarked, in passing, that the intelligent, tactful, and winning interpretation of the heroine by Miss Robson is wholly in accord with this conclusion.

The success of this play leads us naturally to speculate about Mr. Zangwill's future as a playwright. And the tendency to speculate about his future work is all the stronger because his past performances have been striking, suggestive, and versatile rather than satisfactory. Mr. Zangwill is one of the most interesting figures in the world of contemporary English letters—wit, novelist, essayist, poet, and playwright. But I doubt whether even his kindliest critic can point out any single piece of work in which this clever and prolific author can be shown to have expressed himself fairly and adequately. On the other hand, Mr. Zangwill has undoubtedly perpetrated a considerable amount of printed matter which, when the final summing-up of his career comes to be made, must either be dismissed altogether or set to the debit side of the account.

The circumstances of Mr. Zangwill's life are, I suppose, fairly well known. Born in the London ghetto, the child of poor Russian immigrants, he passed the greater part of his youth amid the scenes familiar to us from his best known works. He distinguished himself at the Jewish Free School, began to write —and even to publish—at the age of sixteen, taught in a parish school, graduated with honors at the University of London, founded a short-lived comic paper, and before long achieved some local reputation as a free-lance in the wild mêlée of London journalism. Into this combat Mr. Zangwill entered with an extraordinary equipment and a heavy handicap. The former consisted not only in his brilliancy, impetuosity, and self-confidence, but still more in his first-hand knowledge of what was then the virgin field of English Judaism. The handicap consisted, to put it plainly, in his not knowing how to write. A mere glance at one of his earliest tales, *Satan Mekatrig*, republished a few years ago in the collection *They That Walk in Darkness*, will reveal, I think, at once the handicap and the equipment. The central theme, relieved against a background of modern Jewish life, is one that Hawthorne might have envied; the style is that of a shilling shocker. I do not know what models the ambitious boy set before himself in his prentice years, but they must have been of a strange type to permit him to describe the evil spirit of his tale as a red-haired hunchback with "gigantic marble brow and handsome lips contorted in a sneer," to speak of a husband as "folded in the quiet haven of his wife's arms," and to allude to Bunyan as "the immortal allegorist." It is no spirit of petty critic-

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ism which fastens upon phrases such as these; they are not isolated blemishes, but of a piece with the whole texture of the style. And a writer capable of these phrases is, in the way of expression, like the prophet Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. At the beginning of his career Mr. Zangwill had, it is plain, not only much to learn, like every young writer, but a vast deal to unlearn. And it is only fair to say that he has done both.

The Children of the Ghetto, published in 1892, was the first work that really brought Mr. Zangwill before the eyes of the world. Like most successful novels, in this age of indiscriminate eulogy, the book has been absurdly overpraised. It is absolutely incoherent and semi-chaotic, without form—though by no means void. On the face of it, it is the work of a young writer trying to embody in one immortal masterpiece all that he had seen and thought and felt. There is material in it for half a dozen stories, and one of these alone, the story of Hannah's unconscious marriage and the doom brought down upon her by the bigoted literalism of Mosaic law, would have sufficed to make the fortune of a smaller book. But the threads of the various stories are hopelessly entangled, and the multiplicity of characters tends inevitably to diminish the interest we would naturally feel in what should have been the leading figures of this domestic tragedy. The character drawing is for the most part clear and distinct; sometimes tenderly sympathetic, as in the picture of Reb Shemuel; sometimes inspired by a hatred born of intimate knowledge beyond the power of a Christian, as in that embodiment of Jewish talent, vanity, and meanness, the poet Pinchas. The first half of the book is a panorama of life in the modern ghetto, such as had never been seen before—vivid, realistic, and convincing. At times its multiplicity of detail may bewilder, but its picturesqueness can never fail to fascinate even the outsider; while to the dweller in the ghetto such a work must have come like one of those revelations of the familiar of which true art alone is capable. The latter half of the novel, on the other hand, dealing as it does with spheres of life of which the author could, at that time, have had but a recent and limited acquaintance, is, to speak frankly, deadly dull. To the Hebrew the long disquisitions on peculiarly Jewish problems of thought and action may perhaps have some other than an artistic interest; to the mere Gentile they are as tedious as, I suppose, the theological vagaries of *Robert Elsmere* would be to the orthodox Jew.

It must have been some mocking spirit that lured Mr. Zangwill into the mad attempt to dramatize *The Children of the Ghetto*. The attempt was from the first impossible; and only the strange delusion, now happily passing away from the minds of theatrical managers, that whatever sold as a novel would draw as a play, ever permitted the result to see the boards. There was more than enough material in the novel for a drama, but to make a drama the book must have been dissolved into its elements and reconstructed anew. As a matter of fact the play, so called, was not a play at all but a succession of tableaux, whose best qualities, realism and minuteness of detail, bored the Christian and offended the Jew. And, as a not unnatural result, the days of its life upon the stage were few and evil. In America it was, to use the expressive language of the profession, "a frost"; in England it passed away after an existence of about a week.

It was seven years before Mr. Zangwill recovered sufficiently from this rebuff to attempt again dramatic composition. But in the meantime he showed himself anything but a sulking Achilles. One volume after another flowed from the point of his lively pen—stories, novels, essays, and even poems. The stories varied from cheap experiments in the New Humor, *a la* Jerome,

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to such a capital grotesque as *The King of Schnorrers;* from somewhat cynical comedies of society to the stern and simple *Ghetto Tragedies*. A volume of essays, *Without Prejudice*, showed Mr. Zangwill as a wit, a phrase-maker, and an expert in the school of topsy-turvy paradox. They are, perhaps, the most audaciously egoistic series of essays ever published; the pronoun "I" runs rampant over every page. But this, apparently, is Mr. Zangwill's protest against the mock modesty of the average essayist, an affectation which he pronounces "the most ludicrous of human shams." "I have nothing of this modesty to be proud of," he frankly asserts. "I know that I am cleverer than the man in the street, though I take no credit to myself for it, as it is a mere accident of birth, and on the whole a regrettable one." This is all very well, of course, but so keen a satirist as Mr. Zangwill must surely know that there is such a thing as an affectation of cleverness. And to my mind, at least, *Without Prejudice* suffers sadly from this affectation. A little of it is rather provokingly amusing than otherwise, but four hundred pages of it, more or less, is a rather heavy dose for the man in the street who, fortunately, is not so clever as Mr. Zangwill. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book is the second part, a record of Philosophic Excursions, Here, There, and Somewhere Else, in which Mr. Zangwill appears as the laughing philosopher, dissecting rectilineal Aberdeen, lounging through the Antwerp Exposition, or moralizing over monarchy and the Kaiser's visit to Venice. The *After Thoughts*, with which the volume closes, are, I fancy, mere "fillers," hurriedly composed to stop up blank spaces in the columns of a magazine. Certainly they contribute as little to Mr. Zangwill's glory as to the gaiety of nations.

The poems bound up in the collection, *Blind Children*, are often striking and suggestive, but never wholly satisfying. One catches tne notes of various poets whom Mr. Zangwill may be supposed to admire—Stephen Phillips, Henley, the French Symbolists, and Heine. The strongest poem in the volume, *Israel*, is, strange to say, set to the accompaniment of the bass drum, after the fashion of Rudyard Kipling. It is quite impossible to mistake the ultimate origin of such lines as these:

> Rotting in sunlit Roumania, pigging in Russian Pale;
> Driving in Park, Bois, and Prater, clinging to Fashion's tail;
>
> Reeling before every rowdy, sore with a hundred stings,
> Clothed in fine linen and purple, loved at the Courts of Kings.
>
> Faithful friends to our foemen, slaves to a scornful clique,
> The only Christians in Europe turning the other cheek.
>
> Blarneying, shivering, crawling, taking all colors and none,
> Lying a fox in the covert, leaping an ape in the sun.

In striking contrast to this noisy music is the simple earnestness and direct appeal of a pair of poems, *To the Blessed Christ* and *Incarnation*, poems which more than any other passage in his works show Mr. Zangwill to have outgrown the inherited prejudices of his race. There is a strong sincerity in *At the Worst*, a mocking wisdom in *Feminine Theology*, and a rich sense of Oriental life and color in the *Night Piece* written in Smyrna harbor. But there is never quite the lyric rapture, never quite the happy harmony of words and thought, that makes the true poem and sends the happy discoverer in a glow to share the new-found treasure with a friend. And until Mr. Zangwill can achieve something of this sort he is hardly entitled to call himself, in the best sense of the word, a poet.

Mr. Zangwill's latest novel, *The Mantle of Elijah*, shows a great advance over his first in technic, and especially in constructive power. Broad as is the canvas and numerous as are the figures, there is a sense of unity given to the

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story by the centripetal fashion in which it wheels about the character of the heroine. Indeed if the author had been content to end the story with the first book one might fairly enough have pronounced the novel a real achievement. But, as in *The Children of the Ghetto*, Mr. Zangwill insists on pushing on; and the second part, though by no means dull, is distinctly inferior to the first. It is far too bitter with the bitterness of contemporary politics; the bright, ingenuous maiden of the first book darkens into a moody and discontented wife, who wavers between a desire for freedom and a dread of Mrs. Grundy; the figure of her Jewish poet lover, with his tiresome rhapsodies about Nietzsche and the Beyond Man, is vague and unconvincing. In spite of its brilliant dialogue, lively characterization, and real narrative power, the book as a whole is disappointing. Even here in his most ambitious effort one still feels that Mr. Zangwill has but imperfectly expressed himself, that his personality is still above and beyond his work.

If this hasty review of Mr. Zangwill's past achievements in any degree approximates correctness, one may perhaps draw from it certain conclusions as to Mr. Zangwill's future. That he will never be a poet we may assume as certain. His essays are good "copy," but hardly the stuff on which a reputation may safely rest. His stories—the best of them at least—are capital, but one expects higher things of Mr. Zangwill than an occasional short story. His potentialities as a novelist are still, I believe, an open question; but it is not unfair to point out that he has now been writing some fifteen years without achieving one indisputable success in this field.

What then remains for Mr. Zangwill? A field of work in which the harvests are every day whitening for the strong and intelligent workman, the field of the modern prose drama. It is absurd to talk of the decay of the drama. In half a century the outlook has not been so promising as it is today. The opportunities are greater, the rewards higher, than ever before. And with a few notable exceptions these opportunities are being bungled, and these rewards only half secured, by playwrights who will not for a moment sustain a comparison with Mr. Zangwill in the essential qualifications for dramatic composition—ability to tell a story, power of characterization, and the gift of lively and entertaining dialogue. If in addition to these he can learn—and the success of *Merely Mary Ann* seems to show that he is learning—the necessary technic, the tricks of the playwright's trade, there is no reason, I believe, why he should not proceed from one success to another until his name stands among the first of contemporary English dramatists.

And for this place Mr. Zangwill has distinct qualifications. He is wittier than Mr. Jones; more earnest than Mr. Pinero; more in touch with modern life than Mr. Phillips. And he has, in addition, command of the rich domain of Jewish life which, in spite of the miserable failure of his first attempt to exploit it for the stage, remains fruitful of subjects alike for tragedy and comedy. In no other sphere is the tragic clash between the old and the new sharper and more inevitable; in no other do the broad humors of character, of family and social life, have freer play. Neither *Merely Mary Ann*, nor the new comedy upon which Mr. Zangwill is now engaged, touches upon this ground; but these, we may hope, are mere preliminary studies. If, with powers fully ripened, Mr. Zangwill reverts to the field which is his own by right of birth, we may, I confidently believe, expect from him a group of plays in which his peculiar powers shall find the full and satisfactory expression that has hitherto been denied them.



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THE VANISHING BOARDER

by Eleanor Hoyt

"Now am I in Arden. When I was at home I was in a better place."

Susette made the quotation wofully, and emphasized it by a vicious kick at a fat toadstool.

Prudence nodded understanding.

"Yes, it is slow, isn't it?"

"Slow?" Susette's tone held a world of comment. "Slow! Why, beside this sort of thing, solitary confinement in a dungeon-keep is one mad round of gaiety and dissipation. And yet there are beings who put in lifetimes in the country!"

"But I thought you liked the country?"

"Of course I like the country—in its proper place. The country is all very well as a stage-setting. The very best times of my life have been bucolic. But what's the use of a stage-setting without any *dramatis personæ?* What's the country good for, without a man?"

Prudence assumed an expression of pained protest, though her eyes twinkled.

"Shocking, my dear, positively shocking! Sighing for men, when you have the murmuring rills and the caroling birds and the spreading oaks—"

"Spreading fiddlesticks!" interrupted Susette rudely; and then both girls laughed, and moved so that the spreading oak would more effectually screen them from the sun.

"Besides I'm not sighing for men," Susette went on. "I'm only wishing for *a* man; just one ordinary man, even a quality below the ordinary; one little, little man. Of course I'd rather have a big one, but I'd accept even a little one with effusive thanks."

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Prudence looked at her chum, who was lying stretched out upon the moss, her hands under her head, her white frock cool against the deep green and clinging lovingly to the slender figure, the sunlight sifted through the leaves playing in her warm brown hair, and casting soft, flickering shadows over a charming, mutinous face in which dimples and smiles lurked visibly amid the whimsical petulance.

"I can think of a large group of men of assorted sizes, any one of whom would scramble here if you'd agree to accept him even without effusiveness."

Susette shook her head.

"I'm not offering a permanency, my dear; and what would we do with one of the collection, if he came? Aunt Hannah wouldn't allow him on the place, and there's no hotel within miles. I do think Aunt Hannah might at least have selected a young farmer and 'hand' to run the farm. She's collected a valuable group of antiques now, hasn't she? I've always been given to understand that there were stalwart sons of Anak on farms. Jeremiah and Hiram are a fine Anaky couple!"

"Susette, you were crazy to come. You said you wanted to get away from people and be in a place where it would be green and quiet, and where you could loaf and invite your soul."

"Well, so I did; but my soul has sent regrets, and that changes my point of view. What I really yearn for is the beach at Coney Island. There are more fellow-beings—of a kind—to the square inch there than in any other place I can think of. And to think I let you in for this, Prue! You could have gone to Kennebunk for this month, and I persuaded you to come to Aunt Hannah's with me."

"Oh, that's all right; I quite like it," vowed Prudence loyally. "You know that I'd rather be with you here than at Kennebunk without you."

"And how could I know she was a fossilized dragon? and that the lovely farm was a thousand miles from nowhere? Daddy hadn't seen her in forty years, and she wrote an awfully nice old-fashioned letter, and I sort of pictured a lavender silk, old mahogany, spinet, Canton china situation. My literary sense will be the death of me yet. I presented Aunt Hannah with a cherished romance and a gentle sentimental spinsterhood; and here she's a whalebone and rawhide Yankee manager, who hates men worse than she hates anything except dust and wastefulness; as a matter of fact I believe she thinks men were just a bit of dusty wastefulness on the part of the Almighty."

"Never mind," said Prudence soothingly. "We'll squirm through July, and escape by the first of August."

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"Miss Duval! Miss Duval!"

A high, piercing voice, with a fine nasal twang, came shrilly through the quiet, sun-steeped air.

Susette sat up suddenly.

"There's the light-footed Maria. What do you suppose she wants?"

"Oh, Miss Duval!"

"Here, Maria."

Susette was on her feet now—tall, slim, pretty, expectant.

A spindling, slab-sided girl, in a shapeless brown gingham frock, plunged heavily through the willows, and paused panting on the other side of the stream near which the girls were standing.

"Please, Miss, your Aunt's had a telegraph. She's that stirred up she broke the blue and white teapot. Her niece Molly, up at Springtown, she's going to marry somebody or somethin', and your Aunt, she's goin' right up to stop it. She's puttin' on her black alpaca and Hiram he's gettin' up a horse and she's goin' on that two-fifty train. She wants you to come in right away so she can tell you what to do over Sunday. She won't be back till Monday afternoon, anyhow."

Maria stopped for breath.

"Hooray for Molly!" murmured Susette, as she and Prudence made their gingerly way across the stepping-stones.

"Do you know her?"

"Never heard of her. You see Aunt Hannah isn't my aunt—no relation at all. Father's brother married her adopted sister. They do say Aunt Hannah would have married father if he hadn't been a sprinter. There'd be nothing for it but flight if she once made up her mind."

The two girls hurried across the meadow, through the orchard, and up to the rambling white house, before whose box-stoop stood two huge sentinel elms. On the stoop, framed by the straight trunks of the giant trees, was a gaunt, angular figure in a black frock and bonnet of a year long dead.

A horse that in some vague way resembled the woman, and that was harnessed to a light spring wagon, waited at the side of the house, and an elderly, hollow-chested, loose-jointed man in blue jeans and a torn straw hat held the reins.

"Girls, I've had bad news."

Miss Martin's voice was crisp, her tone was grim.

"I'm going away for three days, and you'll have to get along somehow. I've told Maria what to have for meals, and written it down so you'll see she does as I told her. The paper is in the first right-hand pigeon-hole of the desk in the sitting-room. I've put

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away the best china. That girl would be sure to break things if I wasn't around with my eye on her. Be careful about the lamps, and don't forget to bolt the doors. Don't you give Hiram any victuals, Maria Elkins. He's engaged to board at the farmhouse with Jeremiah's folks, and I don't allow to feed him. I'm sorry I have to go off, but there isn't any time to lose. I guess I'll see whether any niece of mine's going to marry an Irish Papist! Won't listen to her folks, won't she? Well, I guess she'll listen to me. So'll he. I'll be back Monday afternoon at five. Goodby. Now, Hiram, you just make that mare go as if she weren't ploughing by the day."

The wagon rattled down the drive.

"Maria, don't you forget to fold the counterpanes, and don't talk to peddlers."

The parting admonitions were wafted back upon the summer breeze.

Susette sat down limply upon the stoop and mopped her brow.

"Wish I could telegraph Molly," she said fervently. "Think of having an Irish Papist to run away with! I'd welcome a Hottentot Swedenborgian."

"It's rather jolly, being left alone," suggested Prudence.

"Well, rather. Next to having an agreeable man on the place, not having Aunt Hannah is the most consolatory thing I can think of. Maria, what's that smells so good?"

"Baking; berry pies and doughnuts and bread and coffee-cake. There's floating island made, too, and baked beans; and Miss Martin she 'lowed she'd have a ham cooked tomorrow. There's fried chicken for supper."

"I will say for Aunt Hannah that she doesn't starve us," Susette admitted generously. "Come on, Prue, let's go up to the falls. I left a book up there this morning."

The two girls followed the winding, garrulous brook past the willow-fringed meadows into the woods where it swirled noisily around great moss-covered boulders and foamed over miniature rapids, dropping occasionally into silence in deep brown-hearted pools in the shelter of the rocks or fallen logs, or in the curves of shelving banks. Rank fern and damp, sweet-smelling herbs grew thickly along the path; the sunlight fell green-golden through the leaves, and warmed the velvety mosses into sudden flashes of vivid color. The splash and gurgle and ripple of the running water were light-hearted wood voices.

Susette stopped for a moment to draw a long breath of content.

"After all," she admitted, spreading out her hands in a little inclusive gesture, "this isn't bad. There are moments when I can

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conceive of an Adamless Eden—but I could never consider giving up the serpent. Now a man would probably see in the brook only a trout-stream. He'd fish and fish, and be absolutely unappreciative of the esthetic side of nature. A man—"

Her harangue broke off short with a snap. She clutched her comrade's arm.

"There is one!"

"A tramp!" gasped Prudence tremulously.

"Tramp indeed! Those are city-built knickers, Prudence Pillsbury. When I get back to the house I shall pour a libation of elderberry wine to all the gods."

Prudence was distinctly uneasy, but Susette was cast in more heroic mould.

"Go back now? Perish the thought! Going forward is just beginning to be interesting. He's been fishing. Tramps don't carry fishing tackle and read books bound in limp leather. I wonder if his face matches his back. Dreadfully long back, isn't it, stretched out on the bank that way? Come on, honey. It's time for us to be discovered."

She went swiftly forward, her face as guileless as a baby's, serene unconsciousness of the stranger's presence writ large upon her.

The young man heard the crackle of twigs, lazily lifted his chin from his hands and his eyes from his book, and for a second lay there staring in blank surprise at the apparition moving toward him. Then he scrambled hastily to his feet, took his pipe from his mouth and his cap from his head, and confronted Susette.

Her startled-fawn pose was a triumph. She was surprised, tremendously surprised; anyone could have seen that. But she rallied with gentle dignity.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the Man Body. "I'm afraid I frightened you."

Susette blushed. She always blushes when she is interested in a rôle. It doesn't mean anything, but it is most effective.

"Oh, it's quite all right," she said sweetly. "Of course it did startle me. We are so used to having these woods all to ourselves that we had forgotten there were other folks in the world."

"Then I'm trespassing. It's my normal state nowadays, but there's no way of knowing, and the stream was an alluring proposition for a fisherman. I'm awfully sorry. You don't feel faint or anything, do you?"

Susette didn't feel faint.

Prudence had come up and was eying the other young woman with an expression 'twixt severity and apprehension. She is never quite sure what Susette will do next.

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The stranger took the initiative. He was extremely good to look at. Even Prudence admitted that. The corduroys were worn and shabby; the soft felt hat was battered; but the man was evidently a gentleman, and the frank boyishness and good nature in the handsome, sun-browned face were disarming.

"I wonder if you'd mind telling me—" The eyes were still fixed on Susette's blushes, and a faint touch of dull red crept into his own tanned cheeks. "You see, I'm a stranger here. I've been tramping—fishing and sketching and loafing—for three weeks, and I seem to have missed my road today. I wonder if you'd mind telling me how far I am from Millville."

"Twenty miles," said Susette.

"Oh, I say, I have made a mess of it! I was to put up there and take a bit of a rest on Sunday. Might I trouble you to tell me what is the nearest town?"

"Martin Center is our post-office."

Prudence noted a gleam of inspiration in her chum's face, and her apprehension deepened.

"Is it far from here?"

Susette considered.

"About ten miles."

She had generously presented four miles to the road between the farm and the village, but Prudence controlled herself and held her peace.

"Really! Well, that's rather a pull for a tired man. Is there a hotel at Martin Center?"

Susette shook her head.

"It's a shame to bother you; I'm imposing on your kindness, but do you know whether there's any sort of a farmhouse in the neighborhood where they might put me up over night, or over Sunday? I'm dead tired, and I'd like to fish this brook if I could get permission."

High resolve set its seal on Susette's politely interested face.

"We take summer-boarders," she said. "Our room is vacant just now, and if you think you can be comfortable—"

Prudence's mouth shut with a snap, and some inward spasm shook her.

"Susette, don't you think," she began feebly; but Susette moved the coming objection aside.

"We will show you the way to the house and you can look at the room," she said in a business-like manner.

The incredulous delight that had surprised the young man's mouth and eyes faded into vague discretion, and he pulled himself together.

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"My name is Wetherell," he said courteously. "When I'm not a tramp I'm a New York lawyer. It's awfully good of you to be willing to take me in."

Susette's dignity was imposing, though not glacial.

"This is my cousin, Miss Pillsbury. My name is Duval. Our aunt is usually with us to superintend things, but she is called away over Sunday. It is too bad she will not be at home to attend to your comfort."

A vision of Aunt Hannah in the rôle of ministering angel plunged Prudence into a violent fit of coughing, but Susette's serenity would have put a mid-May morning to shame.

The three turned back along the wood path, Prudence leading the way. Her heart was in her throat. Only a sublime confidence in Susette's generalship kept her from absolute panic. The prank was really too mad. Behind her Susette and the Tramp chatted gaily. Mr. Wetherell of New York was convinced of the efficiency of his guardian angel; Susette is never so radiant as when she is something reprehensible.

In the orchard Prudence found a chance for a word in the sinner's ear:

"It's dreadful!" she murmured. "Honestly, Susette, it's too bad! Do get rid of him. Maria will tell, and your aunt will be crazy—and anyway it's shockingly improper."

"Yes, isn't it?" chuckled Susette appreciatively. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. Don't worry about Maria. She adores me. I'm the one love of Maria's heart, up to date. She'll be mute as a fish, and he'll go Monday morning; and Aunt Hannah doesn't come till Monday afternoon. To think that I called country life slow!"

The Tramp was installed in the parlor on a horse-hair chair, with a much embarrassed Miss Pillsbury sitting opposite him on the slippery sofa; and Susette disappeared kitchen-ward to interview Maria.

After a long ten minutes she reappeared fairly radiating good humor, and gave Prudence an encouraging nod.

"The maid will show you to the room, Mr. Wetherell—if you think it will be comfortable—"

"A foregone conclusion," interrupted the Tramp.

"You may take possession," Susette went on. "Ask Maria for anything you find wanting. I believe the room is quite in order. We have supper at six-thirty."

Maria, looking like a hypnotized idiot, appeared at the hall door; Mr. Wetherell followed her up-stairs, and Susette, subsiding upon the sofa, hugged Prudence ecstatically.

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"And I only asked for a *little* man! He's six feet if he's an inch, and such a duck! Did you notice his eyes, Prue? And such a jolly mouth, and such an appreciative soul! Oh, this is a good world!"

"Aunt Hannah will find out."

"It will be worth it; I intend to tell her myself. Maria would be hung, drawn, and quartered, before she'd tell. She thinks it's like a book."

"You're ruining her morals."

"Bother! It'll do her all the good in the world. She's had a very dull gray time; a splash of purple will brighten up her landscape. And anyway, dear, you wouldn't turn a weary traveler away from your door. Hospitality is a sacred duty—I pointed that out to Maria. She's going to bake biscuit."

The supper was an unqualified success. Susette hadn't resurrected the best china. Even her recklessness had its limitations; but the fried chicken and biscuit and honey were good enough to give an air even to stone china; and Susette, in a pink and white organdie frock, poured tea in a fashion that made any other luxuries absolutely superfluous. The Boarder succumbed without a struggle, and Prudence, who knew the symptoms, resigned herself to a lonely Sabbath.

"I'll not be dragged around with you," she announced later to Susette. "This is your party, and you can manage it. I'm going to read Cotton Mather's sermons. They're on the what-not, and I've read everything else in the house."

She finally consented, under strong suasion, to sit on the stoop for a little while before taking to Mather; but she beat an early retreat and read in the lighted parlor, where a murmur of conversation, punctuated with laughter, floated in to her from the moonlit world outside.

At half-past nine Susette came in.

"Mr. Wetherell is going to stay out and smoke for a while. He'll bolt the front door when he comes in. Prue, you look like a sulky cherub. Stop it, and come to bed. I'm tired, but very happy. I'm afraid the truly good must find life awfully dull. Now I know this isn't fair to Aunt Hannah, but she has no right to be such a cantankerous crank that she drives people to desperation. I'll tell her after it's over, and clear you and Maria. She can't more than flay me alive; and after all there's no real harm in this affair. With you here it's proper enough, even if it isn't according to Dame Grundy; and anybody can see at a glance that he's a gentleman—and a charmer. He says your profile is pure Greek, Prue."

Prudence rather fancies her profile, herself. She relented

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slightly, and by the time the two had climbed the stairs together harmony reigned. The Boarder, smoking out under the elm trees and thinking long thoughts about golden-brown hair and gray eyes and dimples, smiled sympathetically as muffled bursts of laughter, from behind the curtain drawn across a lighted window, disturbed the hush of the night.

It was a merry world. Even a New York lawyer could recognize the fact.

Prue's anticipation of a solitary Sunday was justified by the event. At the breakfast table Susette assumed that the Boarder would wander forth alone in quest of the wily trout, and sweetly reminded him that dinner would be ready at one.

Mr. Wetherell promptly developed deep-rooted objections to fishing on the Sabbath, and, of course, no young woman of fine feelings could urge a man to set aside moral scruples.

Susette is a young woman of fine feelings.

Happening to mention casually that she intended going to the falls after the book whose quest was abandoned Saturday, she was surprised, but charmed, to find that the lawyer's morals imposed no veto upon Sunday strolls.

She begged Prudence to join the expedition. Prue greeted the proposition with the silent scorn it merited, and retreated to the hammock and the society of the Reverend Cotton Mather.

Susette stopped to speak to her *en route* to the falls, and found her distinctly aggrieved.

"Do you like me in this hat?" asked the offending one blithely. It was a most delectable hat with its wild-rose wreath and its flapping, loose-woven brim through which sunlight sifted; but Prudence refused to consider it.

"I thought you were going after a book," she said, with a stern glance at the volume tucked under Susette's arm.

"So I am; but it's Henry James. What could I do with Henry James and another man on a summer morning like this? I'm taking Browning. You really can't miss it on Browning. There are critics, Prue, who deny that Browning is a true poet, but nobody can deny that he's a promoter."

"Evidently you don't share Mr. Wetherell's views on the subject of Sunday angling."

Susette looked at her chum reflectively.

"Prudence, my love, a god-like calm goes better with a Greek profile than savage sarcasm. If I had that profile I'd live up to it."

She joined the waiting Boarder, and Prudence grinned over the Puritan divine's most vivid picture of damnation. It is hard to be consistently wroth with Susette.

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From indications at the noonday meal Prudence judged that Browning and Susette had done their worst. She spent the afternoon in the hammock, with her back turned upon a couple who read poetry under a tree in the orchard. Supper was, so to speak, a love-feast. Even Maria recognized that fact, and delivered a heavy wink to Prudence from behind the rapt Boarder's handsome head.

The front stoop was "Paradise enow" for the evening, but Prudence passed her time fighting June-bugs beside an ill-smelling lamp in the parlor.

When Susette came in she looked thoughtful and was uncommunicative. Prudence recognized the stage, and braided disapproval into every twist of her hair, as she prepared for bed amid a vast silence.

"He's going tomorrow noon," volunteered Susette, as she blew out the light.

No comment from the figure upon the extreme inside edge of the bed, with the face turned toward the wall.

Susette sighed.

"I never was a favorite. 'My father never smiled,'" she quoted with doleful fervor.

Prudence imitated the unappreciative father, and conversation languished.

When the Boarder appeared in the dining-room on Monday morning he carried his bulging knapsack with him. Prudence was civilly taciturn. Susette was gently pensive, smiling delightfully, but with an effort.

Mr. Wetherell deposited the knapsack in a vacant chair.

"I thought I might as well pack up and not waste any of the morning," he said with such unrestrained gloom that for an instant the pensiveness slipped its moorings, and Susette's smile lapsed into a frank gaiety which she promptly suppressed.

"You are going to help me get those water-lilies?" she asked.

"Of course."

"The pond is quite a mile away."

The distance evidently did not weaken his resolve.

"But it's a beautiful walk. You'll enjoy it."

Prudence smiled grimly into her oatmeal bowl. She doubted the prophecy, but she was convinced that Susette, at least, would enjoy the walk.

The Boarder gazed across uneaten porridge and bacon and eggs at the pensive Young Person in the blue linen frock.

"You aren't eating your breakfast," the Young Person said reproachfully.

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He admitted the fact, but made no apparent effort toward reform.

When breakfast ended the trio wandered out upon the front stoop, Prudence revolving plans for a lonely morning, Susette talking lightly about the weather, the Boarder mute.

From the road came the thud of horses' hoofs and a clatter of wheels guiltless of rubber tires. Susette eyed the approaching cloud of dust listlessly.

"We do need rain," she murmured. Then, suddenly, every muscle of her face and body stiffened into consternation.

Through the drift in the dust she had caught a glimpse of a familiar figure in black. She seized the Boarder's arm wildly and dragged him inside the door.

Amazed, bewildered, he stared at her terrified face and allowed her to push him toward the dining-room.

"Miss Duval—Susette—what is it?" he exclaimed.

"Aunt Hannah!"

Horror saturated the two words.

Prudence, who had followed the retreating party, allowed a pardonable "I-told-you-so" gleam to lurk for one moment in her eyes; then incontinently surrendered to sympathy.

"Out the back door," she gasped.

Susette nodded.

"You stop her out in front. Sand-bag her, if you can't do it any other way!"

Opening and shutting his mouth futilely in vain effort to demand explanation, the dazed Boarder took the knapsack which Susette thrust into his hands and was hurried on into the kitchen, where Maria stood over the steaming tubs.

"Maria, Aunt Hannah's coming! She's 'most here."

The handmaiden's lower jaw dropped like a plummet.

"Oh, Lord!" she groaned.

"Take him out through the grape arbor, and across the berry patch. She can't see you there. Come back just as soon as he's in the woods."

"B—b—b—but—" stammered the Boarder.

"Oh, go! Please go—if you don't want me to cry, run! Maria'll explain. Oh, do go!"

Maria clutched him with a strong, soapy hand.

He went, unceremoniously, uncomprehendingly; but recognizing in a vague way the urgency of quick action.

"But I may write to you? I must write to you," came back over his shoulder as Maria hustled him excitedly toward the sheltering arbor.

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"Yes, do write, but run now! Oh, please run!"

He ran.

Susette interrupted the tale of Molly's shortcomings, to which Prudence was listening with an absorbed interest whose subtle flattery had warmed the narration into eloquence and detained the narrator on the front stoop.

"Molly's eloped!" announced Prue.

"No?" Susette's face expressed mingled horror and incredulity.

Aunt Hannah untied her bonnet-strings viciously.

"Clear gone when I got there. She's crazy—plumb crazy. She comes out of my will tomorrow. So does her mother. She might have stopped the girl if she'd a had a grain of sense. No born fools and Irish Papists are going to get anything out of this farm—how'd you get along?"

"Nicely." Susette's face was crimson.

"Where's Maria?"

"In the back yard."

"Well, I'll change my dress."

She vanished into the bedroom leading off the parlor. The two girls went out into the open air to draw long breaths.

"Susette, you said you were going to tell her."

Prudence was stern as an accusing angel.

Susette went on fanning herself feebly with a microscopic handkerchief.

"I will, dear; honestly I will. I've danced. I'll pay the piper. But it would be superhuman to pay spot cash on demand like that. I need a season of fasting and prayer before I take my life in my hands. And this was so—so sudden!"

She twinkled, but relapsed into contrition.

"I'm sorry, Prue. Really I'm sorry. It was horrid of me. I wish I hadn't—but wasn't it a heavenly interlude? How mad and sad and bad it was; but oh, how it was sweet— He does so appreciate Browning, Prue. I wonder what sort of letter he writes; what do you think?"

Maria tiptoed around the corner of the house like a stealthy hippopotamus.

"Sh!" she hissed. "He's gone to Millville. He give me five dollars. S—s—sh!"

With the gesture of a stage-conspirator she disappeared.

"As I prophesied long, long ago, in prehistoric times," said Susette, "a touch of purple does brighten Maria's landscape wonderfully."

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THE OLD LACE-MENDER

BY CLARA MORRIS

Was she mad? I don't know. The first time I saw her she stood on the bank of the lake, a little, swaying, black-robed figure facing a blinding gale. The wild wind tore her pitifully thin shawl from her shoulders, and sent it whirling down the lonely street. I set my long, young legs in motion and ran it down and, returning, put it about her sharp old shoulders. She gave me one piercing glance from the blackest eyes I ever saw, and with a sort of smile said: "My dear, you are a wonder. Few young people condescend to run like that, particularly for the old. I thank you."

She turned her face again to the lake, and though I found it hard to keep my position, she somehow managed to maintain hers, frail as she was.

"Madam, could you not let me wait here for your message, or—er—your friend, and then come and tell you?"

She turned her sharp eyes upon my face, and exclaimed: "God bless my soul, the girl means a kindness to me!" And she laughed a shrill, thin peal of mocking laughter that made me hot with shame and anger too, and I turned away with a brief "I beg your pardon!" But she could be quick if she was old, and her claw-like hand was on my wrist in a moment, and her sharp voice reached me through the wind: "I can't, my dear! I can't leave now! You see, my treasures are out there, and, if they should be given up, I want to be at hand!" She turned and again faced the gale, while I flew like the wind from her strange presence.

Some weeks passed before I saw her again, and then, as it happened, I was able to do her a second small service. The day was wet and windy, the streets muddy. I was hurrying to cross an alleyway, when I heard a little cry behind me, and there rolled past my feet a very neatly done-up small package, with a large red seal in wax. It stopped directly in front of an advancing dray-horse. I snatched it up and sprang across to the sidewalk, where I waited for the owner. It was addressed to "Mrs. Worden"; and as she came hurrying across with anxious face and outstretched hands, behold, there was my strange old lady again! She seized the package and, examining it carefully, muttered, more to herself than to me: "I hope it's safe! A fortune blowing about the muddy streets like that!"

My face must have been an expressive one; at all events, she read it like a book, and went on, rather sneeringly: "Oh, I'm not mad—at least, not now! This does not belong to me. It would not be a fortune if it did. It's lace—old, rare, and very valuable! Had it been ruined—oh, it makes me quite faint to think of such a chance! I am really very grateful to you, my child!"

We walked side by side a little way, when she said: "My dear, I'm not a stupid woman, but I can't quite make you out. Your speech and bearing say one thing, but your being out so much, quite unattended, says another. Oh, I've seen you many times since that day at the lake. Then your clothes—they are too good for poverty; but you wear the same things too often to have generous, well-to-do parents. No, I don't quite understand."

We were right at the door of the theatre then, and I stopped, saying:

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"I go in here—there is a rehearsal—I'm a member of the company."

I never saw such fire as could leap into those fierce old eyes of hers; at that moment they fairly blazed.

"Here? You? You with that clean, honest, young face! For fifty years I've had a curse, hot and burning, in my heart for theatres and all connected with them!" Then, angrily shaking her forefinger at me, she added: "You run up your flag, girl—your flag of red and black, of paint and dyes—that honest craft may know there's a pirate in these waters!" And she left me, standing there between the desire to laugh and the desire to cry.

"A pirate?" I was such a harmless, well-meaning little pirate, that even had I shown the flag and blackened my lashes and rouged my cheeks, I doubt if I would have caused a very great panic in the Cleveland shipping. And so at last the laugh won, and I said aloud: "I am a pirate! I'm a pirate!" as I turned my face stageward.

The next day was very stormy and bitter cold. Mother insisted upon my wrapping her shawl about me, but I had not gone more than a block or two before I was in trouble. The wind caught the shawl, and I was laboring with it when I heard some one knocking on a window-pane, knocking so very loudly that I looked up and, to my astonishment, there stood Mrs. Worden. I was amazed, because I had supposed the house unoccupied. The lower part was, in fact, empty, but at the upper window she was standing and making signs for me to come over to her. Still wrestling with the shawl, I plunged over. The old lady opened the front door, showing an empty hall and bare walls; and, holding tightly to the door itself, she motioned me with her head to come in. I obeyed, and stood leaning against the unfriendly-looking wall, trying to regain my breath.

Mrs. Worden smiled sardonically at me, and remarked: "I don't think you will get to your precious rehearsal today at that rate of speed. I've been watching you prancing about with that shawl, and I've brought you down this."

She held out to me a shawl pin. As I took it I found it was yet warm from the hand of its maker, since it was formed of a stout darning needle with a ball of red sealing wax for a head. She had seen my trouble, and had hastily made this shawl pin especially for me. I was surprised beyond speech for a moment, and she mistook my silence, for she began to jeer: "Oh, use it, use it! If you can keep that shawl about you, it may save you from a sickness. Then you can hide the pin from the sight of those lords and ladies at your great, fine theatre. They are so artistic, I fear its roughness and lack of finish might jar upon them."

But I shook my head, and, smiling broadly at her, I answered: "It's no use, Mrs. Worden, you can never frighten me again. I know you now, and you are good and kind."

A sort of wonder came upon her: "Good God!" she cried, "you must be madder than I am!" Then she turned her eyes to the rough, gray lake spreading far before us, and on her face there grew the look it wore the first time I saw her. She spoke out quite distinctly, but apparently not to me.

"I wonder if you hear?" she cried. "I wonder! You used to call me good and kind, aye and dear! But that's five and forty years ago! A weary time, my pretties! Perhaps the sign is coming soon!"

I stood a moment, then I laid my hand gently on her arm and said: "See how safe the shawl is now. I thank you very much, and I shall get to the rehearsal in time after all."

She looked a bit bewildered, then she asked: "Shall you be long today?"

"Oh, no," I answered, "I shall be through very early."

"Then suppose you stop in here a bit and have a cup of coffee."

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I accepted the invitation eagerly, and as I ran down the steps, she called to me: "You girl, I may be out when you come. See, here's where you'll find the key, and just go right up to the front room and wait for me." I nodded and started again, but once more through the wind came her shrill call: "You girl, don't you touch the fire, if you have to wait—mind now don't touch it—I attend to that myself!" The door slammed shut, and I was slammed down the windy street, but in considerable comfort now that the thick shawl was fastened so securely about me.

I was really quite excited at the prospect of seeing her at home. She was an acquired taste. I found her bitter at first; but there was now a faint hint of sweetness rising above the bitterness, and I liked it. I hurried to keep my appointment, and as I approached I was struck by the resemblance the house bore to the woman who lived in it. Both were so old, so gaunt, so lonely, and above all, so frail. Surely, I thought, that trembling old shell cannot be safe in any great off-lake gale. And when I first entered it and mounted its sagging old stairs, I was really frightened when it jarred at every quick movement and shook in each blast of the wind.

Mrs. Worden was out when I arrived, so I entered gladly the front room she had indicated, and closed the door. Now the French say that when colors do not agree, they swear at one another; but never surely did inanimate things swell to such a storm of profanity as did the furnishings of this room. The floor was bare; the boards were narrow and warped and hungry looking. Guiltless of stain or paint, they had been scrubbed to a creamy whiteness, which somehow gave the whole floor a peculiarly frigid, unfriendly look. Then exactly opposite the door there hung, upon the glaring whitewashed wall, in a magnificent frame, a life-sized, full-length portrait in oil, of a charming girl of about ten years—the swearing here was almost audible.

The windows, ill-fitting and rattling in their cases, looked out directly upon the lake. The bedstead had been a grand affair in its long-passed day; but now, stripped of all its luxurious hangings, it stretched its thin old arms up to meet the skeleton of its former canopy, while the silken spread of patchwork, of a brain-destroying intricacy of pattern, was worn clear through in places. As I turned slowly around I found another great portrait. This time it was a boy, who smiled happily at me from the canvas—such a handsome, manly little fellow, for all his absurd dress! One only smiled with him—not at him. I was very much impressed, for I felt sure those portraits were the work of some great artist; and I was right, for later on I learned they had been painted by the most famous artist of his time.

Two small tables, a bureau, a few chairs, all of the commonest, and a small corner cupboard completed the furniture of this odd room. Oh, yes, I must not forget the screen, a tall, narrow, three-paneled affair which played an important part in its owner's daily life. And the fire. Thank heaven, I thought, for one thing that did not look cold. I think there was about one scant quart of fire, and as I threw off my shawl I started to put on some coal, when suddenly I remembered that injunction: "You girl, don't touch the fire!" and I stayed my hand. But when I looked into the box and saw there just four pieces of coal, and so suspiciously exact in size, and leaning at the end of the box a hammer, my heart melted with pity—I began to understand.

With a sigh I left the fire—precious but inadequate—and turned to study the painted pair. The boy, swarthy, smiling, happy, won your love at once, but the girl's blond arrogance slightly repelled. The portrait, considered as a picture, was quite lovely. The dainty

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figure in the soft, yellowish-pink gown stood out well from the olives and dull greens of the brocaded curtain behind her. On the table lay her great hat, while just slipping from her shoulder was the black velvet pelisse, which by contrast brought out so beautifully the milky whiteness of her childish neck. The features, the lift of the head, the thin, slightly shrewish, delicate lips were all wonderfully like Mrs. Worden —but the color scheme was wrong. This handsome, overbearing child was blond as she could be; while the boy, with but one feature of her face, her piercing eyes, was surely darker than she had ever been.

So I stood before the girl and thought how clever had been the artist who had painted the boy with his hand upon his dog's head, while in the girl's hand he had placed a broken necklace; in these bits of detail, I thought, he has given his idea of their character. Just then I heard Mrs. Worden approaching.

Like many people who live alone, she had the habit of talking to herself. She was talking then. I heard her say: "That's fifteen years ago, you fool! Yes, all of it! Now what the devil did I do it for?"

I felt quite sure she was referring to the invitation she had given to me, and I shook with laughter. When she opened the door her eyes were snapping viciously, and her brows were brought together in an inky frown, but when she saw me standing, my hands behind me, studying the portrait, the frown unknit itself, her eyes softened, and when I asked: "Who are they, the handsome girl and the laughing little man?" she answered proudly: "They are my treasures, my man-child Philip and my Edith, gift-of-God! Because of whom I have not cursed Him long ago and died." Then pointing, with her long, bony finger to the lake, she asked: "Do you see that dark line out there on the water? No—no! the darker, purplish one! That's where they lie. Yes, yes! my pretties! But it's weary waiting for the sign, dearies! Weary, weary!"

Her voice died away so drearily that I felt the tears rising in my eyes. A movement of mine made her turn to me. She put her hand up and passed it across her brow and eyes once or twice, and then quite naturally she went on: "I was wondering, when I came in, what I asked you here for?"

I interrupted to say: "I think it was to give me pleasure?"

"No! no! it was not that. I know now. I thought I'd like to hear some one talk again." I felt flattered, but she finished with: "I haven't heard anyone talk at home since my parrot died." Down sat my vanity, flat! The old lady had taken off her bonnet, and as she motioned me to a chair, she continued musingly, "I never can quite remember whether I learned to swear from the parrot, or the parrot learned from me."

She heaved a sigh and proceeded to prepare the tray for our coffee. As she moved about she continued her remarks: "Yes, we did a fairish bit of swearing between us, Poll and I." Glancing at the splendid frame against the whitewashed wall, I recklessly made answer: "And it's not absolutely absent at this moment."

Her bright old eyes glanced from wall to frame, then back to me; her quick comprehension making my unfinished thought her finished one in an instant. She wagged her head and said: "That's not bad, you girl"; then in an aside: "She's young and green—oh, but upon my soul, she's no fool!" Then addressing me again: "So you know some French sayings, do you? Not many though, I think. But look you, young ears are sharp, and you should have been here before the hangings of my bed fell to bits. They were of brocatelle and lined with silk, and they cursed that whitewashed wall so venomously—had you been here in the bed

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you'd not have slept one wink, unless your soul's already gray, instead of white!" And she laughed that odd, stinging laughter that was so like the crackling of thin ice upon a wintry day. While she had talked and laughed and nodded, she had prepared her coffee, and we seated ourselves at either side of the little table, she taking care to sit facing the tossing lake.

Oh, that tray! It really seemed as though the things thereon must come to blows, so fiercely did they contradict one another. The coffee-pot, of make and material precisely like those good Bridgets purchase for the use of honest Patricks; the knives and forks—they appeared a bit later—of that brand also; while cheek by jowl with these rough things stood a few pieces of old porcelain, deserving each one of them a satin-lined box to rest in. And to keep them in consequence, there were four spoons of silver, paper-thin, initials and dates quite worn away, and all a trifle bent and dented in spite of the owner's care of them; while the linen, I could have cried over that eye-destroying mass of delicate darning. Truly there were places in my napkin where the darning had itself been darned again. And the coffee, like the fire, which had been increased by the addition of one small cube of coal, was inadequate in quantity, but the quality—oh, well it was perfection!

I tasted it and smiled and sighed. She understood and snapped her old eyes at me approvingly, then she slowly said: "Whenever I drink good coffee I always rejoice that God created it. It would have been an infernal shame had it been invented by some fool man!"

As she talked she fidgeted uneasily with her spoon and cup. At last she broke out with: "My dear, I asked you just to have some coffee with me, but now—well to tell the truth, I am quite faint. I breakfast at half-past six, so that I may have the strong morning light for my work, and somehow I feel a bit exhausted today, and—and I'd like my dinner now, and have you dine with me?"

Could I have known, I would have taken the coffee only and denied my hunger, but I knew nothing and cheerfully consented. I wondered where her kitchen was, and supposing she would be some time preparing the simplest meal, I looked about for something to help me to pass away the interval. There was no paper and but one book in the room, a family Bible that might have been bound in a pair of old boot tops, so scuffed it looked. I went over to take it up, when my hostess, with distinct satisfaction in her voice, announced: "Dinner!"

The knives and forks had now appeared, simply as a mockery, I believe. Lying on a plate were four soda crackers; and while I looked in stupid wonder, she carefully opened a handsomely cut-glass box with a silver lid, which beyond a shadow of a doubt had been her powder-box in days gone by, and delicately lifted out four little, thin scraps of smoked beef—no more, no less—and we fell to and dined. But when I saw her trying not to eat too eagerly I had a lump in my throat bigger than our whole dinner. No wonder her weight was less than a pound for each year of her weary life. I wished I could gather her up in my arms and kiss the fierceness out of her eyes, and promise her fire enough for real comfort and coffee and food—real food that would not make the promise of nourishment to the eye and break it to the stomach!

My thoughts were broken by: "You girl, is there anything the matter with your dinner?"

"Nothing in the world!" I cried. "But I was not hungry, and in fact I do want to get back to my coffee."

"Well," she mused, "I must say you eat fairer than ever Sally did, for I give you my word, for years on end that parrot cheated me out of at least half a

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cracker every day of her life; yet when she died she was as thin as I am."

When I was about leaving her, she said to me: "You girl, I like you. You are queer—you're uneven and you make me guess, and thank God you don't giggle! You may come again." She paused and looked at me with a deprecating expression, and finished almost meekly: "That is if you care to share your spare time with me?"

I told her, and I told her truly, how glad I should be to come. How glad I was to live in Lake Street, too, and so near to her; and then rather shyly I added: "I think, if you will let me, I will tell you my name, Mrs. Worden," and I mentioned it.

"Clara, eh? well I like that. It's a good name." She spoke rather absently while looking out at the dreary lake again.

Then I stole out of the room where well-bred hunger showed its teeth so plainly, and softly closed the door, leaving her in the gathering darkness, a ghost talking to ghosts, from whom she was separated by the thinnest, frailest shell of mortality I ever saw.

And so we went our ways, and did the work that fell to us. While I was bobbing up and down upon the restless waters of my profession, my strange old lady, who had become my friend, was sitting like a gray old Fate, toiling, weaving the fairy-like stitches that made whole again the torn or injured among rare and precious laces. Her knowledge of them was wonderful, her love for them was almost tender. She would shake her head and croon over them when they were, in her words, "badly hurt." The day she came nearest to loving me was the day I said I thought laces were the poetry of a woman's wardrobe.

"Aye, aye!" she answered, "that's a good thought, and well said, girl Clara. There is nothing made by the hand of poverty that is so beautiful as lace—so delicate and yet so strong. Ah, dearie, some day may you see a bit of Venetian point—round point, but if you do, you'll smash a commandment, mark my words." Laces were sent to her from distant cities, and the package I had caught up from the horse's feet came, as did many others, from the then greatest merchant in New York. So she went on cutting her expenses down to meet her earnings, starving quite slowly, and making moan to no man.

I had never seen any human creature who seemed so absolutely bloodless as old Mrs. Worden; and no matter how often I might see her, the moment my eyes took in the waxen pallor of her face I experienced an uncanny feeling of familiarity. I would ask myself: "Of whom does she remind me?" knowing all the time that I had never seen anyone who resembled her in the slightest degree.

One day as she sat, as ever, facing the lake, with her eyes cast down upon her cup, the cold, dull light falling upon the clear-cut features of her wax-white face, turning it into a veritable mask of death, I looked steadily at her throat. Not a pulse-beat could I see, and as I looked I thought if she should run a needle deep into her finger nothing would follow its withdrawal; and like a flash, it leaped into my mind who it was she was like. The very counterpart of old King Duncan—he of the mighty tragedy, the victim of that woman who raved in her crime-haunted sleep; not of pity at his "taking off," not of remorse, but only of that stupendous surprise: "Who would have thought that the old man had so much blood in him!"

The good old man, with the wool-white locks and saintly soul, housed in the parchment-like body! Yes, like this he must have looked! Yet her dagger thrust had been followed by a rush of royal blood, that not only "laced" all his followers and "pooled" about his body, but stained her hand

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with a stain too deep for an ocean's waves to wash away! Never since have I read or thought of Duncan without seeing Mrs. Worden's features beneath the golden round of sovereignty. All the life, the strength, the spirit she had left, was gathered up into the fire of her eyes, and when the ashes of her lids covered their glow, her face was as the face of Duncan dead!

While I still gazed at her mask-like face, she raised her eyes, looked steadily into mine. Then, as if divining my thought, she asked: "Well, whom am I like? the Witch of Endor?" And without a moment's pause, obediently as a little child, I made answer: "No, ma'am, you are like King Duncan." A quick frown knit her black brows; however, she recovered from her annoyance, and with her usual aptness she inquired: "Do you find the likeness purely physical, or do I, like the old soldier king, 'lag superfluous on the stage' of life? There, don't redden that way! Never blush above the eyes; it's not becoming. You are all right. You're straight and fair and wholesome; and you have enough good looks for men to hang their lies on."

While we had been talking the room had darkened noticeably, and a heavy fog was creeping in from the lake. Her eyes turned toward their usual resting-place, and a quick change came over her. She started a little, then her head dropped slowly until her chin rested in her hand. With unwinking eyes she stared straight ahead of her, while gradually the brightness died all out of them. A slightly distressed raising of her brows threw deep furrows across her forehead, her nostrils were pinched, her lips tight pressed, while over all her face grew a look only to be described by one word—a look of wo! It wrung my heart. I looked and looked at her. The tears rose thick in my eyes; then slowly I seemed to understand—to know what was grieving her. It was the surrounding fog, silently, steadily blotting out everything between heaven and earth. Even her longing mother's eyes could not pierce that soft density, could not distinguish the purplish dark line that to her belief marked her darlings' resting-place, out there in the great lake!

I bore it as long as I could, then I leaned across the tiny table and, laying my warm hand upon her chill one, I said: "Dear Mrs. Worden, do not grieve. The fog often lifts at sunset: then, perhaps, you will see the purple line before the night comes on"; and I drew her hand down and pressed my cheek against it; and at that moment there was a heavy knocking on the lower front door.

"Let me go, Mrs. Worden, please," and without waiting permission I went cautiously down the sagging stairs and found an expressman at the door with the usual sealed package. When the signing for it was over I ran back, calling out joyfully: "Lace! lace! Mrs. Worden, more lace! You will open it before I go, won't you, so I may see it?"

"You girl, when are you going to learn not to prance when you are pleased? Can't you keep joy out of your legs?"

The note enclosed in the package she laid aside, with a scornful: "Huh! as if I didn't know what to do without their telling me!"

Then she unrolled the inner tissue paper, in which were two pieces of lace. One delicate—oh! as a cobweb, I thought, as it lay there in its folds; the other heavier and a mere scrap.

"Why," said she, taking it up first, "Why, this must be—*is*—a bit of old Flanders cut-work, but what a scrap! Oh, yes, I see now, it belongs to some collector. It is simply an example of the brave old work; and see, girl Clara, it needs two—yes, three—little brides or braces. See where they are broken? I'll have a time now to wait for thread to darken to anything like that tone."

Thus she talked on earnestly, almost happily, about her little tricks and

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devices for staining threads. Then she laid her hands on the folded lace: "Ah, I think you are going to have a treat now, for this is—" The words died on her lips, and from her throat came a sound strange, startling, neither sob nor groan, and yet like unto both. As she held the length of lace between her hands, she swayed slightly back and forth; and turning my frightened eyes upon her face, I thought—behold a miracle!

For from somewhere, somehow, the weary old heart had forced through her shrunken veins one wave of blood strong enough to mount to her face, where the pained color slowly grew until it burned into two bright spots high upon her cheeks. Those two fierce spots, glowing in the awful pallor of her face, terrified me. I ran to her and throwing my arms about her, lowered her light body into the chair close to the table. Her haughty old head was bent, while one hand still clutched the lace. I did not know what to do, but it hurt me to the heart to see her bow her head. Timidly I laid my hand upon her shoulder. She looked up at me and in a husky voice, she said, with a glance at the lace: "I owned it once—yes, it was mine! I wore it while I was yet a happy bride!"

I shivered and turned away, mutely praying that torturing color might fade from her face before I looked again. I pressed my forehead to the window. I could see nothing—no tree, no building. I could not even see the pavement below me. So far as sight went there were but two living creatures in the world—and one of them longed to leave it. I crossed back to her and sat down at her feet, and hesitatingly asked: "Dear Mrs. Worden, is the lace much injured?"

The words acted like magic upon her. In one moment she had the length of lace passing swiftly through her inquiring fingers, and an instant later she gave a cry of anger: "Oh, shame! just look at this, the cruel hurt! Why, some vulgar, low-bred, flaunting creature owns this now! Don't you see, girl, she has dragged this delicate web about on the bottom of her gown! I'll wager something that it has been sent by some maid to be repaired. Ah, I should have recognized it anyway—for look you, here is the proof that it was mine."

She held out to me a fold, and careful examination showed where a former tear had been exquisitely repaired.

"As if I could forget. He did that—my fair-haired giant, man without soul, therefore husband without honor! But truly, he was fair to look upon, and he loved me for a little while. He loved me then—the night I wore this lace to the rout. It was falling full and deep about my bare shoulders, as they rose from the golden yellow of my gown, which was brocaded with a scarlet flower. I wore some diamonds and stood with others in my hands, hesitating, when he came in, my Philip, and looked at me reflected in the glass, and standing behind me, he said in that great voice I loved: 'Burn my body, wife, but you are a handsome woman!' and he kissed me on the shoulder. We were at Christmas-tide and a bough of holly was hanging above the dressing table. He took a bunch of its scarlet berries and dark bright leaves, and with a great jewel fastened it here in the lace at my bosom. His fingers were clumsy and the leaves were as sharp as needles, and so my lace was torn! But what cared I—I loved him! I loved him! Fair like a god, yet without soul! So, being soulless, why should he be cursed for riotously living in the sunlight and following in the train of the scarlet woman, with the laughter of fools ringing in his ears? The lace is here—the smooth white shoulders are shrivelled and bent—the black crown of hair he loved is gone—he is gone, only the lace and my memory are left!"

I drew softly away from her. I felt

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as guilty in listening to her self-communing as I could have felt had I opened and read one of her letters. I crept to the door and left the bowed, weary old woman, patiently examining the torn meshes of the two webs; one, her web of lace; the other, her web of life. And as I stole through the chilly, gaunt old house, not one of its faint voices—and it had many—whispered to me: "It is nearly over—a little while and you will come no more! A little while and she will have gone, and there will be no one and nothing here, only the old, old house and its voices!"

It must have been a fortnight later when I put a bit of work in my pocket, took a book in my hand and, thus prepared for finding my old friend either in or out, started to make her a visit. As I approached her door I heard her talking. I tapped and received no answer. Just then there came a pause in the talk within and I tapped again, this time more loudly. But to my surprise I received no invitation to enter, though the talking was resumed in another moment. I felt somewhat hurt and turned to go away, when I thought I heard a groan. I waited no longer, but opened the door and stepped in, and there amazement held me motionless. I noted then the room's disorder. And that small, rumpled heap of clothing at the foot of the bed, with white hair tossed and tangled—could that be my Mrs. Worden? She whose habits of neatness were carried to the extreme—she who on a bitter winter morning sought such cramped privacy as her gaunt old screen could secure for her, in the farthest, bleakest corner of her room, and there with unskimped thoroughness went through with the same process of grooming she had indulged in sixty years before, when she had her maids to help her!

Suddenly Mrs. Worden drew down the arm which had been resting across her face and, looking at me, exclaimed: "Oh, Bettie, you are so late! Is breakfast ready? My head aches, Bettie—you never kept me waiting so long before!"

I hastened to reduce the room to something like order, to mend the fire and prepare some tea and rather doubtful toast, and when I had placed her in her chair and her eyes took in the familiar picture of the lake, they cleared perceptibly. She nodded her head and murmured: "Yes, my dearies, yes! I'm waiting for the sign!"

I came to her then with the tea and the toast, and was delighted when she called me "You girl." While I arranged her bed she babbled on, always talking to her children. For all my anxiety for the woman who was breaking fast, I had no faintest suspicion that she was already broken—that each time the clock struck off the hours, the four, or five, or six, it was for the ancient woman in her gaunt old bed, the last time!

To know that we are doing a thing for the last time lends a touching grace to the commonest act, but I was blind with that black density of blindness that can come only upon the very young, and therefore the very ignorant; and I only waited for the chance to slip away and ask help for her.

She had been quiet for a time, and I softly rose and tried to leave the room, but she stopped me: "Do not go, girl Clara," she calmly said, and I, rejoiced, went back to her. She asked me would I stay the night with her? And when I suggested going for a doctor, she raised her head and looked at me with such imperious fire in her black old eyes, and in a few sharp words disposed of the doctor question.

In the long silence that followed, I noticed that the wind was rising fast, that each blast was stronger and longer than the one preceding it, and that the old house trembled ominously under each fierce gust. The shadows that earlier in the day had been content to linger in the corners, had with stealthy boldness advanced till they had filled

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the room with darkness, through which I heard the faint, fluttering breathing of the sick woman in her great bed, and the shrill scream of the wind as it swept across the lake to hurl itself upon the challenging city!

I rose at last to light the lamp and, lifting it, was about to place it back of the tall headboard of the bed, that its direct rays might not disturb the possible sleeper, when by chance the light fell full upon the painted face of the laughing little Phil. The effect was wonderful—it seemed a face alive!

Then a voice came from the bed, saying: "He was very brave, my manchild Philip. You know I saw it all—aye, I had a good glass—a strong glass. She was afraid, though she was the older—but my Philip held her hand and stood still. At one great approaching wave I saw his lips move, and I felt he called me. I thought it was the end—but no! Then we stood waiting for that which was to come—a great wave, that seemed for a second to stand quite still, then with blinding, crushing force it struck its awful blow. It was enough! The solid deck sank swiftly from beneath their feet, and, hands clasped together, they went down! In one hour my life was desolate!"

The thin, curiously faint voice sank into silence. I placed the lamp as I had intended and seated myself by her side again. She faced the lake—the curtains were entirely drawn away from the window. I faced her, leaning slightly against the bed.

The time was long, the clock struck more than once and she had not moved. My hand was holding hers, and I feared to release it lest it might disturb her. The fire was long out and I was cold. I wondered if she was asleep. I raised my tired eyes and began dully following the involved design carved upon the high headboard. I do not know just when I lost the design, but I felt no shock when I realized that I was looking at the lake, though I had not turned round. I wondered faintly how it could be—but I went on gazing quietly across the heaving, tossing, gray, repellant waste, and in the changes that followed I heard certain words, but whether those words were spoken by myself or fell from the lips of the ancient woman at my side, I shall never know; I only know that I heard—I saw!

At first the sky was dull and gray and heavy like the lake; but as I looked far, far off where the sky and water met, there came a whiteness of the purity of snow, and it grew and spread and filled up all the sky so far as eye could reach, and then I heard a voice say, faint and low: "Can it be mist?"

And at the words the whiteness became lambent with living fire. As sheet-lightning plays across the summer sky, so this soft fire flashed on, in, through, up, down, and across the milky wonder, while the lake—oh, marvelous! The heavy gray was gone, the water—clear, pure, brilliant, vast—lay like a mighty crystal, and the voice murmured: "As a sea of glass!"

Presently this lambent whiteness began to throb and thrill with color; streams of pink and rose, of amber, blue, or violet, played up and down the sky. A green so vivid, so acutely pure that the voice speaking from the great Book said: "A rainbow like unto an emerald!"

Between me and that background of living, opulent color I dimly saw a movement in the air, and then it thickened with crowding opaque shapes. Even as one has seen the air thicken with the white movement of the snowflakes, so now from horizon to zenith and to horizon again, all the air was filled with the swift-moving, never-resting, great white-winged host; and ere the cry in my throat could escape my lips, these unnumbered ones fell apart into two vast bodies, while between them there lay straight across the bosom of the crystal waters a broad path of glittering light. My heart was plunging wildly against my ribs when I heard the

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voice so low, saying: "The sea knew Him—knew His voice—His touch! How the waves must have rushed upon the sand to kiss the precious footprints His sacred feet had made!"

And while these words were uttered, out—far out—upon the glittering path arose a radiance, even then intense, almost beyond the power of mortal to bear. My swift lids fell to shield my dazzled sight. Yet one moment more I gazed and saw—I say *saw*—that supernatural radiance taking form and substance and assuming the attitude of most majestic humanity!

I could bear no more. I threw the sick woman's hand from me to clutch at my own strangling throat, and all was gone! I saw the carved headboard, nothing more.

Shaking like a leaf, I turned my head towards Mrs. Worden's face, and I dimly understood that, by some route of nerves, her vision had been conveyed to my brain.

She sat there against her pillows gasping; then the room rang with her wild triumphant cry of joy! Then her arms dropped suddenly, her black eyes closed, and she fell sideways into my arms. She had seen the sign, and they had all gone on together. I placed her back upon the pillow, and casting a glance through the uncovered window, saw but the sullen sky, bending low over the still more sullen lake.

THE "SUNSET LIMITED"

BY FREDERIC B. HODGINS

O, Hush-a-By Land is a beautiful place
For sleepy small people to go,
And the Rock-a-By Route is the favorite one
With a certain wee laddie I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down,
No accidents ever take place;
Though there's only one track, there is only one train,
But it runs at a wonderful pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on this route,
If you're good you may take just a peep;
But strange as it seems, they are seen best in dreams;
So be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to bed too—
He can't hear you, so just wave your hand;
The Moon and the Stars they will light up the cars
As you travel to Hush-a-By Land.

So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to be off,
You have nothing to pay, you young elf;
Just think of the luxury, laddie, you'll have—
A whole sleeping-car to yourself!

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The Sketch

"TWO'S COMPANY : THREE'S NONE"

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION

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The Sweet Girl Graduate

M. Carey Thomas at St. Louis

There are only two classes in which, as a rule, all women marry—the working class, in which the woman is not an expense but contributes her share in household labors at home, or in paid work outside the home; and the wealthy class, where the women bring inherited wealth to their husbands. In the great intermediate class, where the wife is usually an ill-to-be-afforded luxury, and unable, from the circumstances of her husband's position, to conduct her household without servants, or to earn part of the common livelihood, only 50 per cent. marry. The other 50 per cent. of unmarried women must be self-supporting or drag out a miserable existence on what can be spared from the earnings of their brothers or nearest male relatives. And even the 50 per cent. who do marry should also be self-supporting because in many cases they must at some time for a longer or shorter period support their children or their husbands.

It is clear that all these women, and also all the daughters of professional men making a large income without invested capital, will in the future be sent to college and given professions of some kind. It is this beneficent decision that crowds our colleges with girls. There is not a word to be said against it in the face of the healthy, happy, normal girls that are graduated every year. Experience has shown, and our recent statistics prove conclusively, that even if all women are not physically well and strong (and about 30 per cent. of English-speaking girls and women are not really well), college women are at least a little stronger than other women, and that, even if marriage and child-bearing severely test the strength of this 30 per cent. of more or less invalided women, yet, according to our statistics, the college invalids stand the strain at least a little better than other invalids, more of them than of their non-collegiate sisters or cousins actually gaining in health; and although, speaking generally, no modern families are large, the families of college women are a trifle larger (the fraction of a baby) than other women's, and the proportion of their children who survive the perils of infancy slightly larger.

Marriage in Fiction

Agnes Repplier in Harper's Bazar

Small wonder that novelists content themselves with making matches, and refrain from examining too closely the result of their handiwork. They would have more conscience about it, if it were not so easy for them to withdraw. They are almost as irresponsible as poets, who delight in yoking unequal mates, as proof of the power of love. Poetry weds King Cophetua to the beggar maid, and smilingly retires from any further contemplation of the catastrophe. Shakespeare gives Celia—Celia, with her sweet brown beauty, her true heart, her nimble wit, her grace of

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exquisite companionship—to that unnatural sinner, Oliver; and the only excuse he offers is that Oliver says he is sorry for his sins. So I suppose Helen of Troy said she regretted her indiscretion, and this facile repentance reinstated her in happy domesticity. But the novelist is not at play in the Forest of Arden. He is presumably grappling with the dismal realities of earth. Nothing could be less like a fairy playground than the village of Thrums ("If the Auld-Licht parishioners ever get to heaven," said Dr. Chalmers, "they will live on the north side of it"); yet it is in Thrums that Mr. Barrie marries Babbie to the little Minister—marries her with a smile and a blessing, as though he had solved, rather than complicated, the mysterious problem of life.

The world of the novelist is full of such strange mishaps, and our sense of inquietude corresponds with our conviction of their reality. Mrs. Ward probably does not expect us to believe that Jacob Delafield and Julie Le Breton lived happily and harmoniously together. There is something as radically inharmonious in their marriage as in the union of conflicting elements. It is not a question of taking chances of happiness, as Sophia Western takes with Tom Jones (very good chances, to my way of thinking); it is a question of unalterable laws by which the gods limit our human joy.

"Do" and "Don't"

The Youth's Companion

In politics it may be desirable to have an opposition party. The happy mean in legislation is often reached by the consideration and compromise which criticism from opponents compels. But in the world of social and moral relations one vigorous "This do!" is worth a chorus of "Don'ts!"

Slander is best checked by hearty and charitable speech. Evil thoughts must be crowded out by noble ones—not by a resolve to think no more evil. The house which was left swept and garnished, but empty, was soon taken possession of by seven devils more wicked than the first.

It may seem a long step from these generalizations to the remark that women may win men from undomestic habits by other methods more easily than by anti-lodge and anti-club societies. The man who spends an evening at home because his wife has helped pass a resolution condemning his habit of going out will hardly be a pleasant companion at the fireside. The wife may well seek some new and fascinating way of saying, "Do stay!" rather than some new and strenuous way of saying, "You shall not go!"

If it seems at first thought to be beneath the woman's dignity to contrive effective persuasions, she may reflect that nature herself sets her the example. Sun and rain are none the less powerful that they are silent and conservative forces.

Africa

G. K. Chesterton in The Speaker

A sleepy people, without priests or kings,
 Dreamed here, men say, to drive us to the sea:
 O let us drive ourselves! For it is free
And smells of honor and of English things.
How came we brawling by these bitter springs,
 We of the North?—two kindly nations—we?
Though the dice rattles and the clear coin rings,
 Here is no place for living men to be.

Leave them the gold that worked and whined
 for it,
Let them that have no nation anywhere
 Be native here, and fat and full of bread;
But we, whose sins were human, we will quit
The land of blood, and leave these vultures
 there,
 Noiselessly happy, feeding on the dead.

Gilbert the Giggler

To-Day

Mr. Chesterton now stands before the world in the triple quality of essayist, literary critic, and novelist. I remember how, some years ago, we used to turn with a ready appetite to those amazing papers which he contributed to *The Speaker*. He was able then, as now, to produce romance, as a conjuror produces rabbits, from a tall hat: he extracted a poultry yard of winged symbols from a common suit of evening dress. The facility with which he is apparently able to summon up a host of tumbling metaphors and images from a side-street

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To-Day, London

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

A POPULAR ENGLISH POET, NOVELIST, AND CRITIC

Drawn from life by Paul Henry

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or a grocer's doorway is quite startling. His vision of the things about him is so grotesque, that one forgets how commonplace are the things themselves. He caricatures the truth in order that we may see it more memorably and more clearly. It is as though a man were to giggle out the Beatitudes, so as to impress them the more firmly on our minds.

Mr. Chesterton is still a young man, with only thirty years behind him. Tall, and with full cheeks, he passes a deal of his time in tittering, as though the world amused him very well. I hear that he has been seen walking in the streets of Battersea, laughing continually to himself, and for ever jotting down in his note-book the funny little thoughts that occur to him.

"The Line is Busy"

The Youth's Companion

The advent of the telephone into the rural districts might have been expected to introduce an element of freshness and variety into the monotony of farm life. But some of the uses to which this instrument has been adapted by ingenious farm women surely go beyond the pleasantest anticipations of its inventor.

In many of the counties of the middle West the telephone has become so popular that there is one in almost every farmhouse. Many incidents attest the adaptability of the instrument to the varied needs of country life. One old lady of well-known sociability was found by a chance caller sitting pleasantly at her knitting, and wearing what at first appeared to be some curious headgear, but what, on a closer view, was seen to be the telephone receiver fixed to her head by an old hatband. All the telephone subscribers on the road were on a single line, and the old lady's ear was "hitched" to all the private news of the countryside.

In another instance a young mother, finding it necessary to go to a neighboring farm on household business, took down the receiver and laid it near her sleeping infant, and requested "Central" to "Ring me up at Mrs. Hall's if you hear the baby cry."

A physician, making a country call, found himself in want of something he had left in town. He went to the farmer's telephone to request that it be sent to him. As he did so the unmistakable click of receiver hooks could be heard all along the line. In closing his conversation the doctor said:

"Now you may all hang up your receivers."

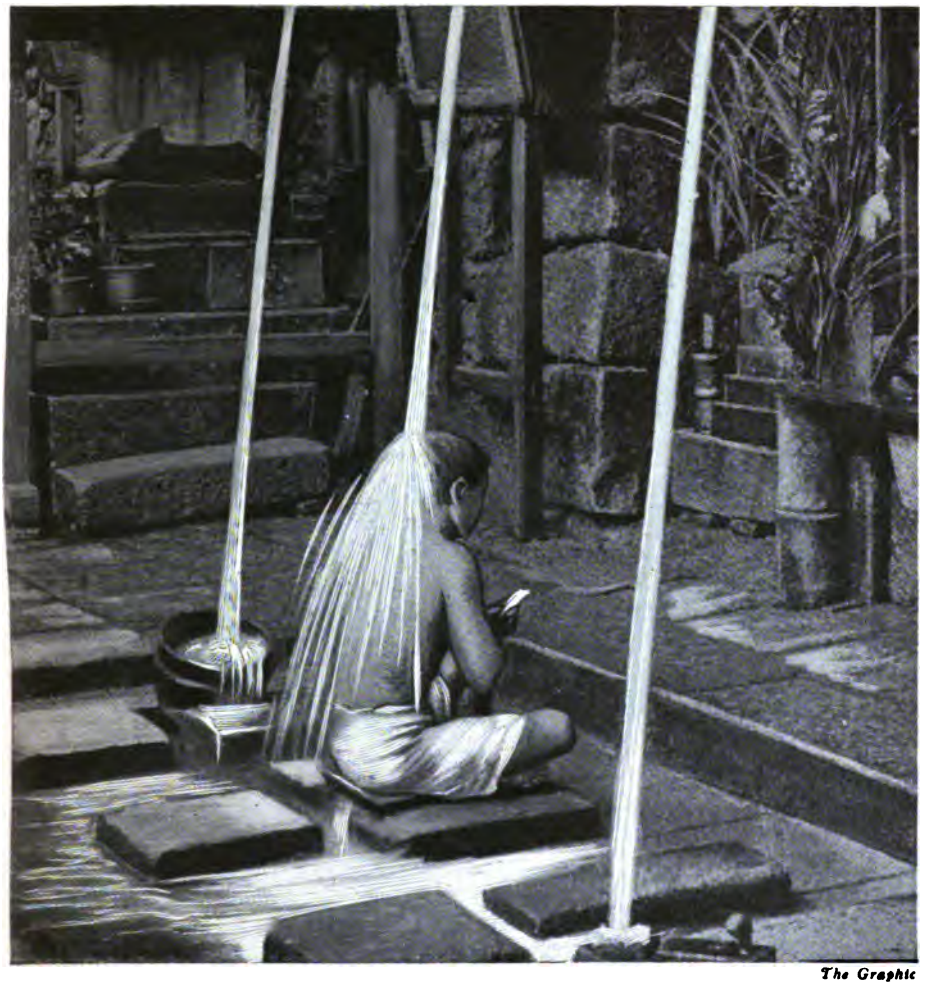
To Orientalize Christianity

Charles Cuthbert Hall at Cleveland

As I study the situation as discovered in India and Japan, I find myself confronted with the thought that the first stage of missionary work has been accomplished. The seed has begun to spring up. The East is changing. Must we not construct a new policy and adapt it to new conditions? This is not to pay disrespect to present missionaries. Exactly the reverse. That which calls for a review of the situation we must now take into account. We must acknowledge the fact that there is such a thing as an indigenous Christianity, a Christianity which belongs in the east. I met Christians of the second and third generations. I can testify to many experiences such as would characterize the most mature Christian of our own churches. We must recognize that nations have advanced beyond the time when we can teach only the fundamentals of Christianity. They are capable of caring for their own Christian development. They feel restive under the dictation of the West. Shall we not rejoice when we see native Christians claiming independence of action?

The great fact that is before us is an East that can grow in its own Christian development as the result of the seed sown. Our policy must change. It shall become holy and fraternal coöperation. We shall recognize and deal more seriously with that religious aspiration which is outside of Christ and yet which is influenced by it. There must be, and we must come to recognize, an oriental type of Christianity, which is working out its own formula. That is what we worked out for ourselves. What contributions to the interpretation of the gospel may we not hope to receive from

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The Graphic

WASHING HIS LIES AWAY

JAPANESE BOY DOING PENANCE AT A SHRINE

the interpretations of an oriental Christianity? The West needs the East as much as the East needs the West. Each has its peculiar contribution to make to the belief and life of Christianity.

The Tints of the Ocean

C. William Beebe in the N. Y. Evening Post

The clouds and the color of the sky are often reflected in the water, but even as the air has the glories of the sunset, so water has its changing hues, independent of mere reflection.

Disregarding the tints of brown and olive, which muddy sediment from the land gives to sea water, there are many other causes for the colors of the ocean, some of which are very interesting. On almost every long voyage at sea, spots of reddish-brown color are noticed at one time or another. When a few drops of the discolored water are examined under a microscope, myriads of minute cylinder-shaped algae are seen, some separate, some joined together in scores.

Imagine the number of tiny plants which go to make up half a square mile of this "sea sawdust," as it is called! It is this organism which has given the name to the Red Sea, although it also abounds in the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and around Australia.

Sometimes the water far from land

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The Tatler

THE NEW "DOGS OF WAR"

AMBULANCE DOG BEING EQUIPPED FOR THE FIELD

will be seen to be of a chocolate hue for an extent of several miles, and this is caused by millions upon millions of minute one-celled animals, which lash themselves along, each on his erratic individual course by means of the finest of hair-like threads or cilia.

Tiny shrimps often form bright red patches known as "whales' food," upon which sea-birds feast to repletion. Even in the icy arctic seas the water is often discolored with tiny animals and plants.

The New "Dogs of War"

The Tatler

Considerable interest has been aroused, especially in military circles, by the fact that Major Hautonville Richardson, of Carnoustie, Forfarshire, the well-known trainer of ambulance dogs, has received an order from St. Petersburg for a number of these animals to proceed as soon as possible to Manchuria. Ambulance dogs are now used in nearly all continental armies. For the last eight years Major Richardson has devoted himself to the teaching of such dogs, and has experimented with every suitable breed with excellent results. It is his wish that this branch of ambulance work should be recognized in Great Britain. The dogs are trained to search for the missing and wounded in rocky and difficult ground or in thick cover. They carry stimulant in a barrel at their necks, bandages in small saddles on their backs, and remain by the wounded man until the stretcher-bearers arrive.

Schoolboy Religion

H. V. Weiss in The Contemporary Review

The practical failure of religious teaching to produce moral strength in boys seems to me chiefly to result from the fact that in school services there is so wofully little, beyond the sermon—and that is only too often utterly inadequate—that is directly calculated to touch the needs of a boy, totally different as these needs are from those

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The Tatler

THE NEW "DOGS OF WAR"

AMBULANCE DOG CARRYING STIMULANTS AND BANDAGES

of an adult. We can realize how different are the conditions of life, and, therefore, the needs of the individual, when one doubts if it is too much to say that, whereas in ordinary life we distrust, consider socially unsafe, the man who speaks untruth, in school life there is no one so dangerous to prevailing social conventions as the boy who will under all circumstances speak the truth. And if such a difference exists, even in any slight degree, the individual boy must be taught to put a proper value on the forms essential to public worship, while in his private prayer he cultivates first the sense of having a specific need, and, secondly, the courage deliberately to approach God with it. I say this in vivid recollection of a boy of fourteen, member of a very beautiful chapel choir, who when, in a period of distress verging for him on despondency, he was asked whether he did not find his prayers a help, replied with luminous promptitude: "I only know two, and they don't seem to fit." They were the Lord's Prayer and the Nicene Creed. When further asked to say the Lord's Prayer, with a view to testing its applicability to his particular wants, he stuck, but presently brightened up with the suggestion, "But I can sing it!" The prayer at that time was to him the "words to a tune," yet later in his life the same boy told me that he had learned to find in the same prayer the most consummate expression of his needs.

Pride Goeth Before a Fall

Judicious Advertising

The Grumbler entered a drug store for the purpose of 'phoning to a friend, and finding that he had no nickel to drop into the slot, he approached the clerk—a very young and disagreeable-looking person.

Throwing down a dime, he said:

"Give me two fives, please."

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The boy took the dime and looked at the Grumbler hard.

"W'at is it ye want," he asked, "two *nickels?*"

Then the grumbler boiled over.

"I want what I asked for, you narrow-brained numbskull," said he. "Two fives—two five cent pieces. You didn't imagine I expected to get two five-dollar bills, did you? Because you are accustomed to referring to the coin in question as a 'nickel' does not signify that it is not a five or that you have any right to correct me in supercilious tones. You are like the druggist who told me he had no 'kwi-nine' but had 'kwee-nene' or like the art-ware dealer who caught me up on 'vace' and emphasized 'vawse.'

"I asked for two fives—two five cent nickels—is that plain enough for you, you nincompoop?"

"Now, if you are all done," said the boy when the grumbler stopped for breath, "I'd like to have you know that this is a postal station as well as a drug store. About half the sales I make at this desk are stamps. I ain't a mind reader, you know, and I've got no way of telling whether 'two fives' means two nickels or two *five-cent stamps*—have I, you lobster?"

And the lobster had to admit that he hadn't.

The Grumbler is once more deaf to abuse and dumb as to retaliation.

Love, Ye Crier

Aldis Dunbar in The Criterion

"Ding, dong! Where's Pity?
Pity's fled away!
Ding, dong!" "Crier, tell us,
Why should Pity stray?"

Quotha: "Down the light-heart city—
Seeking refuge, wandered Pity,
Fain of rest. But Fate was hard:
Every shelter soft was barred.
Lips of laughing Nicolette—
Great brown eyes of maid Yvette.
In the thoughts of Amaryllis,
In the heart of dainty Phyllis,—
Gentle Pity—sooth to tell—
Found no place wherein to dwell!"

"Ding, dong!" Maidens pretty,
Hear him in dismay.
"Ding, dong! Where's Pity?
Pity's fled away!"

Maxims of a Monopolist

Wallace Irwin in Life

If a business falls in line
And opposes our combine
Buy it up!
Do not stop to argufy
On the wherefore or the why:
Make them sell when you would buy—
Buy it up!

If some little private mill
Grinds its corn against our will,
Buy it up!
Let the workers of a town
Sink or struggle, float or drown—
Take their mill and close it down—
Buy it up!

So it is in social life,
If you want a handsome wife,
Buy her up!
Little matter how you woo,
Or the things you say or do—
Let your money talk for you—
Buy her up!

You can show that black is white;
They will preach your wrong as right—
Buy 'em up!
If the laws defy your skill
Introduce a Robbery Bill—
There are Congressmen who will—
Buy 'em up!

Don't Be a Pot Hunter

Ex-President Cleveland in The Independent

The sportsman who persists is apt occasionally to find a good number of birds about the grounds, and when that happens, if he is adequately equipped with good decoys, and the right spirit, and especially if he is able to call the birds, he will be likely to enjoy a variety of fine shooting.

The initiated well understand the importance of the call, and they know that the best caller will get the most birds.

The notes of shore birds, though quite dissimilar, are in most cases easily imitated after a little practice, and a simply constructed contrivance, which can be purchased at almost any sporting goods store, will answer for all the game if properly used.

The birds are usually heard before they are seen, and if their notes are answered naturally and not too vehemently or too often, they will soon be seen within shooting range, whether they are black-breasted plover, chicken

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A GROUP OF TYPICAL BUDDHIST PRIESTS IN CHINA

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plover, yellow legs, piping plover, curlew, sanderlings, or grass birds. Of course, no decent hunter allows them to alight before he shoots.

I would not advise the summer vacationist who lacks the genuine sporting spirit to pursue the shore bird. Those who do so should not disgrace themselves by killing the handsome little sand pipers or peeps too small to eat. It is better to go home with nothing killed than to feel the weight of a mean, unsportsmanlike act.



The Tatler

THE POETS' CORNER

CARICATURES OF SWINBURNE, THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, GEORGE MEREDITH, WHISTLER, BURNE-JONES, WILLIAM MORRIS, RUSKIN, HOLMAN HUNT, AND HALL CAINE

Drawn by Max Beerbohm

A Composite Caricature

The Tatler

It is well known that Dante Gabriel Rossetti had some notable friends around him when he lived in the famous house in Chelsea, afterwards occupied by the Rev. R. H. Haweis and now by Dr. Plimmer. Of that interesting group there are still happily many survivors, but Mr. Beerbohm, with the recklessness of youth, has caricatured all the friends, both living and dead. In the extreme left-hand corner looking over the wall will be seen Mr. Swinburne; next to him sits Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. Leaning against the wall with his back to Mr. Watts-Dunton is Mr. Meredith, who carries a nose which has not the slightest resemblance to that very regular feature on the real man. Standing near the wall below Mr. Swinburne is Mr. Whistler. Mr. Rossetti is painting a portrait—not, as some may have supposed, the portrait of his future wife, Miss Siddall, nor any other actual person, but rather a composite type—that in the language of the pre-Raphaelite was called a "stunner." Mr. Burne-Jones will be seen in the centre of the group offering a marguerite to a kangaroo. Mr. William Morris reading with one hand outstretched cannot fail of recognition, nor can Mr. Ruskin with the pronounced nose in the extreme right-hand corner. Behind Mr. Ruskin stands Mr. Holman Hunt, and looking over the wall to the right is Mr. Hall Caine. The caricatures are less severe and cruel than many of Mr. Beerbohm's, so that a hope exists that the five survivors of the ten people depicted may all forgive Mr. Beerbohm.

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Swindling Would-be Swindlers

Philip Loring Allen in Leslie's Monthly

"People," remarked a Federal officer with long experience in prosecuting mail frauds, "differ from fish in one particular—they would rather bite at a naked hook than a baited one."

The prize swindle of the day has been perpetrated by a genius who signed himself Robert H. Banks and represented himself as the receiver for the *Mississippi Valley Planter*. With the letter was enclosed what purported to be a copy of a decision by the "court of claims" signed by Judge N. P. Galaway and attested by J. Jacob Storch as clerk in favor of the winners of the prizes offered by the Mississippi Valley Publishing Company.

The real kernel was the statement that the recipient of the circular was entitled to a certain prize which would be shipped on receipt of the freight charges. In nearly every case, by a strange coincidence, the fortunate addressee had won premium number seven, a "horse and Lilly buggy and harness, valued at two hundred and seventy-five dollars." With equally remarkable uniformity, the freight charges were placed at twenty-nine dollars and sixty cents. Never was a bubble blown with less actual soap. In the first place, there never had been such a concern as the Mississippi Valley Publishing Company, or such a publication as the *Mississippi Valley Planter*. There was no such court as the court of claims, no such judge as N. P. Galaway, and no such clerk of court as J. Jacob Storch. To crown all, there was no such person as Robert H. Banks. The promoter of the scheme called for his personal mail under another name.

The fraud order intercepted six hundred money orders and a number of registered letters. All these people, with the hundreds who had come before them, were reaching out after valuable prizes which they, in the nature of things, must have known they had never earned or even competed for. "He has mistaken me for some one else, but I'll take the horse and buggy just the same," must have been the thought which flashed through those six hundred heads. The prime swindler simply makes victims of men not unwilling to be his accomplices.



Black and White

MAXIM GORKI

HIS LATEST PORTRAIT

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"Tay Pay"

Joseph Keating in Harper's Weekly

T. P. interests the eye as well as the mind. His hair has that touch of iron gray which is said to appeal so strongly to the sympathies of good women. He is tall and well built. His physique, indeed, has the peculiar effect of making a man of equal size look and feel small beside him. He dresses well. He succeeds in putting a touch of elegance even into the colorless tie and unromantic black frock coat with lapels of silk. His features have rather a ruddy tint—not of health, for overwork and insomnia have spoiled that; it is more like the red of the fight between physical weariness and a sanguine temperament. In repose, when he leans back in his armchair, his face looks grave; when he smiles, leaning forward, he looks the essence of geniality. But the dominant expression is one of weariness. He impressed me as a man with some mysterious ideal unrealized. And there is about his personality a vague dreaminess, an atmosphere of reminiscence which had, for me, something of the charm and mystery of wistfulness. I was astonished to find myself face to face with the attributes of a dreamer when I knew very well what an enormous output of journalism lay to his credit. How could he be both a dreamer and a worker? Above all, how could a man be born a poet and a journalist? For he certainly has the alertness of the one and the imagination of the other. Then I remembered the nationality of T. P. The apparent inconsistency vanished: he was Irish, and he came from the land of contrasts, extremes, and logical inconsistencies, the outward sign of inner ideals.



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly

"TAY PAY" O'CONNOR, M.P.

Three Hundred Years Ago

The Westminster Budget

A correspondent of the *Surrey Times* has unearthed a sermon preached at Petworth by Dr. Richard Chambers in 1620:

"To remedy this greate evil of drinkinge whiche hath bin the ruine of menee of His Majesties subjects . . I wish the Worshippfull Justices would be pleased to give eare to these my requests. Firste: That no ale-house be suffered upon the Commons, and in obscure places, where Rogues and Theeves may resort. Secondly: Not to license any in a village where the

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minister thereof and all the whole parish shall think it unfit. Thirdly: Not to license any who hath justly stood for misdemeanours or excommunicated a year or two. Fourthly: When the abuse shall grow so greate, that poore women out of the anguish of theire souls shall crave ayde that their husbands may not spend all at the pot and they starve—that then there be made some redresse. Lastly: That painful preachers or other officers may be heard and not checked when they justly complaine at your Benches against such places as suffer drinkinge, carding, and fighting upon the Sabbath dayes in the time of Divine Services."

It is not often that words so appropriate to the present year of grace can be found in a sermon nearly three centuries old.

Ready Wit

Francis H. Lee in Lippincott's

It may seem rather trite to go back to Civil War times for a story, but all the tales of that memorable time have not been told, and as this one was a personal experience of a relative of mine I can vouch for it. I have never seen it in print nor heard anyone else tell it.

My uncle, Major Thomas Ridgely, was a surgeon attached to General Grant's staff. It was after the surrender of Vicksburg. The Union forces had entered the city and much merrymaking and entertaining were going on. One night a dinner was in progress at which many Northern officers and a large number of Southern ladies were present. Many toasts had been proposed and drunk, all of them practically in honor of the successes of the Union army and the men responsible for them.

Finally one of the Southern ladies, a great beauty and noted for her intense partisan feeling for the South, arose and said, "Gentlemen, may I propose a toast?"

With natural gallantry and a little trepidation the ranking officer said, "Certainly."

"Well, then, gentlemen, I give you, 'The Southern Confederacy.'"

It was an embarrassing situation. But with hardly a moment's hesitation one of the Northern officers relieved the tension.

"Down with it, gentlemen," he cried; and the glasses were drained without embarrassment and without disloyalty.

Throwing Stones

Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar

It is only the people who live in glass houses who are forbidden to throw stones.

All the rest of us can practice this favorite pastime of humanity with absolute freedom. And it is wonderful how proficient we become—especially we women. In early life it is said that boys can throw stones better than girls; but when both reach maturity, it is quite different.

"The nasty things you women say about each other!" a man declares, with a gasp of admiring astonishment. "Men are not in it with you."

And his humility is justified by the facts; we are far more skilful than he is. When a man gossips, he generally (not always) picks up a good big cobblestone, and sends it vigorously and openly spinning through the air to its goal of crashing destruction. A woman, on the contrary, is apt to use small, smooth, flat pebbles that "skip," which, after the glass has been broken, are not so easily found and brought back to her with the glazier's bill; and therein, in slyness and irresponsibility, she shows herself the superior of the male creature.

It is the purpose of this paper to maintain that this interesting exercise of throwing stones, either cobblestones or pebbles, is perfectly justifiable when indulged in by persons, male or female, who do not themselves live in glass houses. Once assure ourselves that we have no glass in our windows, and then let us sally forth to shatter, with a well-directed missile, a neighbor's poor pretence of prosperity; a friend's pitiful pride in her oldest boy, who is behaving like the very deuce (as we happen to know) at college; let us (being sure we have no such substance in our own houses) send a skipping pebble to call

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THE RUSSIAN OCTOPUS

FROM A LARGE COLORED LITHOGRAPH POPULAR IN JAPAN

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attention to A.'s horrible vulgarity in quarrelling with her servants; to B.'s disagreeably loud voice; to C.'s uncleaned brass door-knob.

France Likes Us

Gilson Willets in Leslie's Weekly

In Paris and throughout France I found that the French people had adopted everything "Americaine" as a fad. From Havre on the North to Nice in the South, from Nantes in the West to Dijon in the East, I found the people accepting the American with open arms and buying everything American-made with an outpouring of francs. Here, then, was a state of affairs diametrically opposed to the attitude of the people of Germany. The German commercial element simply detests the American invaders, while the Frenchman of all classes almost falls on the neck of the American invader and weeps over him with tears of joyous greeting. For when one arrives in a foreign country, in France in particular, one wishes to see and to use, and to have and to hold, things foreign—things French. My experiences in France, however, were quite the opposite of my personal wishes. For, despite my every attempt at evasion of things American, I constantly met the *in*vasion of things from Chicago, or things created in Philadelphia, or products out of Texas, or merchandise labeled "Made in the United States."

How, then, do we manage to get such a foothold? Here is the answer in a nutshell: First, we supply a better grade of goods at a lower cost than French manufacturers can meet, and behind that still is the prevailing fad. But it is in that fad that lies the great danger to the continuance of our commercial footing in France. The French manufacturer, intrenched, as he believes, behind a high tariff on American products, smiles indulgently at our incoming goods, supposing that we are losing money and will soon give up the invasion. When the French manufacturer wakes up to the real situation then we must look out. Above all, the French are fickle. In their fickleness they may at any moment drop the fad of Americanism as they drop fads in fashion. Every consul to whom I broached this subject replied with words to this effect: "Before the manufacturers wake up, the people will have learned that we can beat their own home products in quality and price, and then the manufacturers might just as well have remained asleep."

Germany Likes Us Not

Gilson Willets in Leslie's Weekly

German animosity against America is confined to, and encouraged solely by, the commercial class. All other classes in Germany are friendly to the United States, this friendly party including the nobles, the professional and official classes, and the social and diplomatic element. This pro-American faction is headed by Kaiser William II. himself.

To illustrate the distinction between the antagonistic and the friendly class, I cite the following facts: When the chamber of commerce of Berlin prepared for its recent annual banquet, invitations were sent to all foreign ambassadors, with the single exception of the American Ambassador, Mr. Tower. This is accounted for only because of the fact that the chamber of commerce, as a body, represents the commercial—and therefore anti-American—class.

Now, mark the rebuke that immediately followed, administered by the Kaiser as the representative of the pro-American class. The day succeeding the banquet, my duties called me to the American embassy. A dense throng of people filled Unter der Linden—the Fifth Avenue of Berlin. "*Hoch der Kaiser!*" or something to that effect, was flung forth from ten thousand throats. His Majesty was coming. He had just returned from a hunting trip, and was now driving from the railroad station to the palace. He was seated in one of his less pretentious carriages and was attired in his hunting costume. In a second carriage, exposed to the delighted public gaze, were the trophies of the royal chase—antlers, skins, deer-head, the head of a wild boar.

Over the building—practically Ameri-

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can territory—from which I watched the scene, floated the American flag. As his Majesty approached the embassy he stood up in his carriage, bared his head, and saluted first the stars and stripes and then the representative of our national emblem, Mr. Tower, who stood in one of the windows. No act could have so impressed the populace as this simple demonstration of their sovereign's friendly feeling toward the United States. It was intentional and it was dramatic, as is every public act of the Kaiser's. It was significant, and the people understood why; for the newspapers that very morning were full of the story of the marked discourtesy of the chamber of commerce in not inviting the American ambassador to the banquet. Nor does the story end here. The following morning the papers announced that his Majesty had graciously presented the ambassador from the United States with the handsomest pair of antlers brought from the hunting-field.

A Tramp Eradicator

The New York Herald

The town of Selma, North Carolina, has discovered an original way of getting rid of tramps. The railway runs straight through the town, and along the track is a street half a mile long. Tramps upon arrest are allowed by the Mayor to race for freedom, the last man of the contest to go to "the road" for thirty days. All the tramps are lined up at the Town Hall, while a policeman is at the boundary, half a mile away. The tramps run with all their might, and the winners are seen no more, while the watching policeman captures the last man, who is sent to "the roads." It is said that tramps go near the town only once, and that the device for getting rid of them is entirely original.

Oh, Take a Rest

Russell Sage in The Independent

During the eighty-eight years of my career I have not once taken a vacation.

A young man said to me the other day, "Mr. Sage, would you not have taken a vacation if you had worked for some one else?"

I replied that I would not.

I think the "vacation habit" is the outgrowth of abnormal or distorted business methods. I fail to see anything legitimate in it.

Let us assume that an employer and his clerk make an agreement to exchange just remuneration for reasonable services, and each one keeps his part of the agreement. Are they not then quits? If there is any obligation, I think it is on the part of the clerk, who avails of the credit, skill, and organization of the employer to learn a business and advance himself along a path which has already been prepared for him. What right has he, then, to demand or expect pay for two weeks' time for which he renders no equivalent, not considering the serious inconvenience to which he often puts his employer?

Suppose we were to reverse the conventional order of things and, instead of the clerk demanding two weeks' pay gratis, the employer should demand two weeks' work without pay as a condition of retaining the clerk in his employ. What a tremendous howl would go up.

We read of Gladstone, who got all the recuperation he needed by simply changing his work. He didn't quit work and go idling about. Time was the most precious thing in the world for him, and by availing of every minute of it he practically did the work of an army of men.

Involuntary Vacations

The St. Paul Pioneer Press

The volume of railroad traffic is still large and would not seem in itself to warrant the discharge of so many employees. It is apparently because the recent increases in wages, made when traffic was at its maximum, have, with the tendency of gross earnings to decline, cut heavily into net earnings that the reduction of the working force has been found desirable. In other words, if the wage scale had not been generally advanced it is probable that the larger part of the army of discharged

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employees would still be at work, and their wages would be going through the retail stores to keep wholesale, manufacturing, and the extractive industries active.

While the railroad employees, in demanding a higher wage at the period they did, are not open to criticism for failure to see that there would be a setback in business, the fact that the granting of their demands has now compelled a heavy reduction in the force illustrates a principle which those who manage the affairs of most of the labor unions fail to keep in mind. The moment a workman receives more for a day's work than what the product of his day's work will bring in the market after deducting the cost of material, management, interest, etc., at that moment a period of idleness lies before him. It makes no difference whether the express payment to the workingmen is the result of a fall in the demand while high wages based on an active market continue, or whether it is due to deliberate restriction of output by the workingmen, or to an artificially short working day. What the labor union theory of wages is is not clear, but it has often seemed to be that of an unlimited fund possessed by employers which they could be made to disgorge if put under sufficient pressure. One of the fundamental weaknesses of the management of most unions is its failure to recognize that labor is paid out of what it creates, and that in one way or another matters adjust themselves to prevent the payment of wages in excess of the value of the product.



Brooklyn Life

THAT TIRED FEELING

NOBBY JIM: SAY, BILL!
SWAGGER BILL: WOT IS IT?
NOBBY JIM: I JUST BEEN WONDERIN' IF IT AIN'T PRETTY NEAR UP TO YOU AN' ME TO TAKE A VACATION.

Mere Charity

M. A. P.

Modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of courts. A young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the King of Saxony.

The high officials, having inquired

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Courtesy of Harper & Brothers

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

AN INTREPID EXPLORER. AUTHOR OF A RECENT NOTABLE BOOK ON THE FAR EAST

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into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the king could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail bootmaker.

The young woman cabled home, and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer:

"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

The Vacation Habit

The City Clerk in Town Topics

[I have never been the advocate of what some term "the vacation habit." I think it is the outgrowth of abnormal or distorted business methods. — *Russell Sage* in *The Independent*.]

We do not grudge you, Russell Sage,
Your stocks and bonds and railroad shares,
Your money-grubbing, sordid life,
And strange delight in business cares.

The hours confined at office desk
Have been to you life's only bliss,
You cannot see through miser's eyes
A higher destiny than this.

But leave to us the modest prize
A year of faithful service yields—
The two weeks' touch with God's green things,
The breath of life from country fields.

I Go A'Fishing

Senator Frye in The Independent

If you would know the delights of the fisherman, beware of the vices of the indolent pretender who cares not how he gets a trout so he gets him, who is content to sit in the stern of a boat and haul through the water a murderous contrivance in the shape of a line armed with a half dozen baited hooks, and to drag into the boat by main force a poor, lacerated victim, looking more as though he had succumbed after a fight with a wildcat than after honorable combat.

Beware, too, of the pretended sportsman whose loftiest boast is the number of fish he has killed in a day. He is simply a murderer. Steer clear, too, of the man who craftily hooks the trout on the spawning bed and then claims to have taken him on the fly. Avoid, too, him who hunts for the cool spring, deep below the surface of the lake, where the speckled beauties lie in July and August, then with baited hook drags them into his boat so sorely wounded as soon to die. All these be no sportsmen. Such fishing is on a level with the digging of clams; it gives reasonable prospect of a dinner, but it is not sport.

Eulogy Under Difficulties

Harper's Weekly

A well-known minister is telling an anecdote about a brother clergyman who was required unexpectedly to officiate at the funeral of a man concerning whom he knew nothing. When he arrived at the town where the deceased had lived he had just time to make a few enquiries about his traits and achievements, the results of which he noted on a memorandum. His eulogy at the service, as reported, was about as follows:

"Our dear brother, whom we mourn to-day, was a man of rare character and ability. He had the mental capacity of a"—referring to his notes—"Daniel Webster; the tact of a"—again consulting his memoranda—"Henry Clay; the pertinacity of a"—another reference—"Ulysses S. Grant. We can only mourn him with a profound and sorrowful regret now that he has gone to meet his"—another reference to the notes—"God."

The American Soldier Abroad

A. H. Savage Landor in The North American Review

I have had the honor of meeting a great number of American officers, both during the Chinese war and in various parts of the Philippine Archipelago, and I was in most cases struck by the morally magnificent type of men who lead the American army—fair, open-minded, business-like, hard-working officers, combining patience in tedious plodding through excessive office work, with pluck and dash and, above all, tact and accurate judgment when in the field. It is not to be regretted that the American officer lacks the overwhelming love for wearing apparel which characterizes military men of many European armies, and his simplicity of clothing is, indeed, well matched by his easy, manly, sensible manner. There is no

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Ask your Grocer for the New Luxury.

UMUSTAPHA CIGAR.

THREE HALF-PENCE BUYS ONE.
A SHILLING BUYS SEVEN.

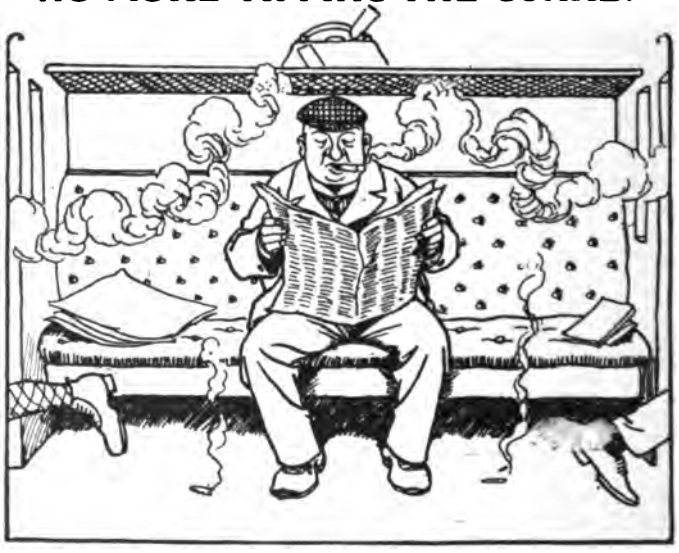
Four Free Samples for Eight Stamps.

PERCY FITZGERALD writes: "It recalls the delicious flavour of the Penny Pickwicks of thirty years ago."

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE writes: "It burns to the bitter end."

Mr. J. M. BARRIE writes: "It is not the weed I refer to as Arcadia in *The Little White Minister*."

NO MORE TIPPING THE GUARD.



Smoke UMUSTAPHA Cigars, and have the Carriage to yourself.

From *England Day by Day*

AN ENGLISH BURLESQUE ADVERTISEMENT

superfluity of gold braiding, no idiotic monocle deforming one section of the face and impeding the sight, no exaggerated sword dangling noisily upon the ground, no swagger worth noticing; but when it comes to doing the actual work of a warrior, although it is accomplished with no show and pomp, it is done well, very well.

Let us come to the private soldier and examine him as a man. If you can discard the blunt manner (which is mostly assumed to show his independence), and the profusion of swear-words (which seem to come somewhat more naturally) interspersing his conversation, there is something very nice about the American soldier. He is intelligently simple in his ways, ever full of resource, quick and shrewd, unboundedly good-natured, and possibly he is, of the soldiers of various nationalities who have come under my observation, the most humane of all. Yes, indeed; behind a

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roughness of speech which is almost startling, a heart of gold is to be found in most American soldiers. I have seen men in the field, on more than one occasion, whom, from outward appearances, one would put down as perfect brutes, gentle and considerate —almost as gentle as women—towards wounded comrades or fallen enemies.

Every Man Has His Price

"A Publicist" in The Independent

I have spoken of Mr. Hearst's lack of faith in others. This manifests itself in his assurance that money will buy the fruit of any man's effort, and that the sole consideration with most men is the amount they can command. Some time ago a young writer applied to him for employment on his New York newspaper, and was engaged to fill a position which would become vacant at the end of a week, but in the interval the fact came to the attention of a university professor who had always taken an interest in his advancement.

"I am sorry," said the good man, "that you should have chosen that particular school of journalism for your professional start." And he proceeded to descant upon the responsibility a journalist owed to society, the influence of one educated young man's example upon others of his class, the tone a writer inevitably took from the character of the journals he worked for, etc. "And your untarnished sense of self-respect," he concluded, "will be worth more to you, when you reach my time of life, than all the salaries an unprincipled employer can pour into your purse."

So impressed was the neophyte with this lecture in morals that he called upon Mr. Hearst the next morning and announced that he had changed his mind about accepting the proffered position. The editor scanned his face shrewdly, and then inquired the reason. After much hesitancy the young man told him the whole story, and started to leave.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hearst. "Be seated a moment, please." And turning to his secretary, he added: "Write a letter at once to Professor X. Y., present my compliments, and say that I should be pleased to receive from him a signed article of five hundred words—subject and treatment to be of his own choosing—for the editorial page of next Sunday's paper. Inclose check for $250.

"Now," he remarked, with a cynical smile, as he bade his caller good-by, "you can see for yourself what comes of that."

He did. The Sunday issue contained a signed article, which gave the paper the reflection of a good man's fame, and spread the influence of his example among other university professors—and did what to his self-respect?—all at the net rate of fifty cents per word!

Is it wonderful that Mr. Hearst catalogs humanity by its price-marks?

Stealing Inventors' Secrets

The Technical World

In the wild moorland country around Sheffield, England, a watchmaker named Huntsman had built a factory for making steel by a process of his own invention. The secret was a very valuable one, for it was the only process by which steel could be made of uniform quality throughout; but Huntsman had little fear that any of his rivals would discover it, for he employed only picked and sworn workmen, and the portals of his factory were almost as strictly guarded against strangers as the doors of a bullion vault.

However, one bitterly cold wintry night, when the wind was shrieking over the neighboring moor, driving the snow in wild eddies before it, a tattered, shivering tramp presented himself at the door of the works and pitifully craved permission to warm his frozen bones at the furnace fires. For a long time he pleaded in vain; the doorkeeper was obdurate; but finally importunity and the pathetic aspect of the man won the day, and the tramp was admitted to the warmth, only to fling himself on the floor in utter exhaustion and to fall asleep.

The rascal, however, was sleeping with one eye open, and with that eye he was craftily watching the men at their work, with the result that when

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KUROPATKIN IN TOKIO

THIS IS NOT A PROPHECY, BUT A RETROSPECT. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN DURING KUROPATKIN'S LAST VISIT TO JAPAN, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS STAFF

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an hour later he left the place with words of gratitude, he took Huntsman's secret with him.

Another interesting story takes us to the neighborhood of Temple Bar in London, and to the shop of a chemist who was the only man in England that knew the secret of the manufacture of citric acid. So jealous was he of his invention that he would share it with no one, but worked alone in the laboratory over his shop in Fleet Street.

One evening, however, when his processes were well advanced, he locked up his laboratory and left the premises for a time, assured that no one could possibly gain admittance during his absence. But he bargained without a certain uninvited guest who worked his way down the chimney into the laboratory and made such good use of his time that when he reëmerged from the chimney he had the manufacture of citric acid at his fingers' ends.

It was in a similar way that the manufacture of tin-plate became possible in England—the secret being one which no person had been able to wrest from its owners in Holland for half a century. But there was a bold and crafty Cornishman, one James Sherman, who made up his mind to discover it at any cost. Going over to Holland, he found his way into the factory at great personal risk and brought the secret back safely.

These are but a few of the little romances of successful secret-stealing, and who shall tell the number of attempts that have failed, or even how many lives have been lost in the attempting? Men will risk much to fathom such a secret as that of the monks of the *Grande Chartreuse*, who make the well-known *liqueur* of that name, for which a sum of $10,000,000 has been refused point blank; but the secret defies discovery.

Among scores of secret processes just as successfully guarded is that which has given to the world the exquisitely beautiful Dresden china. It is said that not even a king may enter the guarded walls of the factory at Meissen, where the porcelain is made, with the solitary exception of the King of Saxony himself; and every workman is under a solemn oath, to which the severest penalties are attached, never to breathe a word of what goes on.

Then there is the romance of inventions that have been absolutely lost to the world, of which one example must suffice. An American inventor named Ford, after long years of unremitting labor, had discovered a method of treating ore without smelting, and at a very small cost. So valuable was the discovery considered that fabulous offers were made to Ford for the secret; but, as ill-luck would have it, on the very day on which he had arranged to part with it in exchange, it is said, for an annuity of $100,000, he was struck down by apoplexy, and his secret died with him.

An Honest Grafter

W. S. Harwood in Scribner's

I have met recently in a little vine-mantled cottage, not far from the Pacific, a remarkable man, known to experts throughout the country and beyond, yet one of the least known to the general public. Mr. Luther Burbank has evolved more extraordinary, and, indeed, more marvellous plant life than any other man. Without the training of the college or the university, he yet leads in one of the most subtle and elusive, one of the most complex and baffling departments of modern research.

On a wind-swept mesa he finds a wild flower of some native beauty, but insignificant in size, and, in the main, uncomely. He takes this flower and gives it a new life, increases its size, doubles its vigor, hastens its spring-time appearing; or, if it suits him, he transforms it utterly, producing a flower unlike anything which has yet blossomed. He finds two trees, neither one, to his mind, filling its true place in the world; —he joins them and produces a new tree possessing the best of both. One such tree he has made which is now the most rapidly growing tree known in the temperate zones of the world, and one of the most prolific of all nut-producing trees.

He takes a small, unpalatable fruit, inferior in size and lacking in nutrition, and makes it over into another fruit,

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large, rich, toothsome, beautiful. A little daisy, small and imperfect, appealed to him one day, and he developed the insignificant flower into one several inches in diameter. He takes a flower with a large, showy bloom, a handsome creature among its more delicate companions, but having an offensive odor, and gives to it a delicate, fragrant scent. He has changed the hue of a yellow poppy into silver or amethyst or ruby. He has driven the pit from the plum and filled its place with substances rich, juicy, and sweet. He created a walnut with far thinner shell—so thin, indeed, that the hungry birds could perch upon the branches, drive their bills through it and rob the nut of its meat. This would not do, and he reversed the process and bred back until he had a nut of just the right shell thickness. Incidentally he drove the tannin from the walnut and has left the meat almost as white as snow.

Our Negro Population

Census Bulletin

The number of negroes in the United States, including Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, is shown by the final bulletin of the Census Bureau to be 9,204,531, perhaps a larger number than is found in any other country outside of Africa.

The report indicates that between eleven and sixteen per cent. of the negro population have, or are believed by the enumerators to have, some degree of white blood. The centre of the negro population is in De Kalb County, Alabama, about four miles from the western boundary of Georgia, having moved thence from Dinwiddie County, Virginia, 476 miles northeast, since 1790. Almost ninety per cent. of the negroes in continental United States are in the Southern States and three-tenths of them are in Georgia, Mississippi, and Alabama.

There was an increase among the negroes of 1,345,318, or eighteen per cent., in continental United States, but the rate of increase declined steadily through the nineteenth century. The death rate approximates thirty per cent., while that of whites under the same calculation is seventeen per cent.

The district in which the proportion of negroes is greatest lies in the Mississippi alluvial region along both banks of the lower Mississippi, where five-eighths of the population is negro, the maximum being in Issaquena County, Mississippi, with more than fifteen negroes to each white person. Negroes form one-third of the population in the South, both in cities and in country districts, while in the North they are about one-fortieth of the city and one-ninetieth of the country population.

The largest number of negroes living in compact masses are found in certain urban counties, several of which lie outside the great cotton-growing States. The four each having over 75,000 negroes are: District of Columbia, co-extensive with Washington; Shelby County, Tennessee, containing Memphis; Baltimore City, Maryland, and Orleans Parish, Louisiana, co-extensive with New Orleans.

Half the negroes in the United States are unde. nineteen years of age, this median age being four years below the whites.

Eight Feet, Three and a Half

Outing

Those who have seen Hetherbloom, the present champion, at his work, either in the open or under the lights in tanbark enclosures, need not be told of his eccentricities. There have been times, in fact, when his demeanor in public has been such as to suggest the idea that it was a mere bit of acting—a violin prelude by which he intended later to emphasize the brilliancy of his performance. His appearance at the Durland Horse Show last spring, when he jumped unknown inches over a seven-foot barrier, afforded a capital illustration of his methods. Seldom has a performer's entrance into the ring been more spectacular. Down in the runway under them the spectators heard the crashing of hoofs, some vigorous and unmuffled oaths, and then,

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Courtesy of Philadelphia Press

THE NEW WOMEN'S TENNIS CHAMPION

MISS MAY SUTTON, THE CALIFORNIAN WHO RECENTLY DEFEATED WITH EASE THE BEST WOMEN EXPERTS OF THE EAST, IS BARELY SEVENTEEN.

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in the centre of the tanbark, before they had time to wonder what particular form of devastation was being wrought, stood Hetherbloom. Apparently he had been shot there from some masked battery. A lean, long Irishman was upon him, whose chrome-colored hunting togs of khaki were as unruffled as the Irishman's countenance itself. That is a peculiarity of Donnelly, "the man who rides Hetherbloom." Incidentally he is the most finished specialist in putting horses over high places that this country has known. For at least ten minutes he could not get his mount to face his jump, and in that time the big son of Philosophy demonstrated that the art of bucking was not a bronco monopoly, and that he could bore and pitch with the best of them. It afforded a pretty picture, also, of a man in a flat hunting saddle "staying with" a bucker through a prolonged period of eruption. Had the whole thing been deliberately arranged, it could not have been more impressive. The horse, still fighting his rider, was some thirty yards from the wings when he suddenly whirled, and with a gasping rush in which the spectators simultaneously joined, he flew the seven-foot obstacle, not as people are fond of saying, "like a bird," but as an enraged brute that has determined that there can be no such thing as an obstacle in his path.

His more recent performance in which he broke his own and the world's record by eleven and a half inches, is a wonderful sum in mental addition. It seems doubly so when one understands that the new figures were arrived at not by any elementary "counting on fingers" or by the raising of bars imperceptibly inch by inch, but in one masterful leap.



Courtesy of Outing

HETHERBLOOM BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD

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YOKOHAMA PUBLIC SCHOOL CADETS AT DRILL

The photograph shows that instead of the top bar being poised with such nicety that the flutter of a butterfly's wing will knock it down, as the novice would arrange it, the eight foot three and one-half inch rail is firmly locked on both sides, thus insuring the rider an instantaneous view of the firmament should the horse's hind toes fail to clear. In harmony with this locked bar is the attitude of Hetherbloom's rider — the jaunty indifference with which he has turned his back upon what to the beginner must seem a very imminent eternity.

Girl Coolies

George Kennan in The Outlook

The most interesting thing that we saw at Nagasaki, and one of the most striking exhibitions of quiet efficiency that I have ever seen anywhere, was the coaling of our steamer.

Before the *Empress of India* had fairly swung into position at the mooring-buoy, four or five big coal-barges, in tow or under sail, came off to her and made fast alongside. Nimble and dexterous Japanese coolies instantly threw up against the steamer's side eight or ten stout frames, which supported a number of square platforms, about four feet apart, one rising above another in slanting gradation, like the steps of a Brobdingnagian step-ladder. At the same time a fleet of large open Japanese sampans, crowded with girls in dark-blue gowns and white headkerchiefs, came off to us from the shore, and the girls, swarming over the coal-barges, climbed up the step-ladders and took positions on the square platforms, in couples, so as to make two continuous lines up each frame from the pile of coal on the barge to one of the big port-holes of the steamer. The men on the barges then began filling the small straw baskets with coal, putting about two shovelfuls into each; and as fast as they were filled, the girls seized them and tossed them up from hand to hand and from platform to platform of the big

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step-ladder, so that they came over the ship's side in a continuous stream, like the buckets of a grain elevator. As fast as the baskets were emptied into the steamer's coal-chutes another set of girls threw them back upon the barge, where they were seized, refilled, and again passed up. By counting several times the baskets that came up between the girls of one double line, I ascertained that the average rate of delivery at the top of each frame was forty-three basketfuls per minute. Inasmuch as every basket held about fourteen pounds, each double line of girls put on board 602 pounds of coal per minute, or a little more than 18 tons per hour; and as there were nine double lines of girls on the two sides of the ship, the steamer was getting coal at an average rate of two and three-quarters tons per minute, or 162 tons every hour. The wage received by the girls seldom exceeds three or four cents per hour. The work, of course, is hard, but as every basket is passed up by two girls standing opposite each other, the weight actually lifted by each is only seven pounds. That seven-pound weight, it is true, has to be lifted or tossed forty-three times a minute; but the muscles of the girls' arms and shoulders become so hardened and developed by constant practice that, like the legs of the jinrikisha-men, they seem to be incapable of fatigue. The girls who coaled our steamer were apparently fresh and vigorous when they finished their work, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and they all went ashore in the fleet of sampans, laughing and chattering as if they had been having an enjoyable lark.

The Greatest Exhibit at the Fair

Walter H. Page in World's Work

It's simply impossible to tell the story. Of course, we can describe the Fair—its wonders and glories, and its great spectacle—in some fashion, or we could if we had time enough. But the Fair isn't the main thing. It's the American people!

We are great—we of this vast valley. Here we are with our wives and children. We wear good clothes, jayhawker and the blue-jeans c not any longer among us. clean-shaven—no clodhoppers, grow good corn—we have a tistic house built of corn and one of cotton. We have keep our cows clean, and are scientific. Our wives are women — good-looking enough. They talk freely with men, and out of their honest souls, and womanly and modest as their mothers were, who thought it to speak to a stranger. Our here with us—eager little chap clean clothes on and a boundless in their eyes. We do everything comes along—and do it heartily. look at the biggest locomotive, drink Ceylon tea.

Nothing whatever "phases" us. ask anybody any question about any we wish to know. We say to our "We can do anything." We get a gondola; we ride a camel. We Santiago captured. We talk with pinos. We study Queen Victoria jubilee presents. We gaze on mummies from Rameses III. We chickens, flowers, minerals, gowns Paris, Japanese silks and furniture the same day.

The world is ours. And at 4 p we cheer a baseball game. At 8, look upon 40,000,000 electric lights if they were an every-night experience. We walk miles and miles, and never give out. WE ARE IT. No man alive can describe these people. They are a constant joy. To watch them, hear them, to talk to them, is the most instructive and cheerful experience for all the ages. We may do fool things in public life and in private. We elect fool politicians and fool newspapers. But *we* are sound and safe, now and forever. There is nothing like the mid-continental American citizen and his family. I haven't seen a discourteous, ill-natured, repulsive, or unpleasant human act or human being since I came here—nor an uncheerful face. If I could really write, I'd write a great magazine about US of the United States.

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THE BOOK LOVERS MAGAZINE



SEPTEMBER 1904

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SERGE JULIEVITCH WITTE

THE ASSASSINATION OF HIS STRONGEST OPPONENT, VON PLEHVE, LEAVES HIM, UNQUESTIONABLY, THE LEADER AMONG RUSSIAN STATESMEN

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THE
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RUSSIA'S ABLEST STATESMAN

THE PERSONALITY AND POLICY OF SERGE WITTE

BY N. T. BACON

Censorship and repression go so far in Russia that practically the Tsar is cut off from all communication with his people except through the medium of ministers jealous of each other and of everyone else. For personal character, as a gentleman of delicate feeling, and even for self-sacrificing devotion to his ideas of right, probably few sovereigns have ever equaled Nicholas II. It is difficult not to feel a sympathy for his recent misfortunes —a sympathy which does not extend to the real rulers of his country, whose unbroken career of duplicity has resulted in the recent series of disasters.

Under the circumstances the Tsar is hardly to be blamed for allowing himself to be imposed upon by the arch-intriguers, who, each supreme in his own department, control Russian affairs as they have been controlled for centuries; and especially since the ablest and perhaps the least unscrupulous of them was last August "promoted" to the position of President of the Council of Ministers, which for power rivals that of Vice-President of the United States. He was thus so completely shelved that he was reported to have succeeded in obtaining an audience with the Tsar only by seizing the opportunity of the Tsar's being in Germany.

A year ago of all mankind perhaps no single individual wielded so much despotic power as Serge Julievitch Witte. From small beginnings, he had raised himself in August, 1892, through what we should consider a peculiarly American career, by ability, energy, and personal honesty—a rare combination in Russia—to the highest position under the Tsar.

The position of Minister of Finance was then considered superior to that of the other members of the cabinet, as to him all the other ministers had to turn for funds to carry out their programs, thus giving him a kind of veto power over the other departments. Moreover, during his long ascendency Minister Witte had added to the importance of the office in many ways. Even when he took it up its powers exceeded those of ministers of finance in other lands, for the Russian financial chiefs entered

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Courtesy of Philadelphia Commercial Museum

THE BOURSE, ST. PETERSBURG

directly into commercial treaties which elsewhere fall to ministers of Foreign Affairs.

To this immense power Minister Witte's untiring efforts gave new developments on many sides. His greatest financial achievement was first stopping the wild fluctuations of the Russian paper currency, and then putting it on a gold basis. This, to be sure, was accomplished by reducing the weight of the gold ruble, so that ten gold rubles of 1896 are worth fifteen of 1898; but this was less dishonest than might otherwise appear, as for nearly half a century all financial operations in Russia had been on a paper basis, and this was about the average rate of depreciation for several years previous. This was unquestionably of great value to the country, as was the conversion of the old, high interest bonds to a four per cent. basis, which he accomplished at the cost of a moderate increase in the principal.

For these services he will be remembered long and gratefully; but it is at least a question whether many of his other measures have not done more harm than good. Neglecting details, the broad lines of his program have been as follows:

First, the increase of the revenue of the state. Mainly by the development of indirect taxation he raised the income of the imperial treasury from about $450,000,000 for the year 1891, when he took charge of the finances, to about $950,000,000 for 1899. The hard times since then have reduced this somewhat, but it has remained above $850,000,000, and exceeds that of any other country, England approaching nearest.

Second, the construction of a great system of railroads. It was first as a subordinate employee, and later as manager of the Southwestern Railroad Company, that Witte made his mark. Thoroughly acquainted as he was with many sides of railroad business through his early training, it is not strange that he considered them all-important, and that his chief energies were expended for years in constructing tens of thousands of miles of new railroads, extend-

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ing from the White Sea to the Caspian, and from the Baltic to the Pacific. His theory in regard to these was that they were necessary to enable the products of the country to reach a market, and that otherwise, owing to the difficulty of transportation, Russia would be more and more at a disadvantage in competing with the United States and the Argentine Republic in its main staple of grain. The argument was plausible, so far as many of these roads were concerned, if they had been economically built. But many of them were purely strategic, such as the Trans-Siberian, though Minister Witte has made the most extravagant claims for the future of this, going so far as to say that he would not sell it for twice its cost of $500,000,000, as its future was assured. Of course these strategic roads have added immensely to the cost of Russia's railway system without proportionate advantage, but this has been a bagatelle compared with the extravagant cost for construction of even the most useful roads. On the average all the railroads built by the Russian government ought to have cost not far from $23,000 per mile, while on the government books they are entered as having cost about $90,000 a mile. This difference between $23,000 and $90,000 per mile on ten thousand miles of railroad would make $670,000,000, and must be accounted for mainly by pickings and stealings. Minister Witte's own hands seem to be clean. He lives in a very simple manner and appears to lack the craze for ostentation which keeps many Russians on the verge of bankruptcy, though, like many Europeans of high position, he may have a large fortune invested abroad out of reach of confiscation.

Third, the reorganization of the banks. The great State banks, one for the nobility and another for the peasantry, have been encouraged, and endless mortgage banks have been organ-



WITTE AND HILKOFF LEAVING THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, ST. PETERSBURG

WITTE'S GIGANTIC STATURE IS APPARENT IN THE COMPARISON

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A PEASANT'S CART IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA

Courtesy of Philadelphia Commercial Museums

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ized—in many cases with a government guarantee of their securities—to lend money on the one hand to the great land owners, and on the other to peasants desiring to buy land either severally or by communities, or again to any who had decent security to offer. This also was a well-meant measure, intended to help the people out of the power of the usurers, who were coming to have whole communities in their grasp. But this has not been a signal success. The people borrowed gladly, but generally made no provision for the day when payment was due; and finally, in 1902, many of these institutions were only kept from bankruptcy by great advances from the imperial treasury. It was characteristic that up to the last moment Minister Witte seemed entirely oblivious of the fact that crushing taxation was the real fundamental cause why millions were unable to pay their debts, and that the great surpluses shown by his budgets were really fallacious. He could not, or would not, see that they were being ruined by indirect taxation. His argument was that his people were taxed in all less than half as much per capita as those of France, and about half as much as those of Germany—so that their burdens were not heavy. In this he entirely overlooked the different conditions. Such abject poverty of the masses is not to be found elsewhere in any country pretending to be civilized. The land-redemption tax, which is crushing the heart out of all agricultural enterprise among great masses of the peasantry, averages fifteen cents an acre. Their ignorance and listlessness are so great that the land produces very little, and the check to all improvement is most serious from the communal system, under which no one can count on having the same field more than two or three years. The endless fasts and feasts, all—and especially the latter—most religiously observed, make matters still worse. It is a common saying in Russia that it takes a day to get ready for a feast and two days to get over it. The principal part of preparation consists in getting as much vodka as possible. If the peasant can get enough of this to get drunk on, he is content and cares little for the future. Many a loan provided by Minister Witte's great institutions has only fattened the till of the local liquor seller.

Minister Witte, in stating that his people were only half as heavily taxed as those of Germany, also took account only of what reached the treasury. Of the extra expense falling on them by reason of the preposterous prices caused by the Russian tariff for goods smuggled or manufactured in Russia he took no account. Nor, again, did Minister Witte take account of the enormous exactions of officials. It is an accepted part of the Russian system that officials shall live by exactions. Six years ago a secret official report to the Tsar on the discontent in Poland gave official extortions as the main cause, and recommended that the salaries of officials should be made sufficient to live on, and that they should then be held strictly responsible. The Tsar's own copy of this report was stolen for the *London Times*, and bore a note on the margin in his handwriting saying: "This is to be done as soon as the treasury shows the necessary funds."

It has been rumored of late that the war was brought on to cover peculations, especially in the Interior department, whose chief has now become the dictator *pro tempore*. I do not believe it. Not much of a veil is considered necessary for such things in Russia; and it was the war with Turkey which revealed the rotten condition of officialdom to Alexander II, and caused him to turn to his brother with the despairing remark: "I believe that you and I are the only two men in Russia who have not been bribed." Seldom if ever does the Russian government try to recover losses by peculation.

But the worst exactions for the poor

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are those of the Interior department, and in particular those of the police, who eke out their scanty salaries by blackmailing the supposed criminal on the one hand and the sufferer on the other. These official exactions of various kinds are probably much greater than the amounts which reach the treasury; so

a philanthropic measure, and loud were the praises both in Russia and abroad of the great statesman and financier who had ventured to put behind him all thought of profit from this main source of revenue for all countries, and would turn his efforts toward diminishing drunkenness. It was first applied in



COUNT VLADIMIR LAMSDORF

RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, AND AN ADHERENT OF WITTE. ON ACCOUNT OF HIS OPPOSITION TO THE WAR, AN EFFORT IS BEING MADE TO DRIVE HIM FROM POWER

that if the whole truth could appear, the Russian people are in reality more heavily taxed than the population of any civilized country, and certainly so in proportion to their means.

Fourth, the government monopoly of the sale of alcoholic liquors. This was one of Witte's earliest projects, but was completely carried out only last year. This was originally brought forward as

only four of the sixty provinces of European Russia, and for a year or two the Russian papers were full of reports of great successes in reducing crime and drunkenness, and of the self-sacrifice of the government in foregoing the revenue derived from large sales of liquor. The monopoly was gradually extended to other provinces, but since then the tone has changed. Apparently drunkenness

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and crime have not decreased; and it is evident that it is after all rather a scheme by which the government gets the local license fees, which formerly were one of the main resources by which the provincial councils carried on schools, hospitals, and highways. In the second place, this was to give the government



CONSTANTINI PETROVITCH POBEDONOSTEFF

PROCURATOR OF THE HOLY SYNOD, AND ACTUAL HEAD OF THE GREEK CHURCH. THE STIFFEST REACTIONARY IN RUSSIA

the profit of the former retail liquor dealers, though much of this is said to be absorbed by government officials. It is even rumored that the government is increasing sales by opening liquor dispensaries in villages where formerly there were no liquor stores. The price of liquor has been raised, as would be expected from any other monopoly, but the quantity sold does not seem to diminish.

This monopoly added immensely to the number of office-holders under the department of Finance, and its powers have again been increased by sales of tea and sugar which, under the guise of the cause of temperance, have been added to the articles on sale at the dispensaries, though not under monopoly as yet. In the interest of health the government, at last accounts, was setting up likewise at its dispensaries a monopoly of the sale of drugs and chemicals, which it excused on the ground that this could do no harm, as almost all the druggists, and even drug clerks, were Germans, and so did not deserve consideration. This is true of the cities, but not so of the communal drug-stores which had been

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STATE OFFICES, MOSCOW

established by many small towns. Russia has gone crazy on communism, going even so far as communal butcher-shops in some places; and now these communal drug-stores are threatened with destruction, if they are not already destroyed.

It has been proposed to extend the monopoly to tea and sugar, petroleum, tobacco, and even grain—this last on the plea of protecting the peasants from the middlemen. This is going so far that Witte is now accused of trying to set up "an economic system based on the principle of concentration of the entire wealth of the nation in a single hand."

Fifth, the building up of a great industrial system. This is a plan which had occupied Minister Witte from the beginning of his career. The high duties imposed on foreign products for the sake of revenue were still further raised for the sake of protection, until finally they went so high as to threaten both purposes by fostering wholesale smuggling. But there were great difficulties to meet. There was no class of factory hands, and one was built up with great care by the grant of special privileges, which were not favored by the Interior department because tending to revolution. Again, private initiative was so far lacking and there was so little available capital that mere protection was insufficient; so further inducements were offered, such as exemption from taxation, large government contracts at high prices, long loans without interest, or even great subsidies. Some lines of business thus became extremely profitable, such as oil production, distilling, sugar making, and cotton spinning. Great efforts were made in particular to build up iron and steel manufactures, and great amounts of foreign capital were invested in these.

Much more capital would doubtless have been invested had it not been for intrigues on two sides. In the first place, the firms making great profits were unwilling to lose their field, and were always glad to bribe officials to refuse the necessary permit to allow of

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starting a new enterprise; and in the second, the Minister of the Interior, as head of the reactionaries, was never grieved at obstacles which arose in his department. As, at least up till a few years ago, no building with more than five windows could be erected anywhere in European Russia without a permit from the Minister of the Interior, it will be seen what powerful opposition this worthy was in a position to make. Nevertheless, in some lines manufactures were making so much progress, thanks to Witte's hold on the Tsar, that one of the causes of the present war was the demand of Moscow cotton spinners for a wider field where special protection could enable them to compete, as they could not do with the open door.

This great development of industry appears at first sight to have been meant exclusively to build up the country. However, one of the main arguments against it by the reactionaries was that only so could any effective opposition be built up to the present régime; and in reality it added greatly to the already stupendous powers of the Minister of Finance. The immense power over Russian productive interests held by him needs a word of explanation. Arbitrarily and without warning he can make changes in the tariff sufficient to ruin any industry. Less than two years ago the privileges of the free port of Vladivostock were thus taken away when it was determined to make Dalny the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railroad; and at the same time the State banks were ordered to grant no more



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STACKING SALT IN THE BLACK SEA SALT FIELDS

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loans on Vladivostock real estate, and to call for payment of those existing. Again, he can arbitrarily refuse to fulfil his promise of support. It was this that carried down the great iron works at Kertch in December, 1902. But he has an even stronger hold over them. Under some pretext or other, practically every incorporated company is obliged to accept and pay for the services of a kind of auditor, known as the representative of the ministry of Finance, and solely responsible to it. His duty is nominally to prevent swindling of the stock-holders, and he has therefore access at all times to all accounts and correspondence, and is provided with full power to take the management out of the hands of the directors if these are not wholly subservient to his wishes. The highly paternal Russian system has its drawbacks, and this has been pointed to as working in the same line as the monopolies, towards concentration of the entire wealth of the nation in a single hand.

Up to the time of the Russo-Turkish war the Russian peasantry had been showing signs of steady progress since emancipation; but this was checked by the burden of debt created by the war, and since then things seem to have been growing gradually worse. The decline in condition of the peasantry was accelerated by the new burdens imposed by Minister Witte, though the helpless wretches only knew that all that they must buy grew dearer, while what they had to sell did not. Finally, however, their misery became unmistakable. Wholesale bankruptcy was impending, and it became evident that affairs could not go on so much longer. The exceptional harvest of 1902 tided matters over for a year, and in the following winter Minister Witte executed a brilliant stroke against his reactionary enemies by the celebrated ukase of the last of February, 1903, old style—March 11, by our calendar—granting relief from arrears of taxes, and promising many other reforms. Execution of these fell into the hands of the Interior department, with his bitterest enemy at its head, because they concerned that department, and naturally they have proved illusory so far, except for the relief from arrears; but the ukase strengthened Witte greatly at the time. This generosity made an excellent excuse for asking for a new loan in France, but it concentrated and embittered his old enemies. He was heralded as the head and front of the liberal party, though by some of the revolutionary groups he, more than any other, is held responsible for the woes of the people on account of the great increase in prices caused by his system.

Hated as Witte was by the old nobility as a parvenu; by the reactionaries, against whose projects he set himself resolutely as interfering with his hopes of industrial development; by the Pan-Slavists, who generally believed in free trade, and found in him no sympathy with their hopes of Russification of everything; by the church because of his utter indifference to religion; and by the war party because, knowing the result of the Turkish war, he set himself against the financial strain which war would cause—he still went boldly forward, secure in the approval of the Tsar. The first blow to count against Witte seems to have grown out of one of his own creations. Among his many schemes was one for development of a mercantile marine, and at the head of the commission for this was one of the grand dukes of the imperial family. In spite of Witte's enormous borrowings, which have increased the direct debt of the government at least $600,000,000 since he took charge, not to mention huge contingent liabilities, it was impossible to grant a very large subsidy for this purpose; and the Grand Duke, probably at reactionary instigation, appeared at Minister Witte's office and asked that the subsidy be doubled at least. Minister Witte, even by the

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report of his enemies, never truckles to rank, and he refused any increase. The request was renewed in the form of a demand, and thereupon Witte tendered his resignation to the Tsar, with the remark that he could not attempt to manage the finances if grand dukes were to be allowed to dictate concerning allowances. The Grand Duke was snubbed and Minister Witte restored to power; but a weak spot had been found in his harness, and a coalition ensued between the reactionaries and the party of aggression, headed by Alexief and Bezobrazof, which resulted in a few months more in Witte's retirement to a sinecure.

Since then Minister von Plehve had risen to a dominance almost as great as Witte's was before, but the events of



VON PLEHVE, LATE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

WITTE'S BITTEREST ENEMY, ASSASSINATED JULY 28

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the war have thus far so completely justified Witte's predictions that the Tsar has had a most painful experience. Already Bezobrazof, one of the two main leaders of the new party, has found it well to go to the South of France for his health, and the other, Admiral Alexief, has tendered his resignation as Viceroy of the East. Battle royal is evidently going on out of sight in the Russian cabinet, where Count Lamsdorf, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is now the direct point of attack, he having been friendly to Witte and opposed to the war. Curiously enough this seems likewise to have been true of the former Minister of War, General Kuropatkin, whose appointment to the command of the Manchurian land forces, coupled with that of Admiral Skrydloff for the fleet, brought about Alexief's resignation.

Apparently the reactionaries are now apprehensive that, in view of the recent disasters resulting from their union with the war party, the Tsar may lose faith in them in turn and recall his former counselors. It seems not unlikely that the pressure brought to bear on General Kuropatkin, to drive him to attempt the relief of Port Arthur, was designed to cast on him the odium of defeat in case he tried it and failed, and to make a scapegoat of him in case he refused and Port Arthur fell. In the meantime, such events as the looting, before its arrival at Moscow, of the new hospital train fitted out by the Empress cannot fail to prejudice the cause of the present authorities in the eyes of the Tsar. It



PEASANTS WINNOWING GRAIN
AN OPENING FOR AN AMERICAN THRESHER

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A TRANS-SIBERIAN STATION IN TIME OF PEACE

is already rumored that perhaps ere long Minister Witte will return to power; and early in July he seems to have been sent to Germany to negotiate a treaty of commerce, which would ordinarily be the function of the Minister of Finance. It even looks as if the desperate efforts to drive Count Lamsdorf out of the Cabinet were an attempt to recover lost ground by the reactionaries, so as to show that they are still all-powerful. Failing in such an attempt, their shrift might be a short one if it should become known; and it would not be altogether a surprise if, before the year were out, Minister Witte should come back with a stronger grip on power than before. His former system was breaking down with its own weight, and he will have been out just long enough to enable him to charge on his enemies the onus of his previous failure; and the huge indebtedness sure to result from the war will give him ample excuse for any changes of policy which he may see fit to make. Whether he himself takes up his former portfolio is a question, though there is little doubt that his fingers itch for the purse strings. Little as he cares personally for externals, for their effect on others Minister Witte may demand some nominally more splendid position to be made for him, while the Finance portfolio is placed in the hands of a figure-head. To make his own position secure he must trample his opponents under foot. He is the one strong man who has appeared or late in Russian affairs, and the assassination of Von Plehve leaves him practically without a rival.

Much as one may see to deprecate in Minister Witte—his Oriental ideas of veracity, his monopolistic tendencies, and the false statements of profits from his railroads, with which he has been deluding European capitalists — in a struggle between him and his enemies the sympathies of all well-wishers of Russia must lie with him.

N. T. Baeon

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IN THE GRAPE-GATHERING SEASON

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THE DARK CAVES OF RHEIMS

THE CENTRE OF THE CHAMPAGNE INDUSTRY

The famous city of Rheims is associated in our minds so closely with its wonderful old cathedral—which stands for all time as the apotheosis of Gothic architecture—and with the romantic career of Joan of Arc, to say nothing of the famous Jackdaw, that few people remember that this wonderful old city is the centre of the champagne trade, and the home of the most celebrated champagne firms in the world. The city directory of Rheims gives the names of ninety establishments for the making of champagne. Over twenty firms are employed in furnishing the corks alone, while almost as many more are engaged in the machinery used in the industry.

The municipalities of Rheims and Épernay are in the department of the Marne, about two hours by rail southwest of Paris. The entire department covers over forty thousand acres of land, the municipality of Rheims being about sixteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty acres in extent. This department lies in the old province of Champagne. The soil is of a chalky formation that retains the sun's heat and prevents heavy dews, thus giving the grape a fine chance to mature. The rolling hill country provides a good natural drainage, and there is about the same yield year after year without any necessity for enriching or renewing the soil. The vines are grown on small poles two and a half to three feet in height, and are cut back every second or third year, so that the vineyards present a curiously juvenile appearance, very unlike ours. There has been comparatively little damage done by the much-dreaded Phylloxera. In June, for miles around, one gets the fragrant odor of the young grape-blossoms; and in October, in the vintage season, the beautiful masses of small purple and white grapes, heaped in profusion everywhere, are a picturesque sight as well as a delicious feast.

The wine is stored in immense caves both in Rheims and at Épernay, sixteen miles distant, in the heart of the vineyard district. Some of the caves extend for miles under the city, and parts of Rheims are literally honeycombed with them. Often they are three stories deep under the street level, so as to vary the temperature. One descends to them by a splendid flight of one hundred and sixteen steps, cut out of the chalk soil. This staircase is over sixty feet in depth, and is lighted by electricity. The caves are more than ten miles long and are constantly being added to. There are about two hundred large rooms in them, and some of the corridors are over a quarter of a mile in length. These are named after cities and distinguished statesmen, and one strolls along avenues bearing such names as Carnot, Thiers, and Washington, or London, Paris, Edinburgh, and New York.

It is not unusual to have as much as five hundred and twenty-eight thousand gallons of champagne, or thirteen to fourteen million bottles, stored in these cellars at one time. Instead of the dust-covered bottles and cobwebs and spiders we are apt to associate with wine-cellars, everywhere it is as spotlessly clean and fresh as a New England housekeeper would wish her kitchen to be. Even the fine arts are not neglected in these wonderful, cool depths. In several rooms fine bas-reliefs are sculptured in

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the chalk. *La Fête de Bacchus*, *Un souper au dix-huitième siècle*, and *Silenus*, for example, are by well-known sculptors. The workmen are all well paid; and each receives besides a bottle of red wine in the morning and another in the afternoon, to keep the blood warm while working beneath the earth, as they do most of the day.

Before the modern cork was discovered, champagne may be said not to have existed. Without it no sparkling wine could really be brought to perfection, requiring, as it does, the peculiar process of fermentation after being bottled.

The larger firms use only the juice from the first pressing of the grape for champagne, leaving the second and third pressings for inferior wine, or, as it is called, *vin de suite*. The juice is taken in barrels to the cellars and poured into larger vats, one of the vats holding as much as eight hundred gallons. The wine remains in these vats from October until January, when the mixing takes place. This is somewhat of a state secret in each establishment, as each wine-master has his own method for producing from wine of different vintages the flavors for which his particular brands are famous. This mixture is called the *cuvée*, and it stands again until April or June, when the great operation of filling the bottles takes place.

This *mise en bouteilles*, or *tirage*, is a great sight. The rapidity with which it is accomplished by the many workmen is marvelous. There are thousands of bottles which first of all must be tested, and then well cleaned. This latter process is done by machines. Then the long pipes are extended to the bottles from the mighty vats that hold the *cuvée*, and as the bottles are filled, corked, and wired they are lowered in baskets, by a system of endless chains, to the caves below, where they are stacked in precise order in a very compact and solid mass, yet so that each separate one may be taken out without disturbing the others. These bottles are now left



A FEW OF THE FOURTEEN MILLION BOTTLES

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BAS-RELIEF IN A CHAMPAGNE VAULT NEAR RHEIMS

from one to two years, when they are put in small racks, necks downward, and for two or three months each bottle is given daily a gentle little shake by an experienced workman. In this way the sediment is brought gradually to the cork, and the wine becomes perfectly clear. One man can shake about thirty thousand bottles in a day. It seems a hopeless task, yet it is all accomplished with great system and ease. In some of the caves the men are allowed to use both hands in shaking bottles; but it is usual for the workman to use one hand only, and the result is supposed to be better.

Then comes the *dégorgement*, or removal of the sediment. By some firms an ingenious system of freezing the neck of the bottle is used to accomplish this, and the sediment is taken out in a solid frozen mass. By many others, when the bottles are opened, a most skilful manner of pressing the thumb over the open mouth, letting the sediment out and losing very little of the wine, is the usual method. This requires very great care, as no deposit must be left and as little wine as possible lost. The men who perform this work receive three to four dollars per day.

Last of all come the sweetening, recorking, labeling, and packing. The wine, having lost most of its sugar in this process of fermentation, now receives a small quantity of liqueur, which is pure sugar mixed either with brandy or with the wine itself. Each firm, at this stage of the process, keeps its methods a secret. The quantity of sugar or sweetening is varied for different countries. English taste requires the least sugar—or in technical terms the most *sec*—even in some cases preferring it wholly without sugar, or champagne *Brut-nature*. The United States comes next in the quantity of sweetness preferred, and France third. The more northern countries, such as Russia and Sweden, prefer a much sweeter wine, although the taste each year for less sweetening is growing more universal.

The work of measuring out the sweet liqueur is done by small boys. The

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A TYPICAL VINEYARD OF THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY

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corking and wiring are mostly done by women, who receive about fifty cents a day and their portion of red wine. The corks are put in by machines made in Rheims and Épernay. The machine has two motions: the first compresses the cork; the second pushes it into the bottle. These corks cost as much as four cents apiece, and are of fine quality. A small wire basket is turned by machines and pressed over the cork, and then comes the label and gold-foil.

Now the bottles are placed in straw, or *paillons*, which are made in Rheims, and the packing-cases stand ready to receive them. It is a curious sight to see the men fill these cases to overflowing with such a fragile mass, and then press down the cover as a woman would press down her overloaded trunk of gowns. One is quite sure they will all break to pieces, until assured that it never happens, owing to the elasticity of the straw packing.



DOWN A HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN STEPS TO THE CAVES

In spite of the high duty on champagne —the UnitedStates paying seventy cents per bottle, Germany forty, and Russia even eighty or ninety—the demand grows all the time. As early as 1863 over nine million bottles were exported, France consuming nearly three million bottles more. In 1885 the amount consumed by France and other countries was about eighteen million bottles, and in 1899 the exportation had increased to over nineteen millions of bottles, France taking besides over eight millions, making a total of twenty-seven million bottles of wine for that year. Besides this great output there were in 1899, in the cellars of Rheims, over a hundred and six million bottles in reserve. France receives a yearly revenue of nearly twenty-five millions of dollars from the sale of champagne.

Notwithstanding the fact that the methods of making champagne have been at one time or another publicly demonstrated—notably at the Paris Exposition, where workmen were sent for that purpose, using models from the Museum of Rheims—the world at large has had but a vague conception of the vastness of the champagne enterprise, and even less of its history, and of the many minds and many years that have been required to bring it to its present perfection. And so this story is told of the making of that sparkling fluid which issues forth at last from those dark caves of old Champagne.

Alice Hall

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From an old engraving

OLD EDINBURGH FROM PRINCES STREET

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Social Life in Old Edinburgh

By T. M. PARROTT

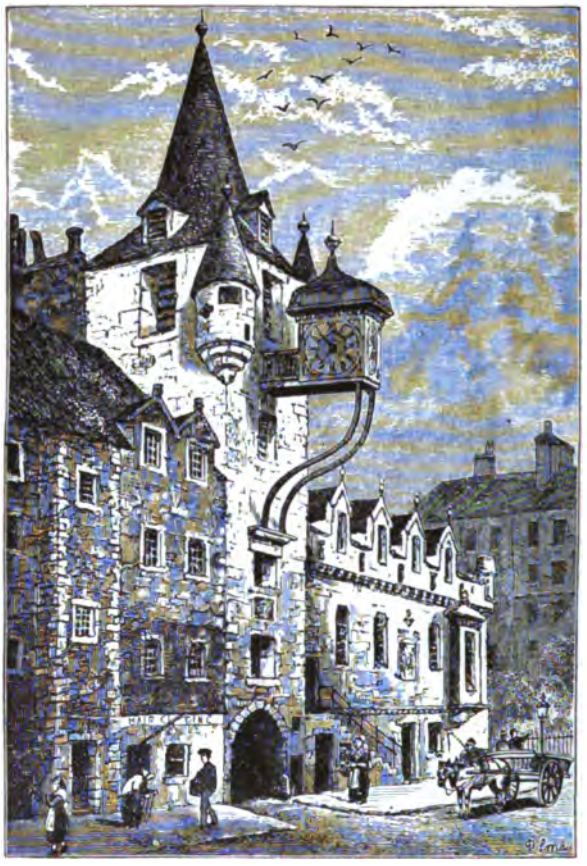
In the early decades of the eighteenth century the prosperity of Edinburgh was a thing of the past, and her total ruin seemed a thing of the near future. The union of the crowns in 1707, by abolishing the parliament of the northern kingdom, had swept fashion and trade from the wynds and closes of her ancient capital into the whirlpool of London, and in so doing had struck an apparently mortal blow at the welfare of the good town. Scotch poets and politicians alike were loud in lament over the desolation which had fallen upon her ancient glories. "There is the end of an auld sang," cried Lord Chancellor Seafield, when the act of Union was signed; and ten years afterward Allan Ramsay apostrophized the once fashionable but then deserted quarter of the Canongate:

> London and death gar thee look droll,
> And hing thy head.

For nearly half a century the cloud of poverty and abandonment hung heavily over the town. There was no commerce, and little trade. The nobles and gentry, who had been wont to spend their holidays and guineas in Edinburgh, flourished in London or pined at their country seats, according as their politics were Whig or Tory. The University was housed in a group of shabby buildings where a handful of students gathered to hear a set of "useless, needless, headless, and defective" professors prelecting on pseudo-science and medieval metaphysics. Alone of Scottish institutions there remained unbroken the fierce and intolerant national church, which, no longer finding a counterpoise in the power of parliament, exercised a rigorous and unchallenged domination over the minds and manners of men. Its seizers and compurgators arrested the godless wretches who appeared upon the streets "during sermons" on the Sabbath. Its obedient magistrates closed the doors of Allen Ramsay's little theatre, and pried into his bookshop in search of "villainous, profane, and obscene books and plays." Not even the privacies of family life were hidden from the ever watchful eye of the kirk-session. From the strict inquisition of the kirk non-professors fled to the club for refuge, and the very names of some of the more noted clubs in Edinburgh were ominous of rebellion against the rule of the saints. The Sulphur Club, the Hell-Fire Club, and the Pandemonium rang with the lampoons on the clergy, the loose stories, and the ribald songs that marked the reaction in Scottish society against the severity of church discipline. Between the crushing tyranny of the kirk on the one hand, and the reckless license of the ungodly on the other, Edinburgh in the first half of the eighteenth century must have been as unpleasant a place of residence as ever thirty thousand souls were gathered in.

Between the years 1750 and 1760, however, affairs began to mend. The country at large was rapidly growing rich and prosperous. Improved methods of agriculture had redeemed many a barren heath and doubled the productivity of arable land. Rents rose in the most amazing fashion; and for the first time in the history of Scotland they began to be paid in money instead of in kind, so that the laird who had formerly received an over-supply of skinny fowls, half-

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CANONGATE TOLBOOTH

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

starved sheep, and wretched oats and barley, now found himself in possession of an income sufficient to raise the ancestral mortgage, educate his sons, and marry off his daughters. In the West a thriving trade with the American colonies had sprung up, and Glasgow became a gate through which a golden stream poured into the country. Employment was found in England and her colonies for the canny Scot, who served his country and feathered his own nest with equal diligence. And what he made abroad he spent at home. Sons of peasants and crofters returned full-handed to buy the estates on which their ancestors had toiled, and to erect beside the ruined keep of the old lord the stately mansion-house of the new proprietor.

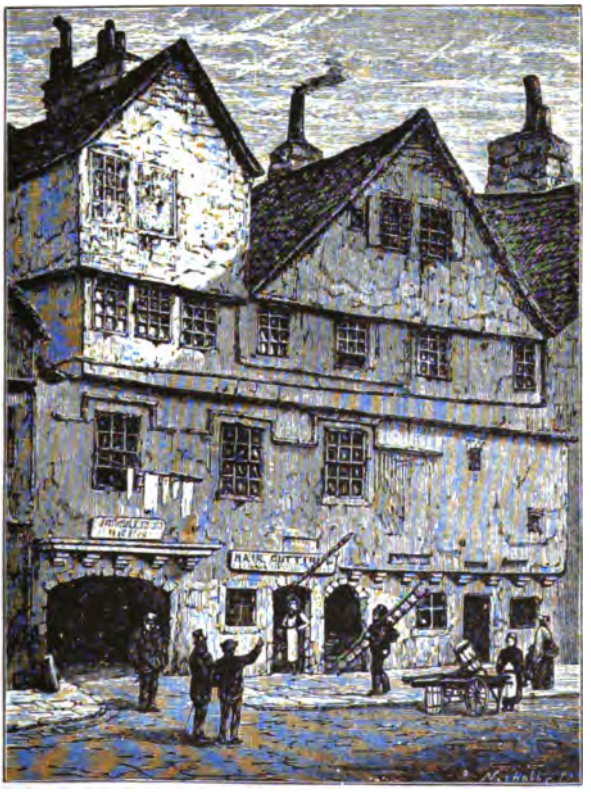
With the reviving prosperity of the country the fortunes of the capital began again to flourish. From all over Scotland the gentry and nobility flocked into Edinburgh to find lodgings, permanent or temporary, in some narrow flat in the tall "lands" of the old town. The deserted Canongate became once more the centre of wealth and fashion. In the decade or so between 1759 and the opening of the New Town of Edinburgh it was estimated that two dukes, sixteen earls, two dowager countesses, seven lords, seven chief-justices, and thirteen baronets, not to speak of minor gentry, made their homes in that now squalid district. Once more the narrow streets of the gray metropolis were brightened by the gay dresses and pretty faces of high-born ladies, and rang far into the night with the songs and laughter of noble beaux and macaronis. Even the iron-bound kirk expanded under the genial influence of the new prosperity. A strong and gradually increasing party in her councils sought to relax her rigorous discipline, and to mingle something of humanity and culture with the sincere but narrow piety of former days. Loud was the lament of evangelical elders, crying out with David Deans: "My bowels—my bowels—I am pained at the very heart," over what they termed the "ulcers and the imposthumes and the sores and the leprosies" of the kirk. But the new tendency was irresistible; and in spite of lament and protest the Church of Scotland became for the most part what it has since continued to be, one of the

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greatest civilizing and humanizing agencies of the country.

A similar change took place about the same time in the world of learning and letters. Robertson, the accomplished leader of the liberal party in the church, was for thirty years Principal of Edinburgh University; and his administration was the most successful that the University had ever known. In 1770 the number of students was seven hundred, more than double what it had been at the time of the Union. The wretched buildings—more fit, as Robertson said, for alms-houses—were in part swept away, the corner-stone of a new structure was laid, and though the design was not completed in Robertson's lifetime, it is to his initiative that Edinburgh owes the stately edifice whose dome today rises high over the steep incline of the South Bridge. Of far greater importance, however, than the increased number of students or the reconstruction of the buildings was the new spirit which Robertson and his associates diffused throughout the University. The crabbed, pedantic temper of the old days gave place to a polished, liberal, and broadly human culture. The skepticism of Hume was attacked, and the authenticity of Ossian defended, without a trace of the bitterness which had raged in the theological and critical writings of the preceding generation. From the portraits of these old professors there beams a gentle humor and a kindly optimism admirably in keeping with their well brushed small-clothes, their silk stockings and broad-buckled shoes, and their powdered wigs.

No small part of this kindliness and culture was due to the eminently social life of the so-called "Literati" of those days, a body to which many of the Edinburgh faculty belonged. Its oldest and most famous member was, of course, the great philosopher and historian David Hume; its profoundest and most original thinker was Adam Smith. Hume lived in a flat in the Canongate which he boasted of as singularly free from vermin; Adam Smith spent the greater part of his life at the little town of Kirkcaldy in Fife. But the country scholar made frequent visits to his brother wise man in the capital, and the suppers at Hume's lodgings in James Court were true *cœna deorum*. Hume was something of an epicure; he prided himself on his recipe for *soupe à la reine*, on his beef and cabbage, on his mutton and old claret. There seems to



THE TOWN HOUSE OF THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY
AS IT LOOKED A CENTURY AGO

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WILLIAM ROBERTSON
THIRTY YEARS PRINCIPAL OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

have been some point in the contemporary sneer which spoke of Hume and his friends as the "Eaterati," rather than the "Leetarati," as in broadest Scots they called themselves. Yet the great attraction at these suppers was not the food and wine, however excellent, but the company that Hume gathered around him. There was John Home, author of the portentous tragedy of *Douglas*, firmly believed by all good Scotchmen to outrank anything of Wullie Shakespeare's. There was Adam Ferguson, once the fighting chaplain of the Black Watch, now Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University. Boswell would be there, with brand-new stories of the world of London letters and of the great Cham who ruled that world. Law was represented by Lord Kames, cynical, learned, and industrious, who wrote books faster than his rival, Lord Monboddo, could read them. Even such pillars of the church as Robertson, Blair, and Carlyle of Inveresk, did not disdain to grace the board of the most dangerous of skeptics. Hume's personal character — simple, benevolent, marked by almost childlike blandness of good humor—was of a sort to make even a zealous churchman forget his essay on miracles; and Adam Smith's verdict that his friend approached "as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit," though it seemed to the jealous orthodoxy of Boswell a "noxious weed in the moral garden," only echoed the universal opinion of the philosopher's intimates.

All this new wine of the spirit was poured into old bottles, so far at least as the dwelling-place and habitation of the Edinburghians went. For centuries the town, which had grown up along the steep and narrow ridge rising from the Abbey of Holy Rood to the still more ancient Castle, had retained almost the same dimensions. On the north the deep valley with its loch, on the south the swampy grounds, seemed to forbid any lateral expansion. But what the city lacked in breadth it made up in height. Story upon story its lofty houses soared up from the gray rock toward the gray sky. Within them were huddled all sorts and conditions of men, members of the proletariat in the cellar, noblemen and judges in the intermediate stories, with a family or two of workmen in the garret. There were no slums in the old town where the highest and the lowest in the land inhabited the same building.

Or perhaps it would be better to say

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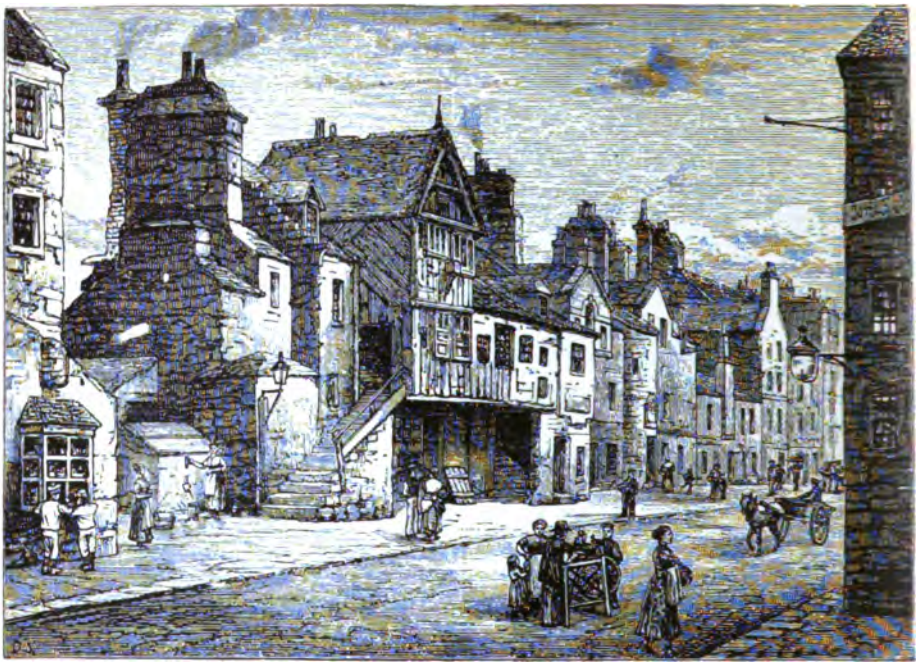
From an old engraving

OLD EDINBURGH FROM THE CALTON HILL

that the city was one vast slum. For the manners and customs of its inhabitants were dirty beyond description. There were no drains in the houses, no sewers beneath the streets. At ten o'clock each night the accumulated filth of each flat was poured down from the windows upon the pavement to the tune of a wild chorus of "Gardyloo" (*gardez l'eau*). Its varied stenches arose to heaven, "the flowers of Edinburgh" some wicked wit called them. The belated foot-passenger, picking his way through the dimly lighted streets, had a dangerous and malodorous journey homewards. "I smell you in the dark," muttered Johnson as he rolled along the High Street toward Boswell's lodgings on the night of his arrival at Edinburgh. At seven o'clock each morning a scanty train of scavengers appeared to clean the streets—except on Sunday when neither necessity, charity, nor mercy were deemed to demand their attendance. The common stairs within the houses were at least as filthy as the streets without. The very churches were, as Boswell testifies, shamefully dirty. When Johnson saw the sign, "*Clean your feet*," at the door of the Royal Infirmary, he remarked to Boswell, not without a chuckle of true English superiority: "There is no occasion for putting this at the door of your churches."

Within the tall "lands," built so closely together that the inhabitants of adjoining houses could often shake hands across the deep but narrow chasm that divided them, the inhabitants lived in the most confined of quarters. Four, five, or at most six rooms constituted the apartments of the wealthiest families. Servants slept outside the house or under the kitchen table; beds were made up for the nurse and children in the master's study; turned-up beds with curtains drawn round them stood in the drawing-room. Naturally the entertaining that could be done in such apartments was of the smallest. My lady could receive a few friends over a cup of tea in her bedroom, but when her lord wished to dine or wine his friends,

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THE POTTER ROW, MAHOGANY "LANDS," IN 1821

recourse was had of mere necessity to one or another of the taverns.

Taverns, in fact, played almost the same part in the social life of Edinburgh during the third quarter of the eighteenth century as coffee-houses had done in London in Addison's time. They were the common meeting places of a race of men to whom home meant little more than a place to sleep. Doctors met their patients, lawyers consulted with their clients, over a mug of ale or a tass of brandy in the little rooms of a dark tavern half underground. Here the city magistrates were accustomed to meet, and here the ministers of the General Assembly were entertained. Even tradespeople attended to their business as much within the tavern as within the shop. As a result the greater part of the male population of Edinburgh drank steadily from morn till eve, and far on into the night. At ten o'clock at night the drum of the city guard warned all God-fearing men to leave the tavern and seek their homes, in accordance with the provisions of an ancient law which closed all places of entertainment at that hour. But the law at this time was laughed at by the very magistrates sworn to enforce it. Scott's picture of Councilor Pleydell is but a faint sketch of the accomplished toper of the olden time. Even today the capacity of a well-seasoned Scotchman for his native drink is something to appal the untried foreigner; but if we may believe a tithe of the stories collected by such a creditable authority as Dean Ramsay, the Scotch of today are in this respect but poor and degenerate scions of a heroic race.

It was in the nature of things impossible that the close and confined life of "land," flat, and tavern should endure. Population grew denser and wealth increased, while new ideas of comfort sprang up that were impossible of realization under the then prevailing circumstances. One by one, and with a certain hesitation, families crept out of their gloomy wynds and narrow flats to

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find a home in the "self-contained" houses built about 1760 in George Square, a few minutes walk to the south of the Old Town. In the opposite quarter the great North Bridge was built to span the valley that still separates the Old Town from the New. Plans were laid for draining the Nor' Loch, where the Princess Street gardens now lie; and little by little shops and dwelling houses began to push westward along what is now the finest street in the British Isles. As early as 1770 David Hume, who might almost have been called the presiding genius of the pleasant life of the Old Town, removed to a house across the bridge on the corner of a little unnamed lane, which some wag baptized in his honor St. David's Street. In a couple of decades the movement was accomplished, and the "lands" of the Canongate and High Street, once more deserted by their noble and wealthy occupants, were turned over to the tenancy of the lower classes. By 1783 the Lord President's old lodgings were occupied by a "rouping wife," who sold old furniture; a chairman left Lord Drummore's former residence because he could not be sufficiently accommodated; and troops of dirty children swarmed and littered on the stairs along which all the beauty and fashion of Edinburgh had passed two short decades before. The glory of the Old Town had departed, and the social life of the New Town was a new life under new conditions.

The most vivid pictures of Old Edinburgh in contemporary literature are to be found in the poems of Fergusson, who might well be called the city's laureate. To his poems of town life, in particular, the lover of the past turns and turns again with undiminished pleasure—to the *Daft Days* and the *King's Birthday*, to *Caller Oysters*, the *Rising of the Session*, the *Election*, and above all to *Auld Reekie*. As he reads there rises before him a panorama of the Old Town in the merry bustling years which formed at once the climax and the close of its peculiar prosperity. We can follow the life of the town from the moment when

> Morn with bonny purpie smiles
> Kisses the air-cock of St. Giles



From an old engraving

THE FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLY ROOMS IN GEORGE STREET

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to the wee sma' hours when the last buck staggers homeward from his revels in the club. The barefoot servant lasses cluster on the turnpike stairs, chattering and complaining of their mistresses' hard discipline. The shops are opening, and the "stair head critics" gather in the Luckenbooths to gossip over neighbors and inquire too curiously into the purposes and antecedents of every stranger who goes by. Geordie Gird-wood—the drunken, sore-eyed, withered little sexton of Greyfriars Churchyard—is howking up gentle bones in that dismal burying ground. Sandy Fife, the bellman of St. Giles, sets the gill bells ringing, and the burghers leave shop and office for the traditional meridian. Lawyers gather round the site of the ancient cross, pulled down some twenty years before by the over-zealous magistrates—upon whose heads Sir Walter was to denounce a minstrel's curse.

Or perhaps it is a holiday, the King's Birthday, Hallow-fair, or the day of the Leith races. On such a day the shops are shut early, the clinking of the "tinker billies" in the West Bow is hushed, and the crowd pours out of doors to see and be seen. Mons Meg roars a salute from the Castle at noon; and the city-guard, "that black banditti," muster for parade. The rabble of the streets gather round and assault them with dirty water and dead cats; the old soldiers repel attacks with pungent Highland expletives, with firelocks, and Lochaber axes. Down on the sands near Leith the browster wives are selling bad ale and worse whiskey to a noisy crowd, while the jockeys in red, yellow, and tartan liveries gather for the races.

As night falls over the good town the fun and noise redouble. The feeble gleam of Simon Fraser's oil lamp, is heightened by flaring torches or horn lanterns in the hands of liveried servants. Wily caddies run about the streets, and plunge into darksome allies on dubious errands. Sedan chairmen, predecessors of our modern night-hawks, stand waiting for a chance to pick up some drunken "birkie." The noisy ten-hours' drum calls the sober burgher home from his club; but for the wilder spirits the revel



THE HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX—IN THE CENTRE

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THE GATE OF HOLYROOD PALACE

has just begun. From the tall "lands" the nightly effusions splash down upon the pavement and the luckless passengers, and the "flowers of Edinburgh" spread their perfume through the narrow ways. Here comes a bruiser reeling home along the crown of the causeway, pushing all he meets into the dirty gutters. At his heels follow a pack of admiring macaronis applauding his exploits, but ready to turn tail and run for it, if he is seized by the city guard. And so the night goes on, till a pale gleam across the Forth proclaims another day. If by chance that day happens to be the Sabbath, what a sudden change appears in men and manners! Save for the ringing of a hundred church-bells, among which that of the Tron Kirk earns a bad preëminence by its deafening clamor, all the noises of the town are hushed. Through the unclean streets the roisterous citizens of last night stalk with faces of portentous piety, as if they would make each neighbor think

They thirst for goodness as for drink.

Then, as now, the whole population of the town poured out on a pleasant Sunday afternoon to snatch a breath of country air; and we catch a glimpse of pretty faces, half hidden by the tantalizing "bon grace," making for Comely Garden, or the Park, to meet their joes. The "dandering cit" displays his Sunday "braws" on Castle Hill "for the fool cause of being seen." And he who has pictured these scenes, after seeking out the solitudes of Arthur's Seat, or musing amid the ruins of Holyrood over the vanished glories of Scotland, hastens eagerly back to the social life of his own, Auld Reekie.

T. McKenzie

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DUTCH CHILDREN

BY MARCIA OAKES WOODBURY

The quaint little citizens of Wilhelmina's land have for years been favorite subjects for popular illustration, chiefly in posters, more or less reminiscent of Cassières. Nowhere have they secured such adequate and sympathetic interpretation as in the work of Marcia Oakes Woodbury. Her Dutch children are eminently Dutch and eminently childlike — qualities less obvious than they seem. Their stolid, naive faces have won warm praise at recent exhibitions. Mrs. Woodbury, who is the wife of Charles H. Woodbury, the well-known marine painter, is a pupil of Juglaris and Lazare. She has been prominent in Boston art circles for the last ten years, and her work has received the seal of exhibition honors in all parts of the country.

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IN THE NURSERY

FROM THE DRAWING BY MARCIA OAKES WOODBURY

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A LITTLE DUTCH MOTHER

FROM THE DRAWING BY MARCIA OAKES WOODBURY

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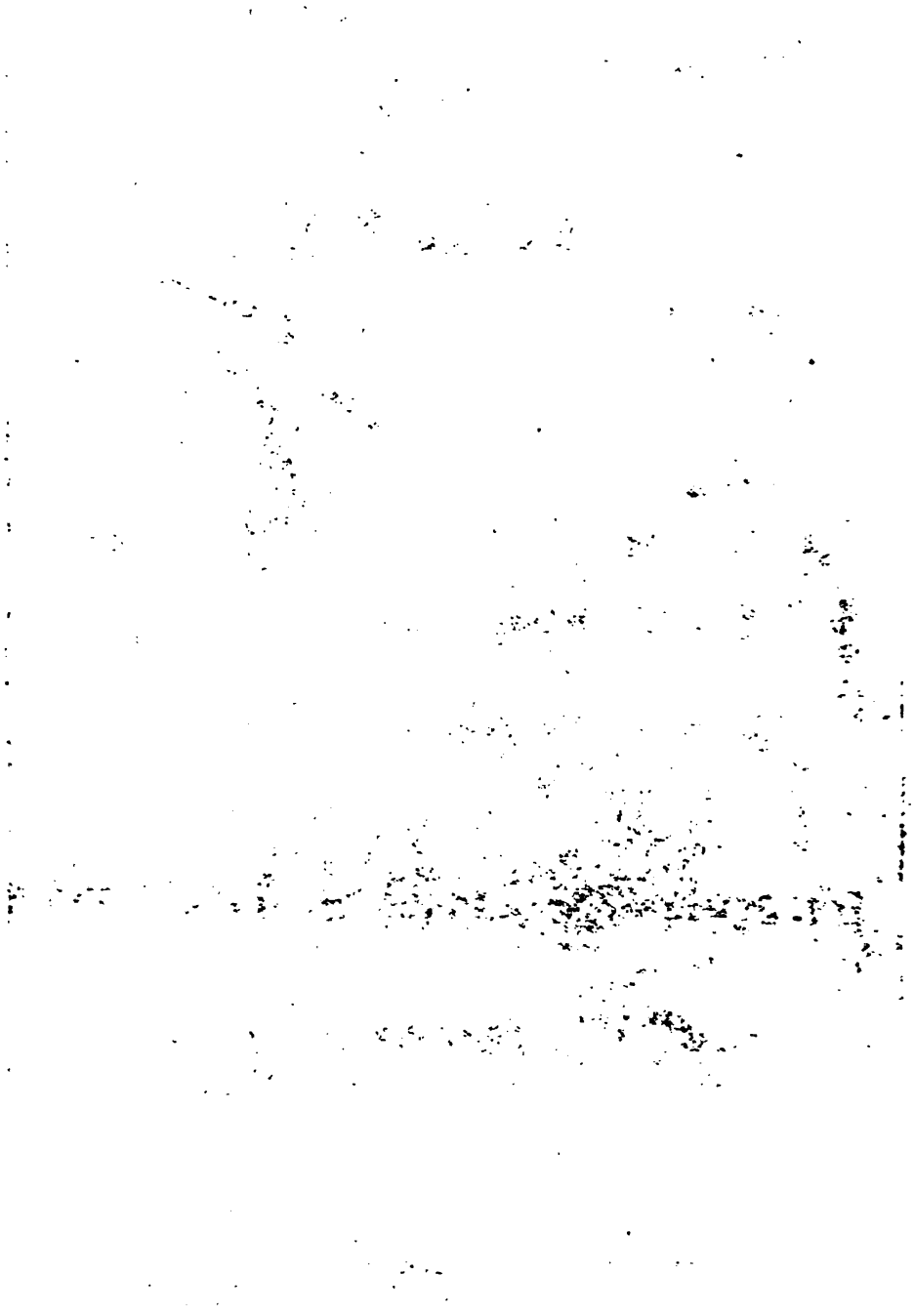


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SOLDIERS OF WILHELMINA

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MINA AND JANSJE

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THOMAS COLLIER PLATT

A STUDY OF THE EASY BOSS

BY JOSEPH M. ROGERS

The untutored visitor to the gallery of the United States Senate chamber invariably asks the guide to point out "Platt." When Senator Platt, of New York—for there is another from Connecticut—is indicated, there is almost always an expression of surprise, generally mixed with disappointment. "That Tom Platt? Why, he looks very ordinary. He must be smarter than he looks!" To these and other expressions the conductors have become familiar. They are the views of those who have conjured up very different portraits in their minds and judge solely by the exterior view. All of Platt that is out of doors is poor to look upon. To get a just appreciation one must see his visage in his mind. There one will find scenic effects sufficient to hold the attention for a long time.

Everyone has heard of Platt, but few know him. He is not a particularly congenial spirit to the ordinary visitor. Many who have considered themselves in his inner circle have suddenly found themselves outside the breastworks, bleeding at every vein. Yet there is little in his appearance to indicate a strenuous personality, certainly nothing of the political war-horse which he is and has been for so many years. Rather would one imagine at a first glance that this weazened, parchment-skinned, delicate-looking man was a New England college professor, or perhaps a retired clergyman. Apparently he is indifferent to the impression he makes, yet he is as a rule the most courteous of men when one can manage to become introduced to him properly. Amongst his fellows there is no air of superiority, only one of seeming indifference until something occurs to wake him up from his apparent lethargy. Then the fire gleams; and though his voice is always low, he can say things, and what is more to the point, he can do things, which are not soon forgotten.

In truth, Platt is not so much of an entity just now as formerly. He is not exactly unhorsed; but his party enemies insist that he is a physically embodied tradition, to be looked upon with respect for his past, but not feared or obeyed at present. His place in the Senate is not that of a constructive legislator. He simply sits on guard watching the interests that are centered in himself and his people, parrying thrusts at his vitals, maintaining composure as best he can, and taking little part in active legislation. He is seventy-one years old and looks it.

How comes it that Platt's name is so well known all over the country? Is this man a statesman, or must he be dead some years before he reaches that dignity? How is it that one hears so much objurgation of Platt and so little to his credit, while he has maintained so long his control of party affairs in the Empire State? He didn't "just grow" like Topsy; no accident has insured his success. His story is told in the long and devious annals of political turmoil, in which there has been a modicum of defeat due to political strabismus, and a good deal of success achieved through intelligently directed industry.

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Thomas Collier Platt is a fine example of what is commonly known as a York State Yankee. He must have inherited from his forebears the characteristic of acquisitiveness, or else it was abnormally developed in infancy. It is impossible to find in his career an example of the poor but honest youth who rises by industry to marry his employer's daughter. He is not in that class. No trousers "threadbare but neatly patched" adorned his figure as he wended his way to Sunday-school. It is not likely that he has personally ever understood the meaning of poverty or the lack of any purchasable thing he really desired. His creature wants have not been many, but had they been as extravagant as those of Conkling they could easily have been satisfied. Seventy years ago sons of well-to-do men in country towns put on no airs, and Platt never learned any after he went to town. For many years he has been an actual resident of New York City, though for political purposes he has lived in Owego, Tioga County, which he visits often enough to register and to vote.

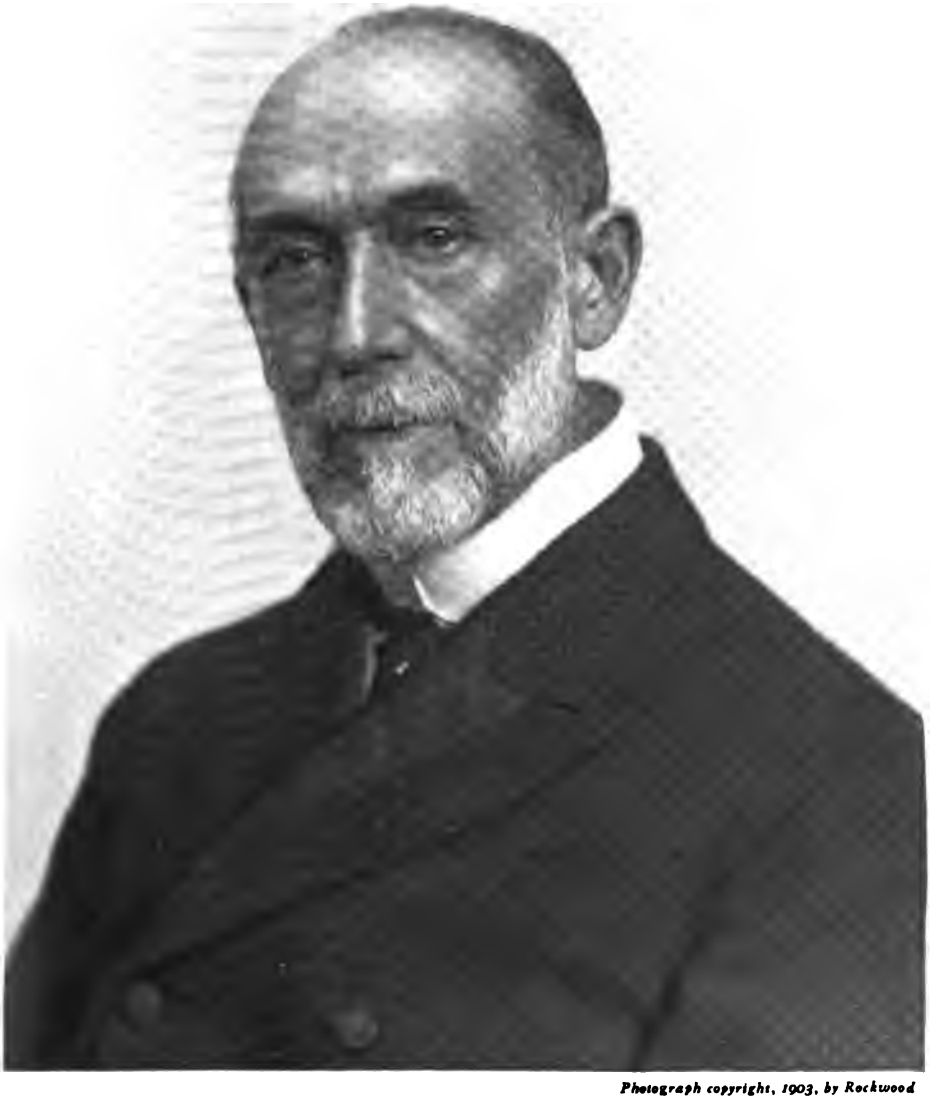
He grew up in Owego with all the advantages of a country town, was popular in the young set, sang in the church choir, and even had slight literary aspirations which still survive in a few poems —which are no worse than most young men write when they have the disease. He entered Yale College and was a good student, but his health failed, and he forsook scholastic pursuits forever. It is astonishing how many great politicians have been men of feeble frame and slight vitality, who have been obliged to spend much of their time fighting disease. Business attracted Platt from the start. He was an officer of a local bank, connected with many enterprises, and accumulated a nice little fortune in the lumbering business in Michigan, though retaining his home in Owego.

Politics engaged his attention early; he got it with the measles and has never recovered, much to the regret of many. He bore a torch in the Fremont campaign and led a glee club in 1860. At forty he was a prosperous business man and banker who had taken an active part in politics, always as a regular. It was not until then that he entered the field actively on his own account, except for some local offices held when a youth. Quay, who was born in the same year, had been in office nearly twenty years when Platt was elected to Congress. Enemies have delighted to tell how Platt went to the Congressional convention in 1872 to nominate a friend, and walked off with the honors himself. This is an interesting story, but untrue. Platt was five hundred miles away when nominated; and he cared little about the place, which he might have previously secured had he so desired.

He entered Congress at a time when the great leaders of both parties were in evidence. There were Republican warhorses and "Rebel Brigadiers," and the heat of partisanship was at the boiling point. Blaine was speaker, with his eye on the presidential succession. It was a good school for a politician, and Platt was an apt scholar. He not only learned something of legislation, but a good deal more of the men with whom he was to be more or less associated in politics for many years to come.

When Platt entered the House in the fall of 1873 he was still a young man, and made little impression upon that body in the four years of his membership. He was appointed to the committee on post-offices and post-roads the first Congress, and in the next to that on Pacific railroads. It appears that he was a careful and industrious member, but not of the sort to bring applause. He came from a strong Republican district with over three thousand majority on the first contest, but it was his misfortune to belong to that particular Congress which raised salaries not only for the future but the past and the present. In the elections of 1874 he pulled through by less than eight hun-

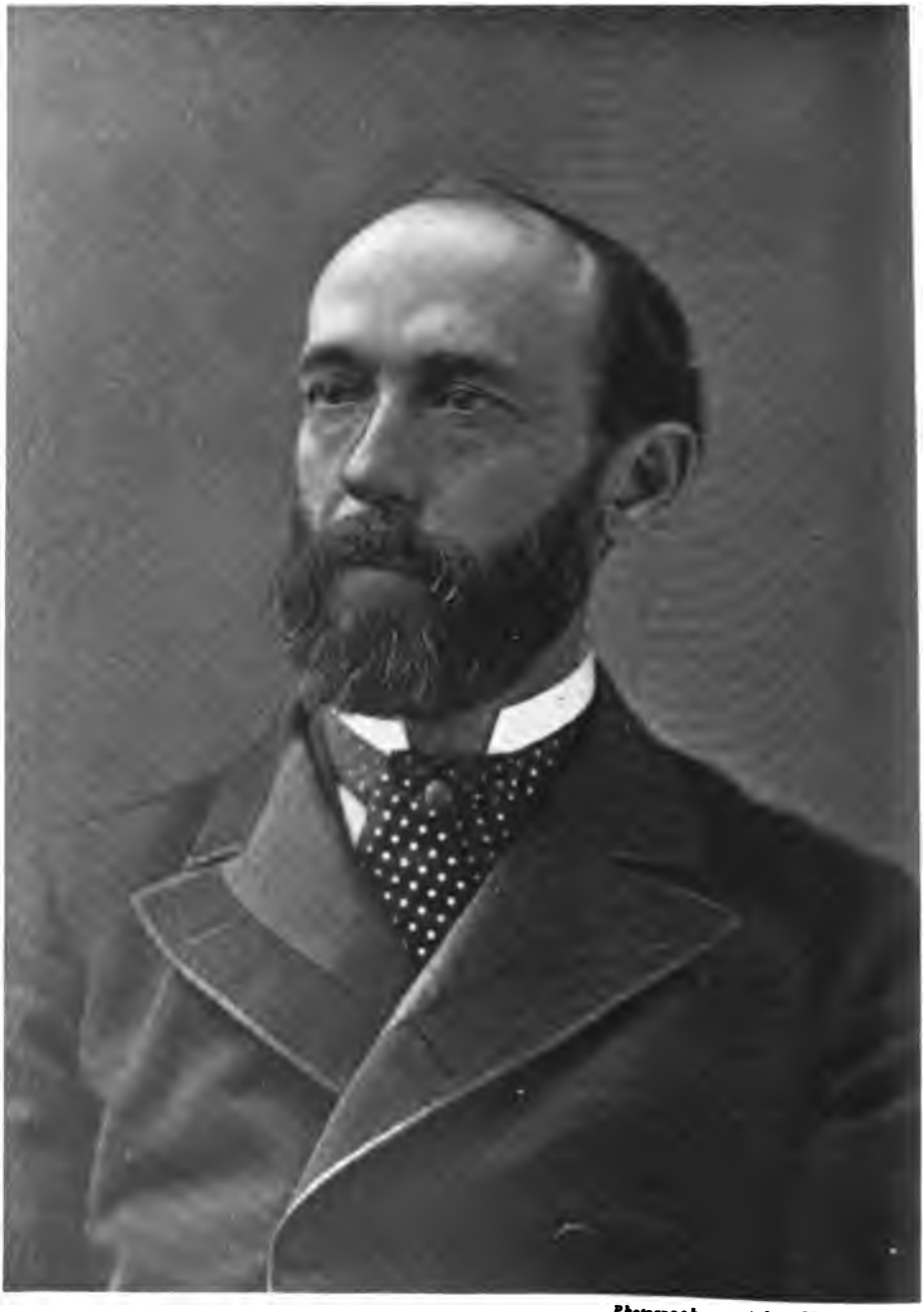
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THOMAS COLLIER PLATT

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SENATOR PLATT TWENTY YEARS AGO

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dred majority, but was more fortunate than a hundred of his peers who fell by the wayside. For the first time in the history of the Republican party since the war the Democrats got into control and made trouble.

Platt did not run again in 1876. There was nothing in the seat that appealed to him; and consequently we find him pretty soon becoming a director and officer of the United States Express Company, and not long afterwards its president, which position he holds today. The three years from 1877 were not idly spent. He managed to increase his acquaintance and to extend his political power. He was known as a man of few words, but one who would at all times perform his promises. Owego is not a very large place, and a senatorship could only come from that region by means of unusual abilities. Platt did not take the stump. He never made a speech in his life; but he managed to extend his lines so that, by the time the convention of 1880 was at hand, he was elected a delegate.

It would take a large book to tell all that happened at Chicago in that year. In the fierce fight that took place over the nomination Platt was ever a close follower of Conkling, and a member of the "Immortal 306" at the close of the contest. The alliance with Conkling proved of great advantage. Platt did his work in the campaign after his chief had made peace with Garfield. Just how and in what directions his potency was manifested is not apparent; but the astonishing condition was that, when the Legislature met in January, 1881, not only was Platt a candidate for the Senate but he had secured a majority of votes on the first ballot in caucus. Other candidates were William A. Wheeler, just closing his career as vice-president, Elbridge Gerry Lapham, Levi P. Morton, Sherman S. Rogers, and others. There was a good deal of surprise over the result; and it was stated at the time that Platt was obliged to appear before the caucus and pledge himself to support the incoming administration. At this time there was a good deal of heat in the internal politics of the Republican party of New York, and there were "Half Breeds" who thought Platt not available. Whether Platt actually appeared before the caucus or not, it is true that he did give a pledge to a number of members of the Legislature that he would either support the administration or resign. The latter contingency was considered so remote that he secured the necessary vote in caucus, and took his seat in March just after the inauguration of Garfield.

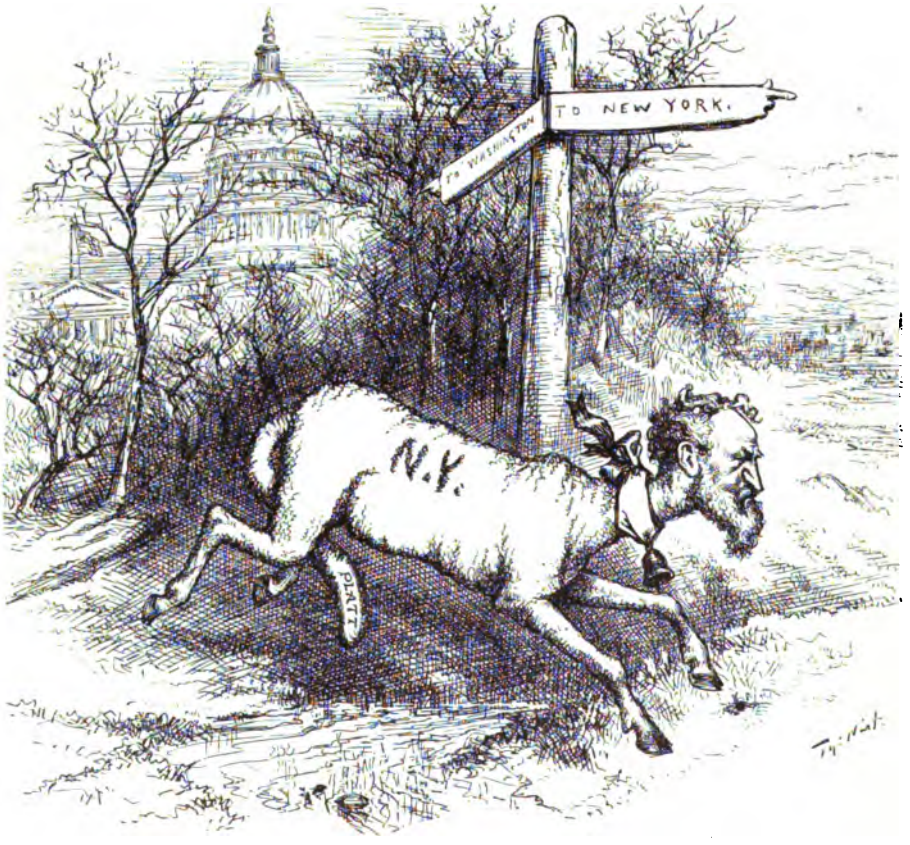
At this time the country had not sized up the coming leader in New York. It had known Conkling for a generation and considered him the voice of the stalwarts in his State. That Platt was an ally was a mere incidental matter. He was only one when it came to counting up votes, and was not considered a man of any force at all. When the nominations for federal offices began to come to the Senate there was intense interest. This was not confined to New York; for it was known that since Blaine's "turkey-gobbler" speech he had never been able to come to terms with Conkling, and that statesman was so imperious that he expected Garfield to allow him practically to dictate the federal patronage in New York.

This feeling was not unnatural. When in the previous campaigns everything seemed against Garfield, Conkling was invited by the candidate to Mentor. Just what happened there is not known, and never will be. Conkling made no deal in the ordinary sense of the term. He had a frank talk with Garfield, and as a result he not only supported the ticket but got Grant on the stump. It was, however, conveyed to Conkling, Cameron, and Logan—the three Grant leaders at Chicago—that each would be recognized in making up the cabinet. That was specific. Whether there was

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any agreement by unauthorized persons as to the portfolios, or whether both sides were deceived in the very delicate negotiations, cannot be stated. Garfield kept that promise, though scarcely in the way expected. It is told that Garfield had intended to give the secretaryship of the treasury to New York, though not to a Conkling man. He learned through a mutual friend that there was a combine being made against him, and he changed his plans and in so doing exhibited great shrewdness. To Senator Don Cameron he gave the attorney-generalship, in the person of his own brother-in-law. That stopped his mouth. To Logan he assigned the secretaryship of war in the person of Robert Lincoln, son of the martyred president. Of course Logan could make no complaint, though he did not get what he wanted. Conkling found himself illy requited with the postmaster-generalship, which went to Mr. James, a close political and business ally.

Garfield had kept his promises, but the three Grant leaders were not appeased. They found themselves very much outside the breastworks, though officially every courtesy was tendered them. Platt had some axes to grind and some rewards to give his friends who had elected him. For awhile everything went on pleasantly. The



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"LEAVE THEM ALONE, AND THEY'LL COME HOME"

Platt was wrongly supposed to have played second fiddle to Conkling in resigning his senatorship in 1881

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first batch of New York nominations were largely stalwarts, friends of Conkling and Platt. Just what evil genius whispered into the ear of Garfield, about the last of April, will never be known. All sorts of stories are told, such as that he heard that Conkling was plotting against him for renomination, that the "Half Breeds" in New York got angry over the early nominations, that Blaine took the helm and ordered the president to do such and such things—most of which are undoubtedly untrue. The story is also told, by those who claim to know, that Conkling was at the White House on the morning that was to bring about the rupture, and was informed that there would be no nomination for the position of collector of the port of New York until he, Conkling, was consulted. It is also told that he found the nomination of Robertson for collector had been made out and sent to the Senate before this meeting. It is impossible to differentiate the truth from the error in these statements. Mr. Blaine said shortly before his death, in an interview which ex-Secretary Boutwell quotes in his memoirs, that he, Blaine, was absolutely ignorant of Robertson's nomination and greatly regretted it. There is much corroborative evidence of this. Blaine had a great admiration for Garfield, but knew his weaknesses and hoped to curb his impetuosity. As the collectorship did not come under his scope, it is quite likely that the whole affair passed off with Blaine entirely ignorant of what he would have prevented had he been given a chance, for he was astute enough to appreciate the trouble that must follow.

That Robertson should have been nominated for the position in New York City which contained the greatest patronage, was doubly distasteful to Conkling. Robertson had led the "Half Breeds" at Chicago who fought for Blaine, and had not been very pleasant in some remarks he made about the motives of



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MR. PLATT IN GOOD HUMOR

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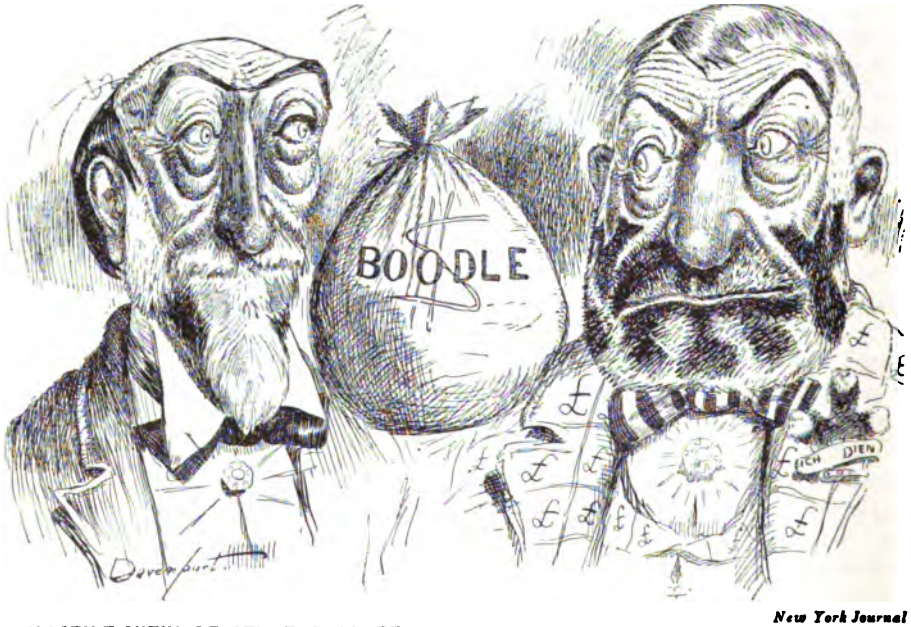
the Third Termers. If Conkling and Cameron and Logan could have insured the unit rule which their States had prescribed, Grant would have been nominated. Garfield appreciated the exact force of the blow he struck. It was impulsive, but it was the gage of battle. Garfield was ready for the fight, and he got it.

For days the Senate deliberated on the nomination, while Platt and Conkling did their best to secure rejection. There were a good many members of that body who had strong leanings to the principle of senatorial courtesy. They sympathized with the two New Yorkers, but with themselves a great deal more. They had aspirations of their own, with candidates for office, and were not hunting for trouble. The party had won out after a bitter fight, and most of the senators wanted to be at peace with the administration. In the end the nomination of Robertson was confirmed.

Then Platt made his spectacular play. He resigned.

It is commonly supposed that he was dragooned into this by Conkling. The truth is that Conkling hesitated some time before he followed Platt and handed in his resignation. This statement is absolutely correct, and is confirmed by a letter from Senator Platt written to the writer within the current year. It is a curious commentary on the character of Platt that he has never before made this statement publicly. He was much abused for many years as being only the tail to the Conkling kite, but he took no trouble to change public opinion on the subject. He had carried out his promise to resign if he could not support the Republican administration. He appealed to the Legislature, then in session, to decide whether he had acted justly or not under the circumstances. Most men would have kept their seat until the storm blew over and the affair had been forgotten. Platt was willing to risk all on the hazard of a die. He lost and never complained.

This may not be the kind of thing that is commendable in politics, but it

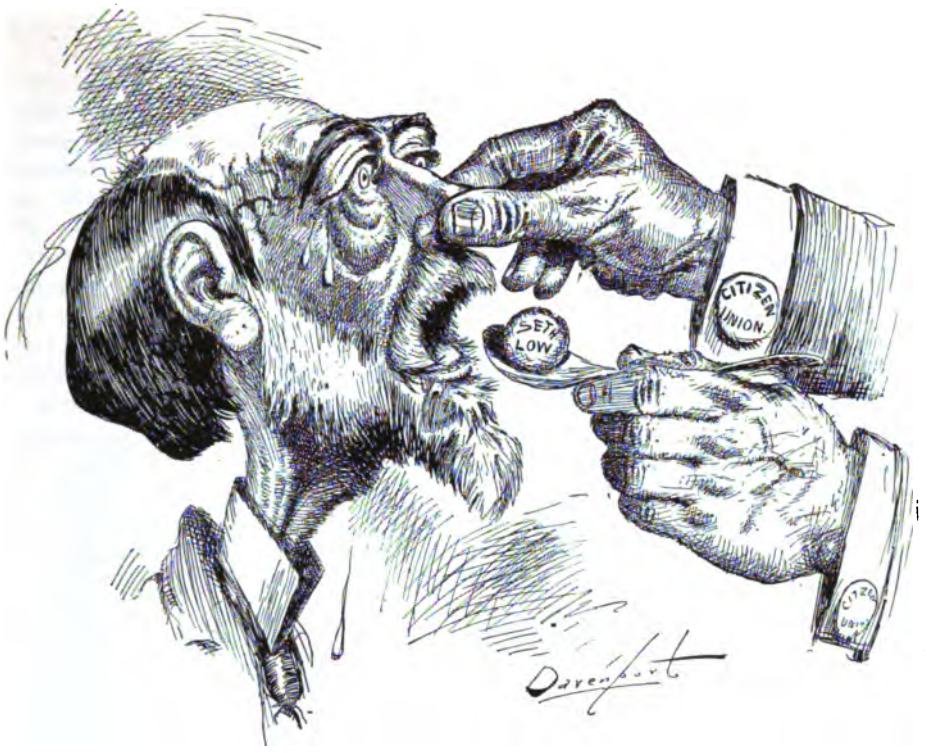


New York Journal

A HOSTILE VIEW OF SENATOR PLATT

"TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT"

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New York Journal

A BITTER PILL

is heroic. As a matter of fact it is the sort of heroism that doesn't pay, and is not likely to be repeated.

The battle now shifted from Washington to Albany.

The contest that followed was a memorable one. Both Conkling and Platt were candidates for reëlection. They felt that they had followed a course which would commend itself to the lawmakers. That they were so badly deceived shows how little they had laid hold on the fundamental value of sentiment in politics. Had they remained in the Senate and fought the administration they might have succeeded in holding their own. The actual result was that they failed of reëlection; and though their successors were Republicans, Democrats succeeded them for many years.

The casual observer might have supposed that this would have been the end of Platt in politics. A few days in the United States Senate, ending in complete defeat, would hardly seem a good equipment for further success. Conkling soon went into apostasy, and it was supposed that Platt would follow. On the contrary he turned up in 1884 as a Blaine man, and did his best to secure the election of that statesman. Conkling sulked in his tent, and was as much as any man responsible for the defeat. There were about one thousand accidents which cumulatively defeated Blaine, but Conkling's action was premeditated. "I am no longer in criminal practice," he said, when asked to support Blaine.

Platt's shrewdness in this situation was justified by results. He was still a stalwart, but neither a bolter nor an apostate. He even refused to follow Conkling when the latter made war against Arthur, on being refused the

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position of Secretary of State. There is not the slightest justification in history for Platt being dubbed Conkling's "Me Too"; and there is much to show that Platt was the more adroit, the more astute, and the more sensible of the two. Conkling's intellectuality was masterful, but he had too much egotism and too little appreciation of the workings of the ordinary mind. Platt had no desire to remain outside the breastworks, even if Conkling could console himself with enormous fees at the bar. He kept at the business of politics and when Blaine was defeated he soon acquired a mastery of the machinery of Republican politics in New York, which has continued nominally to this day, and actually until within a short time. He had not the winning graces of Thurlow Weed, he depended on none of the forensic powers of Seward, and had no organ to voice his views as had Greeley; but it came to pass in a short time that his mastery over the politics of his party in New York was greater than that of any of the three, or of all of them combined.

All this time he was ostensibly out of politics. He held a position as Quarantine Commissioner for years until ousted on the ground of non-residence. But his principal business was with his corporation. This company is extensive, but not sufficiently so to indicate that Platt's rise to dominance came through its agency or its potentialities. Distributing packages all over the country is hardly the menstruum of political preferment. Yet it was not long before those interested in politics found that the way to preferment or success in getting State legislation was by making a pilgrimage to the very lower reaches of Broadway where Mr. Platt had his office, and where he seemed engrossed in business. His callers were many. Some found a warm reception. Others felt a chilliness in the atmosphere, which sent them home with pneumonia, cerebro-spinal meningitis, and other political diseases.

In 1888 Platt was willing to let Chauncey Depew get the nomination for the Presidency if he could—but he couldn't. So Harrison was nominated, and Quay put in charge of the campaign, though the latter wanted Platt to take the job. It is no discredit to the National Chairman that he consulted much with Platt and that the latter had much to do with the final result. They were kindred spirits. Neither believed in the "civic righteousness" of the mugwumps, and both had practical ideas which produced results. Platt had been chastened by the defeat of Folger for governor by Cleveland, and by the latter's subsequent election to the presidency. It cannot be laid up against Platt that he is a Bourbon, learning nothing and forgetting nothing. He is very alert and keeps his ear to the ground. It is therefore not unnatural to suppose that when Harrison was elected by the vote of New York, Platt expected to come in for his share of the good things. The laborer was supposed to be worthy of his hire. Evidently Platt was not esteemed by the "Indiana Iceberg"—as he was pleased to call him—since he drew some very small consolation-prizes in the distribution of the patronage. General Benjamin F. Tracy, a stalwart, was made Secretary of the Navy, and this was not what Platt wanted. New York has always yearned for the treasury and has seldom received it. Platt saw this prize going to Windom, of Minnesota, at a time when the New Yorkers considered themselves eminently entitled to the place.

Platt did not break openly with the administration, as did Quay; but when the Minneapolis Convention came around Platt was there with most of his delegates ranged against Harrison, who was finally named only to be defeated. In this convention Depew was a champion of Harrison and refused to be led

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A FEW POINTS FROM AN EXPERT

PLATT'S NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS

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into a movement for Blaine, whom he had supported many times when no convention would nominate him.

In the campaign Platt was quite regular. He apparently did all that could be asked, and even if, as was said of him by a friend: "He done his damndest; angels could do no more"—the result was the election of Cleveland. Platt is alleged to be one of the three men who told Harrison in September that his election would be assured if he would agree to certain conditions—which were promptly refused. When the answer was returned Quay remarked: "All right. He thinks the Lord elected him in 1888. Let us see what the Lord will do this time."

Mr. Harrison saw.

Many people have wondered how it was that all this time Platt was securing so strong a hold upon the politics of the State that he could nominate candidates, even if they were defeated. They believed there was something uncanny about his methods. The New York *Evening Post*, which has been the most bitter enemy of Platt in his whole career, has tried many times to explain the situation. It is clear to that newspaper that Platt was the custodian of an immense corruption fund; that corporations threw millions in his way that they might get favors when he should be able to dispense them. This is hardly a sane view of the situation. Most of this time there was a Democratic governor in New York; and when there was a Republican legislature, it availed little. Even if he had secured some State legislation, the corporations specified had most of their interests in New York City, where Tammany's hold was so complete that it could not be shaken. Why should a man with little or no control in federal, State, or city affairs be constantly advanced to the leadership, and kept there?

The reason is to be found rather in the fact that "sane and safe" leadership in any walk of life is an exceedingly rare commodity, and that nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are seeking for a good leader rather than trying to become the leader on their own account. It was found that Platt was a safe and shrewd man. He could not be bamboozled or led astray by false gods. He had no illusions and he always kept his promises. While his intimate friend Quay, in a neighboring State, was making promises he could not always keep, dismissing friends to make room for his enemies, and accomplishing his ends in a rather devious way, Platt had a simple and straightforward plan. He never promised anything he did not fulfil, if he could; and if any of his friends had to suffer they were provided for later. Thus his contingent kept increasing. Platt was waiting for the reaction and not trying to force a campaign. He was no Napoleon; simply a shrewd observer and a careful watcher. His voice was low, but his word was law. He preferred to wait, and the time came when he had his reward.

Platt had no particular love for McKinley in 1896, and took him because there was nothing else to do. By this time New York was a Republican state. The reaction had come, and the chances of success in the country depended a good deal on the Empire State. When the election was over Platt found in McKinley not exactly a chosen spirit, but a man with whom he could do business on a substantial basis. Platt was now a senator again, and when McKinley announced his plan of consulting senators on every appointment the way was made clear. Since that time in federal affairs the road has been tolerably smooth, with only a few rough places—thanks to the appearance of Mr. Roosevelt in the White House.

In his own State there has been a rather rocky road for "The Old Man," as he is commonly called. He has always, like Quay, wanted to own a governor, and his success has been just as lamentable. He ran many men for

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governor, only to be defeated; . and when he took up former Vice-President Morton and elected him, it seemed as if triumph had come at last. The flies in the ointment, however, were numerous; so he took up Black for the succession. He failed to meet Platt's standard because he would not take orders. Political bosses find it difficult to get a strong man in high position and then use him. It is not pleasant for a governor to be placed in the position of errand-boy, and Black was not the man to stand for any such proceeding. He did the best he could for "The Old Man" in the appointments; but when it came down to making the head of government at the express office he drew the line, and there were some very warm occasions as a result. The boss always claims to have "made" the man, and the man who has been



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Courtesy of Harper's Weekly

"YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME"

By putting up General Tracy as the regular Republican candidate for the mayoralty of New York in 1897, Senator Platt secured the defeat of Seth Low and the election of his nominal opponent Van Wyck.

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New York World

SEVENTY YEARS OLD AND STILL DOING BUSINESS

elected is apt to fall back on his dignity. There were many things done and many things not done which made Mr. Platt feel that his position as an uncrowned king was far from satisfactory.

In the fall of 1898 he was in a quandary. He did not want Black renominated, partly because he thought he could not be elected, and partly because it was necessary for him to get a new man in the chair with whom he could do business—one whose views were nearer his own.

Fortune smiled on him for the moment. Colonel Roosevelt came back with his Rough Riders to Montauk Point, and there was immense interest in "the hero of San Juan Hill," the author of the Round Robin against retention in Cuba, and the beloved of all mugwumps. The man on horseback was selected by Platt for the position of governor. That he was willing to do so indicates he expected nothing discreditable of him. The negotiations were of a delicate character. Roosevelt wanted the nomination as a stepping-stone to the Presidency, but was not willing to take it on terms tending to degrade him. Platt was too shrewd to offer a bargain; but what resulted was the nomination of Roosevelt with his general statement that he was for

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the party and its leaders when they were right, and was not disposed to be censorious in petty affairs. Mr. Roosevelt was elected governor and did his best to get along with "The Old Man," but failed. Platt wanted to reward some of his friends and punish his enemies; Roosevelt went to the verge of giving up his personality, and then stopped. The fight became bitter, especially as the young governor had some notions about taxing corporations which were simply damnable heresies to Platt. Neither would Roosevelt reappoint Lou Payn as Insurance Commissioner, though Payn had done more hewing of wood and drawing of water, not to mention other services, than any man on Platt's staff. Payn had to get out and Platt was wroth, though he must have smiled when he learned that on the last day of June in this year Payn was a visitor at the White House at the request of President Roosevelt and emerged his vociferous supporter.

It would be hard to find anywhere the man who could get along with Platt and preserve his own independence. This would seem to mean that Platt is a monster. Not at all. He is a very intellectual gentleman, with views of his own and means of carrying them out—to a certain extent. He is no scholar as Quay was, no pedant like Lodge, no emotionalist like Roosevelt, no trimmer like Allison, and no trip-hammer like



New York World

GOVERNOR ODELL TAKES A MORE ACTIVE PART IN POLITICS

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Conkling. He is a very quiet, plausible gentleman, who has a purr like a cat, and nice velvety paws in which there are some very sharp claws. He lives entirely above his collar-button. He has no vices, no enthusiasms, no emotions. Like Cassius, he thinks too much to satisfy his enemies. He is not one of those who run after strange gods and are willing to become opportunists. His policy has generally been to drive a stake in the ground and stand by it, awaiting the turn in politics which will bring him once more to the head of the procession. He is not a Machiavelli, because he finds that lying never pays, even if his Puritan blood did not revolt at it. The man who would surrender a senatorship to keep his word is not the sort of man to be trifled with. His ideas are not those of George William Curtis; his practices are not those of Roosevelt. He looks upon the world as but the world where each must play his part, and he considers his a very important one. He believes in himself and his policy. No man loves success more, and none is less discomfited by defeat. He is a philosopher, and besides he never loses everything.

For many years he lived at the Fifth Avenue, and it is still his political headquarters. There for a generation he was always to be found in the "Amen Corner" on an evening, and there every Sunday afternoon the clans gathered at what was commonly called "Platt's Sunday-school." Platt always likes to get close to his lieutenants and to keep them in good humor. He hates to break with anyone, though at times he has to be remorseless in murdering the hopes of those who have done so much and expected too much and need to be disciplined.

There are some eight millions of people in New York, and, if we eliminate the titular city where Platt never had any strength, there are some five millions of intelligent, energetic, forceful people who want to get along in the world and who, as a rule, serve God rather than Mammon. In the country districts Platt has maintained his hold. In the cities he has at times been at great disadvantage; but he manages to keep the righteous and the pious and the hard-working and the thrifty on his side. If there are those who think this has been done by a species of debauchery, they must explain what has happened in the districts, to which we usually appeal as the abode of the best civilization, to make them want Platt. Can anyone believe this is entirely the result of corruption, of appeal to gain or pandering exclusively to the lower instincts of mankind? If the people of upper New York State, who are largely either Puritans from New England or Calvinists from Holland, are not worthy to make their own choice of leaders, whom can we trust?

One might suppose that Platt, who with Quay is responsible for "making Roosevelt," would be very high in the party councils at present. He isn't, for the very good reason that no man made Roosevelt; and the opportunities which he has seized when offered by Platt have been fully rewarded, according to his philosophy. From the colonelcy of a disbanded volunteer regiment to the governorship of the largest State in the Union is a long step, and it was directly productive of the Presidency. Roosevelt could no more have been governor of New York without Platt than he could have become King of England. That was only a step. Platt found he had made a mistake in electing a man who would not be controlled even in a moderate way, and so it was necessary to get him out of Albany. The shortest road was that to Washington. When Platt came to Philadelphia in 1900 it was with the express purpose of getting rid of his young governor.

Platt has been very unfortunate in making presidents. He has been a delegate to every Republican National Convention beginning with 1876, and he

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New York World

NEXT !

has never had a first choice nominated who was elected. He had better luck in vice-presidents, because the failing faction always is given this as a sop; and little good has it been, as a rule, to any concerned. It was a peculiar view of politics that the man who was not worthy of the governorship of New York was a most estimable man for vice-president. Of course Mr. Platt never publicly expressed disapprobation of Roosevelt as an official; he only asserted that the situation was such that he could not be reëlected. Yet he could not turn him down for the nomination without giving him "something equally as good," as the druggists say. On the night of the first day of the Republican convention in Philadelphia Mr. Platt and Mr. Quay met in the library of a private house and discussed the situation. Quay was willing to help Platt, and the only thing to do was to force Roosevelt on the ticket. But how? McKinley did not want him, Hanna was dead against him, and whatever power the administration possessed was to be used for Secretary John D. Long. Platt left the details to Quay. The situation was made easier by the fact that the Kansas delegation was parading the town with banners and badges, yelling for the hero of San Juan Hill. Quay waited until the convention was nearly ready to adjourn on the second day and then offered his resolution call-

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ing for the future apportionment of delegates to the convention on a basis of the Republican vote. That night the terrified office-holding delegates from the South came to Quay to know what he wanted. They were taken to Platt and told that Roosevelt was the man for vice-president, and that his nomination would secure the withdrawal of the resolution. This news was conveyed to Hanna, who almost had a fit of apoplexy; but seeing that there was certain to be a row, he gave in. The next day Platt, who had broken a rib in the mêlée, took a train for New York; and Roosevelt was nominated.

The governorship was now at his disposal, and there was only one fit candidate. There was a nice young man named Odell who had achieved great popularity and success in Congress and as chairman of the State committee. He was Platt's man, a governor *in posse* who, he could feel sure, would not oppose the Republican policy as laid down by Platt. Mr. Odell declined and declined and declined, until he was seemingly forced to take the nomination and on his own terms. He was elected, but Platt found to his sorrow that governors are ungrateful; and today the State of New York has a Republican machine dominated by Odell with Platt as a figurehead, and a sad one at that. But it isn't likely he will long remain so. The man who has conquered so much



New York World

BOTTLED UP

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in the face of defeat in the past is not likely to give up without a struggle.

The career of Platt reminds us that intelligently directed industry in politics is certain to bring results; that the man of ideas is often much more successful than the man of ideals. He can achieve things if he uses potential forces and does not scrutinize too closely. Platt has had behind him great forces in commercial and financial affairs, and has been true to his own interests as he has seen them. If he were a single and shining example of such procedure it would be easy to point a moral. But who is there in politics or business or social life who has no regard for personal interests, who does not weigh matters more or less according to the way in which he thinks he is to be affected? It is worthy of note that some of the very prominent men who, in off years, have been most strenuous in opposition to Platt, have been very anxious to get his advice and help in national years.

Mr. Platt has not been an idealist in politics. He has made terms with Tammany or anyone else when it was to the advantage of all concerned, but he has been a consistent Republican. Twice he has seen his State go for the Democratic candidate for the presidency, but it would be difficult to lay the blame on his shoulders. In 1884 Platt was opposed to the "Belshazzar's Feast" which was so potent in defeating Blaine, thought that Blaine ought to have kept away—as indeed Blaine thought also — but Chairman Jones, the Pittsburg millionaire, had other views, and Blaine came to New York, saw, ate, and was defeated.

In politics Platt is a Calvinist, believing in the predestination of the Republican party, but admitting that the Lord may give the Democrats occasional victories just to keep them in good fighting trim and make a compact Republican organization necessary.

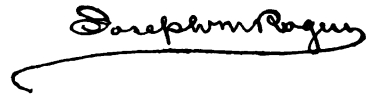
On the face of things Platt is at his apogee. Odell seems to dominate New York, but Platt is apparently not worrying. The only indication that he is in the least disturbed lies in the fact that this summer he had determined for the first time in his life to go to Europe, but thought better of it and will spend the summer as usual at Manhattan Beach, where he can use wireless telegraphy and other sorts of communication with his friends.

Lives of politicians remind us that the game is seldom worth the candle. Few of those whose names shine in the American galaxy achieved success without mishaps which were heartrending. The way of the political boss is hard; and though Platt claims with grim sarcasm to be an "easy boss," he has been hard as nails much of the time—must have been so or take a licking, which is not according to his view of the eternal fitness of things. It would be easy to call him an incarnation of all political evil, but it would be difficult to prove, and is, fortunately, impossible. Some years from now he will be lauded and magnified like many other dead men who have seen their little day and departed. It must have been some comfort to Platt to read all the eulogiums of Quay in the last few months. The men and the newspapers who thought him a political fiend incarnate, all of a sudden discovered that he possessed elements of true greatness and that his shortcomings were only incident to the fact that he was a human being.

So will it be with Platt when he, too, must cross the Styx. We are all of us more or less politicians; we must always have political leadership; and until the millennium arrives it is not likely that we shall get angels to do the work.

If, when the time comes to erect Platt's tombstone, his epitaph contains any political reference, it might well be summed up in the words:

"He did things."



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RIVAL FREIGHTERS—TRAIN AND SAMPAN

ON THE RIVER ICHIKAWA, JAPAN

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PHASES OF RAILROADING IN JAPAN

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS AND CONTRASTS

BY HAROLD BOLCE

Although the miles of railway already built and in use in the diminutive country of Japan would make a double track across the American continent, the Sunrise Kingdom has reached only the first period in its railway age. When the lines now under construction and proposed are completed, Japan will have twenty thousand miles of track. Its railway men estimate that during the coming decade their country will purchase seven thousand locomotives, thirty thousand passenger coaches, and a hundred and fifty thousand freight cars.

Here is an opportunity for American enterprise; for there is a tendency on the part of the Japanese, just at present, to look to the United States for ideas in regard to railway equipment and management. Hitherto England has been Japan's model in railway affairs.

One ride in a railway train in the Land of the Rising Sun does much to disillusionize the American who carries to that country the belief that Uncle Sam is the godfather of Japan. Take a train at Yokohama and ride to Tokio, and but for the character of your fellow passengers you could readily believe you were traveling from Liverpool to London. The whole system is thoroughly British. It is a revelation to find painted in English over the booth where the traveler buys his ticket at the station, the sign: "Booking Office." He gets a card of instructions which tell him, among other things, how he can "forward his luggage." You never "check your baggage" in Japan.

On the various railways of Japan passenger rates for first and second-class fares differ somewhat; but for third-class the government has fixed a maximum rate of two sen the mile. On the Sanyo line first-class fare for the three hundred and thirty miles is six yen; for second-class, four yen and fifty sen. For the eighteen miles between Tokio and Yokohama the fares are ninety sen for first-class, fifty-three sen for second, and eighteen sen for third. Fifty-six minutes are down on the schedule for the time consumed on this eighteen-mile run, but frequently the journey consumes considerably more than an hour.

A first-class passenger on a Japanese railway is allowed to carry free one hundred kin of luggage. Excess weight is paid for on a mileage basis at one sen the kin for a trip under twenty-five miles, one and one-half sen on a trip between twenty-five and fifty miles, and two sen on a trip between fifty and one hundred miles. It costs two sen (one cent) to carry a dog twenty-five miles in Japan. There is one excellent arrangement in regard to baggage, or "luggage." A Japanese railway will not only check a trunk through to a station, but will deliver it to a city address, or even have it carried on a cart a reasonable distance into the country!

In the matter of the price of sleeping-car tickets in Japan, it makes quite a difference what time the traveler goes to bed! On the Sanyo sleepers, for example, if the passenger wishes to economize and sleep only half the night, the cost is one yen and fifty sen, but if

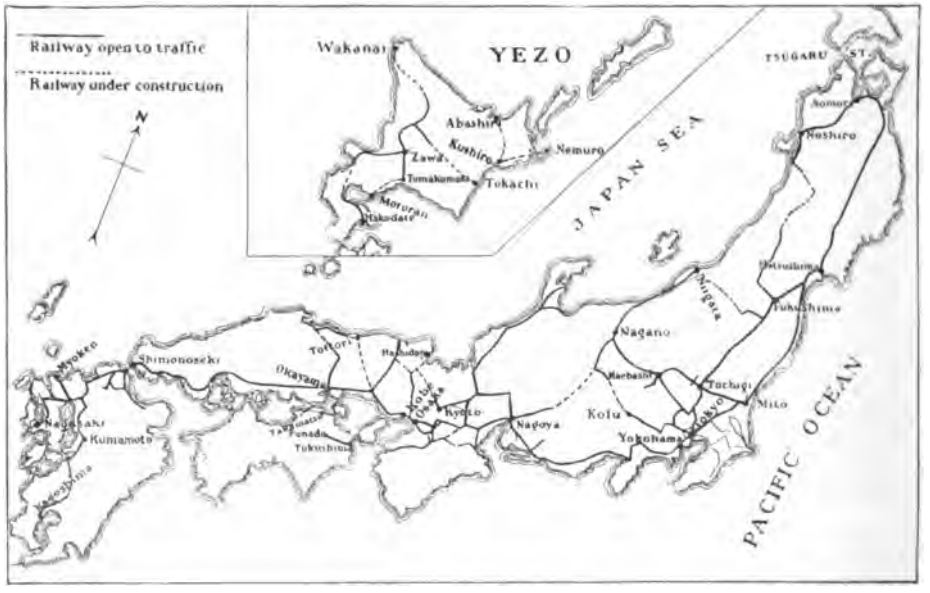
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he takes the berth for all night it is two yen and fifty sen. The charge for a second-class bed is twenty sen for the top berth, and forty for the lower. Imagine getting a tourist berth in America for ten cents! Evidently the Japanese railway magnates believe they have reached the rate limit in providing sleeping accomodations for twenty sen, as no reduction is made for a half-night sleeper second-class.

The traveler buys a first, second, or third-class ticket; or, if he wishes to go cheaper still, he can get a ticket entitling him simply to stand on the platform! Many of the cars can be entered either from the side or the end. The principal difference between the first and second-class coaches is the color of the upholstery. None of the cars are very clean. Many of the third-class coaches could serve, without much alteration, as ordinary pigsties. This is all the more remarkable when the incomparable cleanliness of the Japanese home life, even of the humblest, is taken into consideration. An explanation of this may be that the Japanese have little regard for the cleanliness of any place where they keep their shoes or clogs on. The European room, for example, which has been established in a few Japanese homes, is the only apartment in the whole house that is not kept scrupulously swept, dusted, oiled, and burnished. So, too, with the Japanese inns. Those that are maintained in native style are sweet and clean; those that have become Europeanized are usually littered with cigarette stumps, fruit peelings and cores, and other débris.

An American Pullman, with its crowded and unavoidable intimacies, is a decent and polite hermitage compared with a packed coach in Japan. All sorts of unexpected things happen. Daring ablutions are performed and complete change of raiment is frequently effected, the constantly recurring tunnels serving to screen the astonishing character of these programs.

The floor of third-class coaches is an unswept riot of the flotsam and jetsam that usually follows in the wake of certain kinds of human craft the world over. A Bowery picnic crowd, abandoned to peanuts, popcorn and bananas,



THE RAILWAY SYSTEM OF JAPAN

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STATION OF THE NIPPON RAILWAY, TOKIO

never marked a more conspicuous trail than a lot of Japanese peasants *en route*. Only, with the Japanese, it is all a very solemn affair. Travel seems to afford fitting opportunity to discard all kinds of personal wreckage. All forms of abandoned odds and ends of things begin to identify the itinerary from the very start. Of course, the foreign traveler who wades through this car-strewn waste does so to gain experience. It is not a pursuit of happiness.

Upon starting from the outer station to the train, the traveler shows his ticket at a little gate. A boy, not a man, punches it. It is remarkable how many things of a responsible character are done by boys in the empire. The person in the "booking office" is also a boy, as is the guard on the train. Conductors, as we understand them, are dispensed with on most of the Japanese trains. I was informed that the employment of boys was necessary because train and station-hands must speak some English; and, aside from statesmen, it is only the younger generation in Japan that can speak our language.

The traveler finds no porters or other train employees standing at car steps to examine tickets and give directions. Every necessary bit of information is supplied by signs in both English and Japanese. All cars are clearly labeled; and while nobody watches the traveler, it is a serious offense to get into a first-class coach with a second-class ticket. While there is usually no particular inducement to attempt such a violation of the regulations of the country, save perhaps to minister to the pride while saving the pocket of the traveler, it is a marvel that the law is not frequently broken, for on most of the trains no employee appears to examine tickets. The boy that accompanies the train seldom comes into contact with foreigners. His business is to herd the natives on and off, and to signal the engineer.

At the end of the journey the passenger must surrender his ticket as he passes through another gate. Unfamiliar with this custom, I managed somehow, upon my first arrival at a Japanese railway terminal, to get past the boy collector. I had walked through

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the station, and was about to get into a jinrikisha, when an excited lad in uniform rushed toward me and demanded, in passable English, to know why I had not surrendered my ticket.

I found the slip of cardboard and handed it to him. He spoke, with evident passion, to the Japanese coolie who was about to serve me in the capacity of horse, and rushed back to the office. I learned afterwards that I had committed a serious breach of the law, and that I should have followed that excited boy in uniform and secured formal remission of my offense. Unaware of this, and not then aware that the Japanese regard for the letter of the law is so great that the boy in this instance did not dream that I would dare escape, I jumped into the little carriage, and away the harnessed Jap trotted. What came of the case I do not know, but a railway official, with whom I subsequently became acquainted, assured me that I had had a very narrow escape. I might have been arrested, he said, and fined a yen!

Another peculiar revelation in regard to train travel in Japan is that the people of various classes, customarily polite in their intercourse with one another and in their dealings with aliens, lose nearly all sense of courtesy when they enter a passenger car. When I first rode in a first-class car in Japan and saw several dainty Japanese women in pretty silks standing, while Japanese men remained resolutely seated, I could almost fancy I was on an elevated train bound for Harlem.

The same condition, only to a more marked degree, prevailed in the second-class coaches; while in the third-class cars all sense of personal regard for anybody was forgotten. Nothing there was thought of but sloughing off spurious bits of fruit, fish, and personal effects.

In a second-class coach one day recently an American in Japan rose and proffered his seat to a Japanese woman who had a baby strapped to her back. Before she could take it a Japanese man, short-statured and sturdy, strong enough no doubt to trot all day hitched to a jinrikisha, slid into the vacant place. The American tapped him on the shoulder, and by gestures sufficiently intelligible indicated that the seat had been yielded to the woman. The Japanese at first pretended not to understand, and may not have done so, but finally smiled and stood up. For the rest of the journey there was much amusement in the car, but whether at the native or the American it was difficult to decide.

Both men and women smoke in these cars—and expectorate. In fact, an expectoration ordinance in Japan would soon land in jail the major portion of the population. A native physician told me that something in the moist climate caused this universal habit. One thing is certain—it does not issue from tobacco chewing. That is one of the attributes of Western civilization that has not yet invaded Japan. I met in Yokohama a Kentuckian whom I had known in America. He had been traveling in Japan and was about to start for San Francisco. He seemed joyous about returning, and I mentioned it.

"Glad to start back? I should say I am. I haven't had a chew of tobacco in three months. You can't buy it in this uncivilized empire!"

Although regular seats are provided in the cars, Japanese men and women travelers usually sit as if they were on the floor, their feet huddled under them. Their shoes they often kick off on the floor. O Kin San, one of the most brilliant women in Japan, entertained me with stories of the early days of railway travel in the Sunrise Kingdom, when the passengers did not know what was expected of them. Men and women alike, accustomed to removing their wooden shoes when they enter buildings, did so when they arrived at railway stations, supposing that attendants would take care of them. Their

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ON THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAY

consternation when they arrived barefooted at their destination was pitiful, and the government had to appoint inspectors to see that the traveling public kept its shoes on when it boarded trains.

Railways preceded bicycles to Japan. When safeties first spun along the ancient Tokaido, the country people, O Kin San told me, were greatly alarmed, believing that there had been a train wreck and that devils were riding over Japan on the ghosts of car wheels.

One of the things on Japanese trains —with some recent exceptions already noted—that proclaim British domination of the Sunrise system of railways is the adoption of that portable abomination, a little iron or copper cylinder filled with hot water and designed, in forlorn faith, to impart warmth to a car. There is only one experience so cold and cheerless as a winter trip on some of the English railways—and that is a journey in the snow season on a train in Japan.

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Neither nation seems to have reached that state of scientific development in which it is realized that it is a physical possibility to heat the human body all over at the same time. In his home a Japanese warms his hands over his charcoal-glowing hibachi; on his trains he keeps his feet passably warm by keeping them resting on the hot-water tanks. In the one case his feet freeze, and in the other everything except his feet goes into cold storage. For the Japan which the usual traveler sees in the radiant period of blossoms, shivers under snow and Arctic winds in the winter time. An equipment of Japanese railways with American steam-heating apparatus would be a great blessing to that country, and in addition would afford a new field for American commercial enterprise.



RAILWAY STATION AT OSAKA
All the lines in Japan are short of rolling stock

Some of the institutions on Japanese trains are peculiar to that country. One of these is a smear of paint across the windows of third-class carriages. This is made necessary because thousands of native travelers in Japan, accustomed only to paper walls for letting in light, have no knowledge of glass. Its utter transparency leads them to believe that the window is simply a hole in the side of the car. With painful results many native passengers have stupidly attempted to stick their heads through the glass.

For a long time ambulances from receiving hospitals had to meet nearly every train arriving in Japanese cities, and hence the streak of paint as a warning to the Oriental farmer from the back country that there is something more than atmosphere in the window. The square of paint takes its place with the "Don't blow out the gas" signs in Anglo-Saxon hotels.

In connection with its railways, Japan boasts a tourist agency, similar to Cook's. The Japanese agency is conducted by a Mr. Minami, his wife and two sons. The agency has influential associate members all over Japan. It derives its support from the railways, and gives its services free in furnishing information to travelers, translating telegrams and letters, securing railway tickets, guides, books, or almost anything desired, and in forwarding and insuring trunks and freight. The Jap-

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anese undertaking was started only a year ago, but it seems to have become instantly popular. A project, in keeping with the new railway era in Japan, is to have the Japanese touring agency affiliate with Cook's. Mr. Minami has held high government positions in Japan, and has traveled extensively in other countries.

In dispatching trains and in the operation of the block-signal system, the Japanese have shown themselves peculiarly alert. As in Western lands, telegraph lines parallel all railways in Japan. So

It was the foreigner in Japan who rose to the occasion and stayed the axe of reform! The Japanese people were recalled to their sense of the artistic, and it was pointed out conclusively to them that the railways, in the operation of trains, could manage to telegraph orders without the sacrifice of monarch trees.

Unique engineering problems have confronted railway builders in Japan. On many parts of the Island of Honshu the rivers are torrential in certain seasons, and carry down from the moun-



AN AUXILIARY SERVICE

Tramways are extensively used to connect country villages with the Government system

popular were the first telegraphs that farmers along the right of way, fearing that some of the big trees of the country might interfere with the transmission of messages, began to cut down cryptomerias, oaks, and even ancient specimens of the goboku, or famous group of varieties known as the "five trees," which under the Shogunate power were vigorously protected. Many of the trees that fell to make way for telegraph poles were centuries old, and some of them were associated in the popular mind with revered historical events.

tains such a mass of soil and rocks that the beds of the streams have been elevated above the level of the valleys. The floods that overswept the plains, when river banks burst, destroyed many thousand dollars' worth of railway bridges. To avert these periodical disasters—causing, as they have, months of derangement in railway systems—Japanese engineers, assisted by foreign experts, have been constructing tunnels under the rivers.

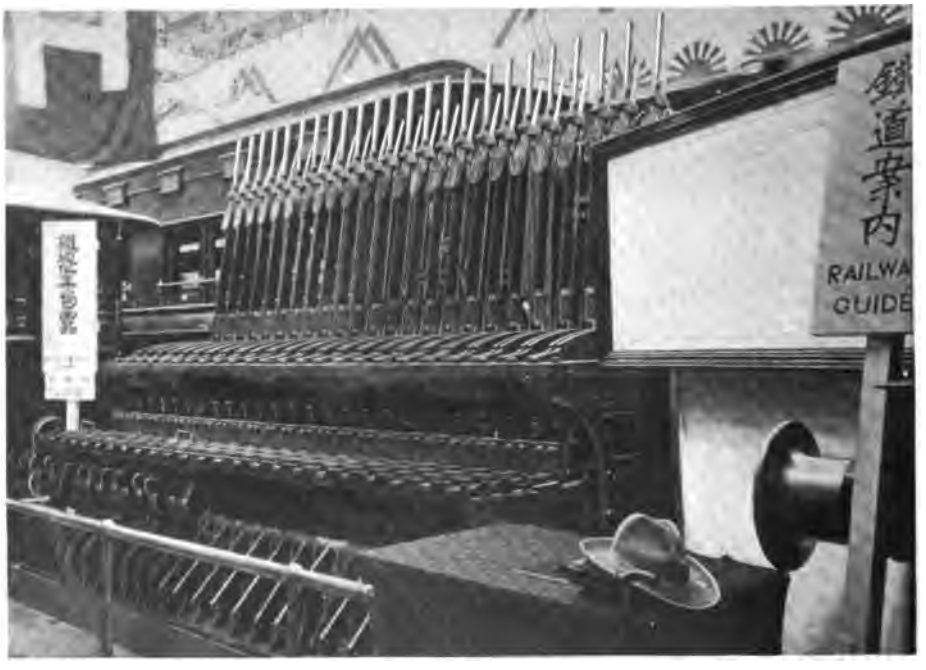
In these and many other problems, created by the curious geographical formation of Japan, the American railway

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men, who contemplate opening up new regions in the Mikado's islands, will have opportunity for the display of genius of a high order in engineering. Already it has been demonstrated that private lines can be built for less money than it took to construct government systems in Japan. The average cost of state lines built in Japan during the last few years has been 94,932 yen the mile; while private roads, constructed with the co-operation of engineers from America and Europe have averaged 68,362 yen.

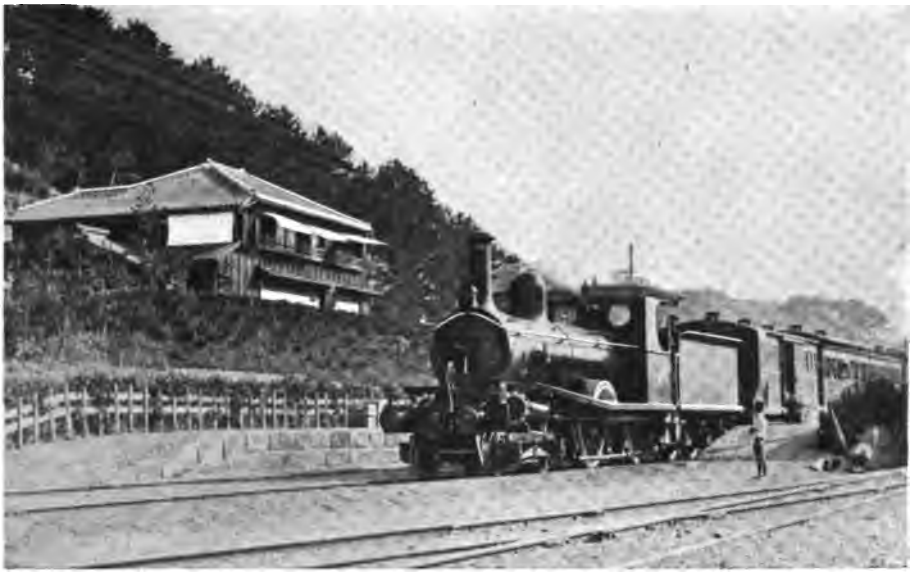
It is a matter well-calculated to awaken American enthusiasm that progressive railway promoters from the United States are figuring on taking an active part in the new railway régime of the Sunrise Kingdom. It is not too much to hope that it may mark America's substantial and permanent invasion, commercially, of the rich fields of Asia.

For there is a great amount of patriotic exaggeration in the United States in regard to the part America has taken in the development of modern Japan. It is a prevalent misconception, for example, that we have built up a great trade in manufactures with that country. As a matter of fact, if American exporters should sell to every individual of Japan's forty-five millions of people one dollar's worth of goods in a year, our shipments of manufactured products to the Sunrise Kingdom would be quadrupled. In 1902, before the threat of war had affected the market in the Far East, the total value of articles of domestic manufacture sent from the United States to Japan was a little more than nine and a half million dollars. Of that, five million went to the Standard Oil Company, and two million directly, or indirectly, to the Steel Trust. In other words, the remittances to the smaller firms in the United States amounted to less than two and one-half million dollars, which was less than six cents apiece from the inhabitants of Japan. In that same year Japan purchased from all the



AN INTERLOCKING MACHINE IN OPERATION AT OSAKA
All signs in railway stations are in both Japanese and English

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AT OISO, A FAMOUS SUMMER RESORT

countries in the world vast quantities of goods, the aggregate value of which was more than two hundred and seventy million yen.

It will doubtless astonish many Americans to learn that up to two years ago manufacturers of locomotives in the United States could not even bid to supply government railways in Japan. To be a recognized bidder in high-grade articles for the nation a firm must first get on the accredited list in Japan; and up to 1902 no American company had succeeded in doing this. So alert had been the manufacturers of Birmingham and Glasgow that Philadelphia, Schenectady, Richmond, Paterson, and Pittsburg were not regarded officially in Japan as places where satisfactory locomotives could be constructed; and so the owners of famous works in the United States, where the finest locomotives in the world are turned out, could not offer one to the Japanese government.

From the completion in 1872 of the first railway in Japan—a line eighteen miles long—England has had the right of way in the sale of locomotives and other rolling-stock in that country. For nearly twenty years after the construction of this initial road there was little to induce American firms to try to sell railway equipment in the Sunrise Kingdom, for the Satsuma rebellion made it necessary to postpone the big projects the Japanese government had planned. At the close of the twentieth year of the present reign there were only three hundred miles of government railways in that empire, and the mileage of private lines was even less. England, with centuries of experience in building up its foreign commerce, was content to work the Japanese field even in the early days of railway development in Japan when the total number of locomotives in the empire was only ten, the number of passenger coaches fifty-eight, and the number of freight cars seventy-five.

Now that America is on the accredited list, there is some possibility of the United States overtaking Great Britain in the sale of locomotives and cars in Japan. Baron Shibusawa, who has built a dozen or more railways in his country, and who is now director in various great railway lines, was convinced during his visit to America that roads

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like the "Nickel Plate," the Chicago and Northwestern, and the New York Central were at least a quarter of a century ahead of the Japanese lines; and it is stated in Tokio that an Americanization of some of the railways of Japan is now being planned. American alertness, in securing contracts to equip some of the roads now nearing completion, might lead to a complete railway revolution in the Mikado's country; for the Japanese realize that in up-to-dateness their railways cannot be compared with their factories and battleships and schools.

There is some reassuring evidence, too, that America at last has determined to reach out for this Japanese trade. I am informed that American capital is to finance some of the new lines. Former President Burt, of the Union Pacific, has been in Japan for several months studying railway matters there. There has been much speculation in regard to his plans. One of the Japanese papers stated that he was to take the presidency of the Trans-Siberian line; but Mr. Burt told me that that was not so. Both on the Pacific Coast and in the Orient I heard that Mr. Harriman is negotiating for railways in Japan.

There is much to tempt American investment in Japanese railways. The price of labor is low, the roads can be economically operated, the traffic is great, and is growing phenomenally. Moreover, private railways in Japan are permitted by their charters to engage in mining for coal, gold, silver, copper, antimony, sulphur, bismuth, and other minerals, some of which exist in great abundance in the mountains of Japan. More than half a billion yen are invested in the railway systems of Japan. The earnings exceed fifty million yen a year, this sum representing the returns from freight and passenger traffic alone.



MADE IN AMERICA

Only since 1902 have American locomotive manufacturers been allowed to bid on government contracts

Furthermore, Japanese trains and tramcars are always crowded. At times the

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MADE IN ENGLAND

England has for thirty years had the lion's share of the equipment of Japanese roads, both public and private

congestion in the third-class coaches is so great that large numbers of passengers are transferred in a body and allowed to ride in first-class compartments. This love of travel, particularly for short distances, is characteristic of Pacific races from Honolulu to Hong-Kong. All day long in the Hawaiian metropolis the street cars are packed. It is a saying in that city that if a native is reduced to his ultimate nickel, he will spend it for a car-ride. In Japan and China third-class coaches enjoy a similar popularity. Tokio has an excellent electric railway system, which is being constantly extended. Through



MADE IN JAPAN

Japanese locomotive builders follow chiefly English models. A company has just been formed in Hong-Kong to erect large locomotive and car works in Japan

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many miles of streets the cars move in close procession. It is impossible to provide enough to accommodate the traffic. In addition to these cars there are fully fifty thousand jinrikishas in Japan's capital, and they are in continual demand.

This Oriental passion for moving about has not been overlooked by the Americans contemplating investing millions in railway enterprises in Japan. In the 34th year of Meiji, more than a hundred million passenger tickets were sold in Japan, the receipts for which were over twenty-seven million yen. Japan is the only country in the world where the profits in carrying passengers are greater than from freight. The distance traveled by passengers annually in Japan already exceeds two billion miles, yet the ratio does not exceed forty-five miles per person in the empire. Railway promoters are confident that the volume of travel under the new régime about to be installed, will be far greater than it is at present. In the 34th year, for example, there were more than twice as many passengers as there were six years before.

The marked decline of four million dollars in the value of manufactured articles sent by this country to Japan in 1902 was due largely to the fact that America shipped almost no railway equipment to Japan. Not a freight car, not a passenger coach, and not a yard of steel rails started from the United States in 1902 to the Sunrise Kingdom. In that year we did ship to Japan a hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars' worth of locomotives; but, at the average price of these engines, that amount would not keep a very large railway system in circulation! In that same year Japan bought millions of yen worth of railway equipment, the lion's share of the trade going to England. For, government inclination was indicated in the Sunrise Kingdom in the outcome of the first international competition in that country. The bids were opened in the latter part of 1902. Thirty locomotives were to be supplied. The lowest bid was submitted by Okura and Company, a Japanese firm which represented two locomotive works, one in Glasgow and the other in Paterson. The Japanese government had an opportunity, therefore, to choose between New Jersey and Scotland. Unhesitatingly, the contract was awarded to the Glasgow firm, not because they make better locomotives on the Clyde than they do on the Passaic, but because the Glasgow locomotives had enjoyed a popular reputation from the beginning.

Now, however, the attitude is changed, and America has an opportunity to compete. American firms are succeeding on some of the railway systems in Japan fairly well. The sight-feeding lubricator, the air valves for the cylinders, and the superior comfort of the engineer's cabin recommend the American locomotives. And fortunately the track is now cleared for America. Manufacturers of locomotives in the United States, although denied the privilege of bidding for engines for government lines in Japan, succeeded in making sales to private companies. It was because this proved so satisfactory that the government was finally persuaded two years ago to honor American establishments by placing them on the accredited list. But while the United States has at last almost as good a standing as a locomotive maker as the United Kingdom, America cannot hope to get an equal share of the market for railway equipment in Japan without making a decided effort to secure it. If America fails to compete, it will not be due to inability, but to the indifference which says: So long as the moon shines bright upon the Wabash, what matters it how the sun rises on the Yalu, the Sumida, and the Hwang-ho!



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ARTISTIC BRIDGES AND GATEWAYS



A Series of Photographs by
Phebe Westcott Humphreys



A substantial stone bridge spanning a depression in the driveway of a country estate.

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A very graceful arched rustic bridge, with appropriate floral decoration.

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An elaborate conventional approach to the side entrance of a private residence. The stone bridge crosses a ravine.



A rustic bridge of extreme simplicity, in keeping with the surroundings, which are as Nature left them.

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A bridged entrance-way to winding drive in the private grounds of a country residence.

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A rustic bridge with steps to overcome the slight rise of the arch in the centre span.



A simple vine-covered bridge of uncut stone, spanning a creek in private grounds.

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A massive single-arched bridge over a stream in private grounds.

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A plain stone bridge and gateway, which might be improved by the use of vines or other floral adornment.



A light rustic bridge resting on substantial stone piers. The floral decoration is in full bloom.

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Some Types of American Beauty

By A. G. LEARNED

The public has become familiar with the "Gibson Girl," the "Christy Girl," the "Stanlaws Girl," as distinct and admirable types of beautiful young American womanhood. Mr. A. G. Learned, a young Boston artist, shows some new and equally characteristic types in the pictures reproduced in the following pages. Mr. Learned has felicitously depicted the frankness and simplicity which distinguish the American girl at her best.

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A. G. LEARNED

From a drawing by A. G. Learned

ROSAMOND

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From a drawing by A. G. Learned

LILIAN

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From a drawing by A. G. Learned

IRIS

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From a drawing by A. G. Learned

GLORIA

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From Hollyer photograph

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

FROM THE PAINTING BY HIMSELF

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A Painter of Men and Ideas

THE LIFE-WORK OF GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

Forty years ago Watts exclaimed: "The odds are heavy, wanting health and many other things." Yet for two score years longer the indomitable painter worked on, fighting with ill-health, to the last losing nothing of power or of enthusiasm. Now he is gone, the last of the great Victorians. There are great painters living still, but none who, in Watts' degree, look on their art as a consecrated trust. His practice fell short of his ideals—his greatest pictures were confessedly "only studies for the pictures that might have been"—but none the less those ideals and the consistency and devotion of his attempt to reach them, have been inspiring factors in English art and popular taste.

For all his eighty-seven years, Mr. Watts' life held little that was eventful. He was born in London in 1817, and began to draw almost as soon as he could talk. He had never had a paint brush in his hands till one day when he tried to copy in oil a head by Sir Peter Lely. Yet his copy, in expert opinion, was fully as good as the original. Fortunately he was too modest and well-balanced to be injured by this precocity. He attended the Royal Academy schools, but for only a few months. The teaching there was perfunctory and haphazard, and Watts soon concluded to trust to his own efforts. He found more benefit in daily study of the Elgin marbles. When at last those precious relics disappear, whether returned by tardy justice to the Acropolis, or destroyed by the London air which is slowly but surely eating into them, there will be a heavy credit to balance the vandalism which brought them from their Athenian home. There is scarcely an English sculptor or painter of the last eighty years whose work they have not influenced. No one owed them more than Watts. To the last he used to devote a part of every day to silent brooding over his casts of the marbles, to keep his spirits attuned to their high ideal.

When barely twenty, Watts exhibited his first painting at the Academy. Six years later he took part in a competition open to all the artists of the day, to decide on whom would fall the honor of decorating the newly built houses of Parliament. His cartoon won a prize of three hundred pounds. For some unexplained reason the cartoon was never transferred to the walls of St. Stephen's, but the money served good purpose. The young artist was now able to realize his long-cherished dream of visiting Italy. He was provided with a letter of introduction to Lord Holland, the British Minister at the little court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. With characteristic shyness, he hung back from presenting this, until Lord Holland himself sought him out. The meeting was a fortunate one for Watts. Lord Holland took him under his wing, kept him in his residence at Florence for four years, had him paint the distinguished English and foreign visitors at the Embassy, and, in Watts' own words, "insisted on being my banker whenever and however he chose." Lady Holland also interested herself in the young painter's welfare, but with less happy results. She arranged a marriage between him and Ellen Terry, then a young actress of eighteen. The staid and serious-minded husband and the

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From Hollyer photograph

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN
BY G. F. WATTS

gay, fun-loving young wife soon tired of each other. An innocent escapade of hers while serving as his model for *Clytie* was the last straw, and a divorce brought to an end the most romantic incident in the artist's life. Many years later Mr. Watts married again.

Early in his career Watts had mapped out a definite program. His aim was twofold: to elevate his fellows by expressing moral ideas in paint, and to preserve to posterity the portraits of his greatest contemporaries. The story of the rest of his life is found in the remarkable body of work, comprising nearly three hundred canvases, in which he carried this program to completion.

Never before were so many of the great men of an age pictured by one man's genius. Like a Homeric roll-call reads the wonderful list of poets and painters, soldiers, diplomats, and states-

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From Hollyer photograph

WALTER CRANE
BY G. F. WATTS

men, whose portraits are now, or soon to be, in the National Gallery of British Art. There will be found Gladstone's eager, subtle, impetuous face; Manning's thin lips and piercing eyes; Carlyle—a study completed in two hours—shaggy and fulminating; Mill, precise, definite; Martineau, brooding, pitying, worn with thought; Browning, full of high resolution; Tennyson—five times painted — nobly imaginative; Walter Crane—one of his later portraits—direct, alert; Leslie Stephen—also finished in a single sitting — serious, analytical, careless of appearances; Garibaldi, picturesquely romantic; Lord Dufferin, shrewd, suave, the perfect diplomat. And these are only a few of the long line of great men whom Watts' genius has limned for posterity's benefit. Keen discernment marks them all, a capacity for seizing the essential, for catching

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From Hollyer photograph

LOVE AND LIFE

BY G. F. WATTS

"My most direct message to this generation."—Watts

the man in his most revealing mood.

But it is chiefly by his imaginative work that Watts is known. Preëminently he has been a painter of ideas. Art was to him a means, not an end; he believed in technical perfection, but only that the matter which the manner carried might strike surer home. "I have always endeavored," he once said, "to oppose the idea that 'art for art's sake' is the only principle or the best. It is a false cry. I have always felt that the art of England is not worthy of her literature, for while our artists have been busying themselves with acquiring the command of their language, and in many cases, too, only with the juggling of words, they have not aimed at cultivating great ideas and intellectual qualities, which alone make art great."

The chief themes of his art are Love and Death—the love that uplifts life, the death that comes not as "a horrible skull and cross-bones monster," but as the mother who receives her tired children into her bosom when life's fitful fever is ended. Hope and Faith,

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Conscience, Justice, Time, are all bodied forth; Mammon is imaged in hideous guise for our warning; Greek myth and Hebrew story, both teach new lessons on his canvas. One feels as in a sanctuary in the room in the Tate gallery where so many of these paintings hang. Yet by the irony of fate the most moral of painters has been called to account by honest folk who condemn the nude in art without discrimination. Watts' own reply is interesting: "Why have I painted these figures naked? Because they are types of humanity; and had they been clothed, the force of any meaning and teaching they had would be gone. They would cease to be types."

Inevitably Mr. Watts' reach has exceeded his grasp. There is often a disappointing indefiniteness in the drawing, a lack of harmony in the color, a too vague generalization in his types. But with all these shortcomings his achievement remains unimpeachably great. His fellow-artists and the public alike have lost a stimulating force in the passing of George Frederick Watts.



From Hollyer photograph

SIR GALAHAD
BY G. F. WATTS

"My ideal of manhood."—Watts

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A GLIMPSE OF THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS

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THE GROWING POWER OF WOMAN

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CONGRESS IN BERLIN

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

We ought to be able to recognize the swiftest revolution in all history while it is going on. Yet we do not. Most of us do not see it at all; of those who do, many disapprove; and even the conscious promoters miss half the wonder of the change.

The International Congress of Women, held in Berlin in June of this year, celebrating the third quinquennial of the International Council, is so marked an illustration of the world-movement of women that even those who cannot or will not run may surely read its meaning.

Here are thousands of women, from twenty nations, traveling thousands of miles from all quarters of the earth, to compare notes of the work they are doing, measure results, consider methods, regulate and divide their tasks—that they may make better progress from year to year.

The numbers involved are in millions; a million and a quarter from America alone are represented in this council. Each national council is formed of a federated group of bodies of women, workers in many different lines—educational, charitable, political, industrial, reformatory—meeting every two years in their respective countries; and these national councils unite every five years in an international gathering such as has just passed.

Following the council, with its business meetings, comes a congress, held by the local committee; and this it is that shows such startling evidence of growing power. Here are papers, addresses, and discussions from representative women of widely varying races, views, and planes of progress, giving to all the knowledge of what is done by each, and strengthening each in the conscious sympathy of all. The work described, the things desired, vary as do the races represented; but one and all are working for good ends—for the service and advancement of humanity.

In the last quinquennial, held in 1899 in London, but nine countries were represented in the council; in five years we have more than doubled. Of the London congress it was demanded by shallow critics: "What has it *done?*" And the same question will no doubt be asked of this one. To those who look to see a marble arch or statue of bronze left to commemorate the occasion, the founding of an orphan asylum, or endowment of a college—nothing is done. These congresses have no power to "command and forbid, to release prisoners and remit the customs-taxes." They confer no degrees or diplomas, erect no buildings, leave no new laws upon our statute books. The papers read are not all by leaders in the world's thought; our great scientists, artists, inventors, are not there in overwhelming numbers. More can be learned of any specialty in its own especial congress—as of silk-culture, charities and corrections, or mechanical engineering. The aforesaid shallow critics, if they went looking for the crowned heads of science and art, were sadly disappointed.

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It must be borne in mind that even the national councils are not as specifically active as their constituent groups. And the national council does not work directly for suffrage, or insurance, or for any of the numerous objects of its numerous constituents. It does, however, gradually undertake to work some very general national issue, such as child labor—large matters, concerning the country as a whole, and not yet assumed by specific organizations.

If an efficient society for the abolition of child labor, of national extent, should join the national council, then the council as such would not continue that work. Its usefulness is in bringing together the people who are working to abolish child labor with those who seek to advance education, to improve the housing of the poor, to enforce better factory laws, to compel arbitration in strikes, and so on and so on.

To share our knowledge, to correlate our efforts, to establish a basis of correct sociology of definite facts and successful methods, is the most needed part of humanitarianism today; and this is the work of these broadening federations.

At this third quinquennial the council stands for three great movements: peace and arbitration, equal political rights for women, and the abolition of the white slave traffic, with the promotion of an equal moral standard.

For these things it will work through its own committees, and through its immensely wide range of constituent societies; but even with this in view it is still hard to produce for the satisfaction of the aforesaid critics an averted war, a majority for woman suffrage, or a rescued white slave, and to say: "This was accomplished by the international council of women in their conference at Berlin in 1904!"

What, then, is so wonderful? Where is this mighty revolution I speak of? Why in the German capital did thousands of people, men as well as women, flock to our sessions the week through, crowd the great halls to the doors, and pour out in overflow meetings? Why were fine houses and palaces opened to us, and splendid entertainments given us by the highest nobility—by royalty itself—and, even more, by the city of Berlin? This is why:

These meetings, admitting every essential limitation and defect, are promoting two things of enormous value to the world—the organization of women and international peace.

When great numbers of human beings at cost of much effort and expense gather together from across the world, with one common purpose of helping humanity, the dignity and power of such a gathering makes itself felt. And the plain, duty-loving woman who did good work in her village improvement society, who was a conscientious secretary, who labored faithfully and wisely as president, who rose to the head of her special line of work, joined her national council, became president of that body, and came representing her country to this congress, finds herself granted an audience by the empress of Germany. It is not good Mrs. Johnson of Duluth who is thus received and honored. It is the great, loving heart, the clear head, the noble devotion to public service of the women of her country which meets the recognition it deserves.

The distinctive phenomenon which this great congress presents to us is the free movement and association of that half of humanity which has been stationary and isolated since history dawned.

To measure its importance aright we should think for a moment of what the world was when men were stationary and isolated. Nothing of human life was then possible beyond that of undifferentiated savagery. Movement and association, though at first merely such as were incidental to warfare, were necessary to the growth of civilization.

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When an increasing trade, a widening commerce, slowly supplanted the primitive activities of war, the progress of the world waxed apace; and now that our swift facilities of transportation in speech, in freight, in person, force us to ever closer and more frequent contact, we see at last the kindling of international consciousness, with its rich promise of universal peace.

Meanwhile the women of the world did not move. True to their first great function of motherhood, restricted to the lowest grades of labor, denied all liberty and association save that of celibate religious sisterhood, or the dear-bought freedom that cost home and honor, women remained alone, apart, far, far behind in social development.

The starved and stunted brain, whose quenchless demand for knowledge was branded as "feminine curiosity," succeeded at last in obtaining its share of the education proper to our times—at least in some countries; but with the growth of the mind the limitation of position became more apparent and painful. The legal disabilities of women, which blackened our statute books, have been largely removed; but these negative advantages, the mere withdrawal of unjust restrictions and penalties, did not satisfy the growing giantess of the present era. She began to press forward into active citizenship.

During all this time of change and trial the mothers of the world have not failed to maintain the population; and those denied motherhood by the hard conditions of the time they live in have poured out their mother-love and care in a thousand philanthropies. Charity is as old as religion, if not older; but the constructive humanitarianism of modern times is young yet.

We have now large, earnest bodies of men and women studying the structure and functions of society, and work-



MRS. MARY WOOD SWIFT
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF AMERICA

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ing along national lines to promote its growth and to prevent disease. In this work the most impressive factor is the woman.

Millions of women grouped, regrouped, and federated in enlarging circles are consciously and actively working for the world's improvement.

That is the most prominent feature of these gatherings of women the world over, and this last international congress made it clear to thousands.

To the eye alone the mere physical presence of so many women together—vigorous women, beautiful, able, intelligent, and well-dressed—is a revelation.

To the average man women are separate persons—his own near relatives and sweethearts; or, lumped together, they are "the sex," all "sisters under their skins." A needless description; so are men all brothers under their skins, as far as sex goes; but men are very many kinds of persons, besides; and that women are also is what is new to man's idea. These women of the congress—of all ages, from the earnest-eyed young girl to the grand white head of our beloved Mrs. Anthony; of all bloods and of all stations, from the colored school-teacher to the Turkish princess—gathered in solid thousands for most serious work, are not to be considered merely as a sex. They are persons, individuals; and individuals of increasing importance. They represent a great and growing power. Alone and apart they were powerless to improve their own lot or to help the world.

Together, united, organized, they represent a force that compels attention.

That the men of Germany felt this, and met it with good will, was proven by our splendid entertainment in the Rathaus.

This civic banquet is an honor which the Kaiser himself appreciates; it meant even more to us than the royal reception; it was the hand of friendship from the city government—from organized manhood to organized womanhood.

The magnificent hospitality of Germany to this congress was far beyond our expectations, and speaks louder than words of the change in public opinion on the woman's movement in all its branches.

None of these has met with more misunderstanding, opposition, and abuse than the demand for equal suffrage; yet our suffrage meetings were as fully and as eagerly attended as any others. There is now a well-organized international suffrage association, and the council voted to promote equal political rights in all lands, as far as possible.

The world-value of the increasing organizability of women is not hard to prove. A growing democracy must show more of this capacity for working together. Heredity is stronger than prejudice. A democracy of fathers educates its sons in this invaluable power; and, willy-nilly, the daughters inherit it in some degree. So the daughters of America must needs organize, and are doing so in ever-waxing numbers, followed by the other nations.

Seeing it—seeing it so large, so powerful, so rapidly increasing—the natural question is: To what end? What is the result of all this sudden and astonishing growth? Does it mean good to the world, or evil? Is it better for the world to have women develop in the later and larger human characteristics, or to restrict them forever to their primal functions? No such impressive manifestation of a great human movement as this congress can fail to arouse this basic question, forcing the courageous observer to a most careful revision of his views and the acceptance of a definite position on one side or the other.

If it is a bad thing—dangerous, illegitimate, morbid, a by-product of social growth, a "sport," an eccentricity, or a disease—then we ought to see it plainly in its most pronounced form; and the same world should band together against a prodigious peril.

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If, on the other hand, it is normal, healthy, and promising large benefits to humanity, how contemptible becomes the position of those who oppose or even ignore it!

With us our marked and definite advance among nations has been accompanied from the beginning by an equally marked and definite advance of women. We have every proof of good effect on human life of increasing liberty and power for the mother; and yet, in the face of every splendid achievement, of each new step onward, the majority still act as if no change had taken place, and as if much evil would follow if it did.

It is like some complacent hen considering a brawny young chicken as a mere egglet still; or like those mothers, perversely fond or with ulterior purpose of their own, who insist on dressing thriving daughters as eternal babes.

The world is still full of wives and mothers, and most of the members and hearers of this congress were such; the prominent fact was not this universal condition of womanhood, but the new condition of individual development and world service.

It should please the conservative to find that Section I, the opening meeting in the great hall, was given to "The Training of the Woman for Motherhood." Woman's work and its payment; the servant question; the care of the poor, the orphan, the sick, the convalescent; the education of woman from kindergarten to college; the laws as they affect woman in the home and the shop, in marriage and out; her civil and political rights; the effort toward a higher moral standard, and toward temperance; her progress in art, literature, and science; in industrial and social organization—all these, and more, were the subjects of discussion.

To the overstrained attention of the audience, confused with many new ideas and striving to attend several meetings at once—as four sections were held simultaneously—no clear view of the meaning of the great assemblage was possible; but at this distance, with a general survey of the ground covered, we can see how strong and fine is this great upward movement of women.

Good? It is overwhelmingly good. Those small vices and meannesses, proper not to the sex but to the undeveloped condition of women, are brought conspicuously into notice in these large associations, thoroughly condemned, and rapidly outgrown. Also the disproportionate virtues, which are almost vices, become rationalized and modified in united action; and a far nobler and more reasonable womanhood is developing among us.

This, to the student of current sociology, is the most clear and impressive phase of the congress. Second to it—and only second because it would have no dignity or force without the first—is the movement toward international peace. The desirability of this condition is hardly to be questioned, though it has long been considered but a millennial dream. The practicability, the economy, the necessity of it, are matters now forcing themselves upon all civilized nations.

As we no longer brawl at every street corner, nor draw swords in private quarrel at the least provocation, so are we approaching the time when international peace will be enforced like that within each nation, and a war be as much out of fashion as a duel. Great books are being written to promote knowledge and sentiment on this vital matter; the last century saw the beginning of the Hague Court of international arbitration; and even in war itself the Red Cross work of healing follows close on the track of destruction—a combination that will make our grandchildren laugh well at us. When they are older they will not laugh, for they will see that new growth is slow in catching up with the old, and must coexist with it for a while before it utterly outgrows and overcomes it.

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In promoting this foremost step of the young world, the action of women is of the deepest significance. They have always suffered under war, and hated it; but their suffering and their hatred was impotent, being utterly disconnected. The protest of one voice, no matter how freighted with anguish, is of small weight in the world's advance; or the protest of millions—so long as each is alone. But these millions, united, make a protest that must be heard.

This international assemblage of women brings a new power into world-politics. Though as yet not fully recognized as a political force, even in their respective countries, they are that force none the less, and make it felt in more ways than one. The "influence" of women is not denied; indeed it is urged by those who would deny them any more direct expression; but this influence is by no means wholly good. While altogether personal in her activities, limited in ambition and responsibility to the domestic circle exclusively, the woman could bring to public affairs only a narrow and reactionary policy; but these women of today—learning by personal experience the conditions of the outside world, learning by travel and contact the great lesson of our age, the unity of social life—bring to the consideration of our common affairs a new spirit and a new power. So long as the mothers of the world give to their children only the intensely personal sentiments of the primitive home, no social advance of the father can wholly counteract their heavy influence. He, growing and broadening in an ever wider contact with humanity, may transmit to the child the racial advance; but she, in her immovable position, steadily restocks the infant mind with our oldest prejudices and strengthens anew that ancient egoism which is the strongest barrier to social progress.

In this new life, this broad humanitarian work, we are building a new motherhood of immense advantage to the world. It is not only in direct physical heredity that this is felt—for our young girls are naturally not the ones who form international councils—but in the broader social heredity, which works far more rapidly. Here is President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, for instance, whose strong and convincing address on co-education was one of the features of the congress; she is not personally a mother, but her influence on the thousands of girls who pass through her college, and the many other thousands who hear and read her words, does far more to affect the next generation than any dozen children she might have had.

It is not that women as a sex, assuming political power, will be wiser and nobler than men, and so introduce social reforms and promote social progress. The women of China are as Chinese as Chinamen—the women of Turkey as Turkish as Turks.

The crucial fact is that, as women come forward into human activities, they become more civilized, they advance the grade of our common stock—lift the world's standard. War is a result of conditions acting on temperament, the same conditions producing different results according to the race or the historic period.

Our developing civilization is doing much to change conditions; but the development of women does more, for it changes temperament. The characteristics born of international acquaintance, of wide practical knowledge, and business experience—which make the civilized man less quick at the trigger than his uncivilized ancestors—will be far more general when our women share them.

Thus in both ways do we see the good of the woman's movement in these congresses: the women helping the world, and the world helping the women.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

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THE MAID OF THE MIST

by Katharine Metcalf Roof

I

It had been a golden fall. Few of the trees showed even a touch of red. The glory of a perpetual sunlight seemed to rest upon the yellow leaves. Chilson worked steadily; when he was not painting pictures he was thinking them.

One morning he waked to find the world wrapped in a silent mystery of a mist—a new world of blue, silver, and gold; blue in the sky, blue over the earth, blue in the denseness of the mist clouds which thinned into silver as they rose; and everywhere the golden leaves. The ground was covered as with cloth of gold. Chilson drew a long breath as he looked. For one moment the relentless egotism of the artist was absorbed, overpowered. "The light that never was on land or sea," he murmured. Then self-consciousness rushed back upon him, bringing the compelling creative impulse.

"I must catch that mist." With quick, accustomed fingers he opened his paint box, took out his palette and brushes, and set up his easel. A long look into the mist, then he thrust his brush into the paint and made a swift note of color; another long look and another sweep of the brush; then he stepped back, frowning analytically into the opalescent sea of light.

Just at that moment there came toward him, emerging from the mist, a creature that seemed the very essence of the morning—created from its clouds and light as was Venus from the foam of the sea. He smiled at the conceit; one might accept any extravagant fancy this unreal, wonderful morning. She came nearer, then stopped to rest, for she was carrying a heavy pail of water—tin, no doubt, at noonday, but silver in this light. Her gown was of faded

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blue cotton, but it might have been a piece of the blue vapor arising from the earth. Her hair was pale gold, and the misty light seemed to cling to it as the hoar-frost to the yellow leaves.

The artist's eyes went from the girl's figure to his canvas. Already he saw his completed picture there. He raised his brush and made a swift indication of the figure, placed a blue shadow nicely, when she moved to take up her pail. "Oh, don't," he cried, "you mustn't go. I want you in my picture. Can't you stay there —just that way—with the pail?"

He was walking quickly towards her as he spoke. She stared at him with country curiosity, questioning the palette on his thumb, the bunch of brushes in his hand, the splashes of paint on his sleeve. But when her eyes reached his face they dropped quickly and she flushed, rendered suddenly conscious by the look in his eyes.

"I—I can't stop," she stammered; "I have to take this water home."

"Oh, I will make that all right. I will pay you for posing—staying here, you know, and explain it to your mother, and all that. But I want you right now." He spoke rapidly, peremptorily. She looked bewildered.

"I could come back, maybe—"

"Come back! Good Lord, no. The mist would be gone, it is going now, and—how do I know that you won't vanish with it?"

She did not understand his words or the light laugh that accompanied them. She looked up at him wondering, a little troubled, her lips apart. Her eyebrows and lashes, which were very dark, formed a curious contrast with her fair hair and blue eyes. The next minute he had seized her pail, emptied half its contents upon the ground, and returned it to her.

"Too heavy for you to hold full," he explained hastily. "We can get more afterwards. Here, the arm was a little higher—so." He touched her bared arm, from which the sleeve was rolled away, with the slight, impersonal tenderness with which he handled any beautiful thing, and again the flush swept over her face. She was beautiful to him, just as the morning was; but that would have been beyond her power to understand. He painted silently, absorbedly, seeing her only as form and color, as a part of the scheme of his picture; yet it was love that she saw in those eyes that seemed to take possession of her—the deathless, supreme love of the artist for his god, his art—

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow."

Unspeakably remote from the world of this child, whose external beauty had power to feed it, was such love as this! But

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the fire in the man's eyes stirred her with some crude, hitherto unknown emotion, and she stood nearly an hour, unconscious of time or fatigue, while he worked. That strange, almost subconscious power which we call genius had seized upon him as its instrument, and not until the mist had gone, and the dream world had become a familiar one, would he let her go. Then he walked home with her, carrying her pail.

II

Chilson asked four friends in to see his picture the afternoon before it was to be sent to the exhibition: Arthur Gilmore, whose studio was in the same building; Anthony Thompson, a bald young man, who had a speaking acquaintance with art which enabled him to write the criticisms for the *Record;* Judith Withington and her sister Nancy.

Judith Withington possessed the kind of distinction that makes itself felt immediately. Her sister had a light, piquant prettiness, and looked in her plumed hat as if she had stepped out of one of Sir Joshua's pictures. Men fell in love with her more frequently than with Judith, whose beauty, like certain subtler differences in color, was not perceptible to all eyes; but artists never failed to look twice at Judith.

"I believe it's about the best work I have done," began Chilson nervously when the moment had arrived. "At least, I did think so ten minutes ago; but perhaps it isn't any good after all." He hesitated, with his hand upon the bit of cloth thrown over the picture. "But you shall decide." His look, though including them all, rested first and last upon Judith Withington. With an abrupt movement, he threw back the drapery.

"Well?" he said at last, huskily, for no one had spoken.

"Why, it's great, Chris," said Gilmore at last. "So great that it is sure not to get the prize."

Chilson laughed, but forgot to answer. He was watching Judith, who had not spoken. She was still looking at the picture. At last, feeling his waiting, she lifted her eyes and met his—a second only; but in it he realized what was, perhaps, the most perfect happiness possible to his complex being, since in it the love both of man and artist was satisfied. Judith's lips parted as if to speak; then she turned away, and began trifling with some loose sketches lying on the table.

"Talk about atmosphere," the bald young man was saying, "why, you can fairly breathe it. Ugh! that mist actually makes one shiver."

"You might call it 'The Maid of the Mist,'" suggested Judith.

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Chilson turned to her with a quick smile. "That's just what I called it."

"So this is your little country girl," commented Gilmore.

"Yes, her color's great, isn't it? So—er—dramatic, that silver hair and those dark brows." He studied the canvas between half-shut eyes. "Yes, in a year or two her beauty will be gone," he reflected. "That is the way with her kind. They vulgarize so quickly; living on pie and cake, and living in stuffy rooms. Their bloom is gone before they are eighteen; they are old at twenty."

"Here she is again," cried Thompson, who had been turning over some canvases standing against the wall.

"Tony, haven't you learned yet the etiquette of the canvas with its back to you?" growled Gilmore, amiably.

The critic drew one out and turned it to catch the light: the same fair-haired girl, standing under the bare trees, among the dead leaves; behind her the cloud-laden autumn sky, with one long line of amber light behind the trees.

"That is one of the last I did," commented Chilson. "I have some water-colors somewhere—just sketches, if I can find them." He frowned reflectively.

"The wonder is that he ever knows where anything is," said Judith Withington, looking at the unclassified chaos of the corners.

Thompson set the second canvas on the floor under "The Maid of the Mist."

"It's a sad little face," he observed, studying the picture. "A mere accident of line, I suppose. Women's faces are so misleading." He looked suggestively at Nancy Withington.

"I doubt if any of them have misled you permanently, Tony," she laughed back at him.

"But in the other, the mist picture, the face is not sad," observed Judith, dropping upon a divan.

"She had rather a sympathetic face," put in Chilson, looking up from a pile of sketches. "She was a child of nature, in a way; not that she was fond of it—they seldom are, I think—but she seemed somehow to take on the color of the day. I noticed it that afternoon. There," indicating the picture on the easel, "it is the feeling of dawn—everything yet to come. In the other, see, the summer is dead, the day is dying, and there is a sort of autumn-twilight pathos in her eyes, isn't there? Or didn't I paint what I felt in it?" All his thoughts were for the moment turned inward. "I can never tell at first," he went on; "I suppose I cannot disentangle my memory from what is on the canvas."

"It suggests that song of Franz—*Im Herbst*," said Nancy, "'My love is false, I would I were dead.'"

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"Oh, no," exclaimed Judith quickly, "it is not like that—not so sad as that." Catching Nancy's surprised look she added: "I mean it is so cruelly sad—that song. It seems as if everything tragic in life were in it."

"In love, you mean," corrected Gilmore, and Nancy smiled ambiguously. "The same, if it is true that love is a woman's whole existence," she remarked, caressing the fur animal she had worn about her neck.

"But it isn't," observed Thompson, dropping into a capacious but rickety arm-chair beside her. "Not now. No, if the sentimental Lord Byron could return for one hour to this world of women's clubs and golf skirts"—he paused expressively, crossed and recrossed his legs—"I tell you he would eat his words! Times have changed."

"Times may have changed, but I doubt if women have very much," returned Judith Withington laughing. "Shorter skirts *may* bring wider interests, but, after all, clubs can't fill a woman's soul as they do a man's. We are not made that way, somehow."

"Hear the out-of-date womanly woman!" exclaimed her sister with mock horror.

"You don't imagine for one moment that women of what we are pleased to call the people know anything about love, do you? I didn't suppose anyone believed that in these days of rampant realism. Yes," Thompson went on, stroking his mustache meditatively, "we hear a great deal about the great heart of the people, but the real truth of the matter is that the people have no heart!"

"But you don't really think that, Mr. Thompson," exclaimed Judith.

"Seriously, Miss Judith; no question about it. The nearest approach to love they know is mother-love, and that is more than half instinct. The struggle for existence would kill the finer feelings if they had them; and, anyway, can the finer feelings exist without intelligence?"

"Why, of course," began Judith.

"But really, do you think so?" drawled Thompson, adjusting himself more comfortably into the depths of the arm-chair. "They are so appallingly business-like in their love affairs and death affairs and all that. Their point of view is grossly material—grossly material."

"That reminds me of something my mist-maiden told me about her sister," put in Chilson from the corner where he was hunting the missing sketches. "The girl broke her engagement because the poor chap lived so far away; the place was so 'terrible unhandy,' she said."

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"Oh, Chris, not really! She didn't talk like that—that impossibly beautiful creature!" exclaimed Nancy.

"She did not love him; that was all," said Judith thoughtfully. "When material things come first—whether it is a question of red plush furniture, or a house at Newport—love is not there."

"Ah, I have them," cried Chilson, emerging flushed and triumphant from a wilderness of canvases with a portfolio in his hands. "I disagree with both of you people," he observed to Miss Withington and Gilmore as he came towards them. He always disagreed with his most engaging manner. "Thompson is right." He caught Judith's eye. "Love is a finer thing than such poor wretches know. It is—in part, at least—a recognition between souls! I doubt if most of these creatures have any soul," he concluded harshly, brushing the dust from the portfolio with a Turkish scarf.

"A soul is undoubtedly a rare thing," observed Thompson languidly, drawing himself up to an upright position in the chair. "Show us the pictures."

"At least it is a matter of evolution; not all people are born with one," concluded Chilson, seating himself before them with the portfolio on his knee.

Thompson pulled forward a chair to hold the sketches as Chilson picked them out and set them up, one at a time. One showed her raking leaves in the sunshine; another, holding a baby brother; another, washing clothes in the checkered sunlight, under the apple trees.

"There is another in oil," remarked the artist when all the water colors had been commented upon. He drew forward a good-sized canvas, holding it so that the painted side was hidden. "I had wanted to do her in something white, but she didn't have any white dress—they never seem to have, somehow; they prefer frightful figured things—I told her about what I wanted, showed her a picture of a girl in a loose white affair—and one day, to my surprise, she came to the studio and stood in the door like this." He set the picture down before them and again they looked in silence. A white-robed child looked out at them from the canvas, seeming half to evade their glance.

"You have caught something living there, Chilson," said Thompson with unwonted seriousness.

"What a delicious shyness and reluctance! It was the dress, I suppose," said Gilmore. "Was she aware of her decorative qualities?"

"Well, I am afraid I stirred up her self-consciousness a bit," said Chilson carelessly, "painting her so much, you know." He

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bent to pick up a water color that had fallen to the floor. "Pity, but she had to find it out sometime, didn't she?"

"She looks like Galatea receiving her soul or something of that sort," reflected Gilmore dreamily.

Judith rose abruptly and went over to the other side of the studio, apparently to study the brushwork of the other two pictures. After a moment Chilson followed her. This brought them a little apart from and behind the others.

"What was her name, Chris?" she asked him as he came up.

"Her name? Janet; Janet Merryweather."

"Merryweather?"

He nodded. "She wasn't so awfully merry, either. Sometimes she was extremely dismal and contrary."

"Yes?" She paused, then added, with a slight movement of her hand towards the picture her sister had likened to *Im Herbst:* "This seems to have been one of her dismal days."

"Yes, I believe it was." He squinted critically at the picture.

"Did you really mean what you said just now about people of her kind having no feeling?"

"No fine feeling—no sentiment, that is."

She picked up a pencil sketch lying on the table, scrutinized it closely without seeing it, and laid it down again. "I think this girl looks as if she might—feel things."

"Oh, in a way, perhaps. Not in your way or mine. As a dog suffers, who dies on his master's grave."

"Well, what greater proof can a man of mind or a genius give?" She looked up and met his eyes.

"'And I will love thee to the death and out beyond into the world to come,'" he quoted softly. He was thinking that there were lines in Judith's face of which he could never tire. Afterwards he remembered the look in her eyes, and wondered if she had been troubled about anything.

III

It was not more than a week after the exhibition had closed that a change came in Christopher Chilson's fortunes. A western millionaire, imbued with the desire to patronize home talent, had given the young artist an order for the decoration of the dining-hall in his palatial new country place. So enthusiastic had he become over "The Maid of the Mist" that he had visited Chilson's studio in South Washington Square, where he saw some studies for a potential mural decoration that settled his mind and Chilson's fate. Chilson's engagement to Judith Withington was formally announced. They were to be married in the spring.

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One afternoon she went to see the studies for his decoration. She entered, bringing the scent of violets with her into the dingy studio.

"You should always wear violets with that gown; that purple spot is in exactly the right place," observed the artist, scrutinizing her critically. "The composition is perfect."

"I wish you wouldn't allude to me as a composition, Chris," she complained with a little laugh, as she loosened the fur about her neck. "It makes me feel as if I merely represented so many tubes of Windsor and Newton."

He pushed forward the decrepit armchair, and stood smiling down at her a trifle absently as she sat drawing off her gloves.

"They are exactly right," he repeated. "How did you know?"

"*You* knew; you sent them."

His expression changed; the artist became lost in the lover.

"It was because they are like you," he said softly.

"Where is the decoration?" she inquired a moment later, looking around.

"Here," he produced a long narrow canvas, upon which a decorative scheme in five panels was roughly indicated. He laid it down on the floor in front of her, then came back to her side.

"That gives a general idea of the composition. But you can't see it down there." He dragged forward an old oak settle standing against the wall, and set the canvas up on it.

"You see, I took the Tennyson 'Elaine' as a motive. This first one is when they meet Lancelot in the castle court. The next is where Lancelot is telling them tales of Camelot and the tournaments, and all that; and that is where Elaine fastens on his scarlet sleeve—that is a nice little spot of red, isn't it? The fourth is where he meets her in the garden. Oh wait! I want to show you the sketch of my little 'Maid of the Mist' that I took that one from. In fact, it started me on the whole scheme." He went over to a pile of canvases standing against the wall, and, selecting one, set it beside the other, turning it to catch the light.

"It is where she says 'I have gone mad; I love you; let me die!'" An echo of the passion of the words crept into his voice.

"Well," he said at last, "Why don't you speak? Don't you like it? You always make me wait so."

She sat leaning forward, looking at the picture, a certain tenseness in her attitude; but she did not answer.

"Of course it is only a sketch," he began depreciatingly, "almost entirely from memory, based upon a quick drawing—a mere record of the action and pose, really."

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Still no response. She drew a long breath, and leaned back, pressing her hands over her eyes with a quick movement.

"Judith! What is it?"

"That girl's face —"

He gave a quick, puzzled glance from the face in the picture to the one before him. "I don't understand."

"Her face," she repeated. "It is the look in the girl's face. I can't bear it."

He knit his brows. "I don't understand."

She withdrew her eyes from the picture, as if with a physical effort, and looked over towards the bit of sky framed in the window. "It is so terribly real," she said, speaking more quietly. "I hadn't expected quite that sort of thing. It is so terribly real, it—it startled me."

"You think it inappropriate—you don't like it?"

She shook her head. He glanced with a troubled frown at the canvas.

"But the face won't be so realistic in the decoration. Is it that you think the pose too dramatic—not sufficiently restful?" He was very anxious now. He entirely forgot her unexpected agitation in his absorption in this artistic problem. "I dare say you are right. A wall decoration *should* be primarily restful, subordinate. You always are right." He studied the canvas anxiously.

"Chris—you don't understand. I wasn't thinking about—art principles just then." She arose and went over to the window.

He went over to her side. "Why, what is it then? I don't understand. Something is troubling you."

Down in the Square the children played noisily, the electric cars buzzed past, and a hand-organ started a popular air. The window was open at the top, and the sounds came into the room distinctly. At last she turned and faced him, one hand behind her against the window-ledge, the other catching a chair-back in the tense grasp of a woman struggling with some inner excitement. But her voice was quiet as usual when she spoke.

"Chris, tell me something first, please." She paused, and there was a slight quiver about her nostrils. "I want to know—if you ever saw her look—like that."

He glanced at the picture. In the retrospective mental effort, his uneasiness again slipt momentarily from his mind.

"Yes," he reflected. "Yes, I think she looked just that way —I remember it gave me the idea of the picture. The movement and expression suggested Elaine. Of course, it had been in my mind before. Tennyson has always suggested decorative motives to me."

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She interrupted him with a quick gesture—she who had never tired of listening to his thoughts and dreams. He looked down at her and realized with a shocked surprise that for some reason she was suffering; realized, too, that she was very beautiful so. Gradually the personal emotion faded, the lover became lost in the artist. He began to paint her mentally. But a contraction, a swift change of line in the face checked the current of his thought. She turned her head with an abrupt movement. He put out his hand for hers, but she drew it back with a quick shake of the head.

"Why, Judith, what is it?"

She clasped her hands before her eyes.

"I can't stand it—how can you bear to look at it—you who made her look like that!" She walked quickly over to the table. "Where are the others? I saw them when I came in—I want to see them together—" She was turning over the loose sketches with quick, nervous fingers, selecting certain ones as she talked.

"Judith, what is the matter; can't you explain?"

"There!" She picked out all the pictures of Janet and placed them in front of the decorative studies. "And 'The Maid of the Mist' too—" She went over to the easel and flung aside the drapery.

"There!" With a quick gesture she included all the pictures. "There is the whole story. I have been thinking ever since I saw them that other afternoon—I see it so plainly now. That first one is, as you said, like the morning—all fresh and unconscious and untroubled. I knew that was the first time you had seen her—I knew it before you said it. And this one among the dead leaves—" She paused. "She had known you some time then; she isn't quite a child there. She has learned to feel—to wonder about it. But this one—" indicating the picture with the white dress.

"Judith—"

"In this one—why, when I saw it that first time, with the others, I could scarcely stand it—it seemed as if I could hear her heart beat."

"Judith, what are you talking about? You surely can't think—why—the child was shy and troubled about her dress, that was all; she wanted to please me and—"

"Yes, yes, she wanted to please you, I know. She wanted it terribly—more than anything else in the world—you have painted that too. And in this last one—" She turned toward the Elaine sketch. "Well, that is the end of it all. What was it you had said to her? No, don't tell me; I don't want to know. It was the end—that is clear enough, and she knows it. It *is* like Elaine. No wonder you thought of it!"

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He stood staring at her, not yet quite comprehending, almost doubting the evidence of his senses. But seeing her—for the first time in his knowledge of her—unnerved, uncontrolled, he realized at last a seriousness in the situation. He went up to her and took her hands in a determined clasp, despite her resistance.

"Judith, look at me. Now, tell me exactly what you mean."

She tried to draw back, but he held her fast. She bent her head and would not meet his eyes.

"Look at me."

At last she raised her head. "Chris, do you mean to say that you don't know?"

"What?"

"That she loved you."

"She—*Janet!*"

His clasp relaxed and she drew her hands from his. He laughed. "Well, no. I certainly did not know that." Then his tone changed. "How absurd! How did you ever get such an idea into your head?"

She made a gesture towards the pictures. His eyes followed her movement, lingering a moment upon the canvases.

"But not really! How ridiculous; how preposterous. Why, Judith!"

"Oh, can't you *see* it? Don't you really know? But whether you knew it or not, you have painted it. Those pictures are the history of her heart."

"And you believe," he said slowly, "that I could make love to her—to any other woman—" He came nearer, but she drew back.

"Janet was my model, Judith," he said at length, speaking quietly, but with some effort. "You understand what that means." Then as she did not answer, he continued: "You are quite wrong, absolutely and entirely mistaken. If you will listen, I would like to tell you all there is to tell." Again in his eagerness, he moved closer to her, but she drew back until she touched the window.

"Not now, Chris, please, I would rather not. It is getting late, I must go."

"Yes, *now*."

She sank down upon the window seat, overcome with a sudden sensation of physical weakness, and turned from him looking down into the Square.

"There isn't much to tell; it is all there as you say," he began, with a motion towards the pictures, "but not in the sense you mean. I painted her all the time, those last two months. It was an absolutely impersonal affair all through. She was my model.

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She was paid for it. She was a child, anyway. I don't need to tell you that I never made love to her—you know I could not say that kind of thing to any woman but you."

A brief smile flashed over her face. "I know you can't possibly help treating every woman you meet as if you adored her; and, of course—I understand. But," her face clouded again, "that poor unsophisticated, little country girl—how could she discriminate—how could she understand? Ah, it is so easy to see what you must have meant to her. Chris, it doesn't matter what you say—I know; I *know* that you brought that look to her face. You say yourself you saw it there." Again the pictured face drew her reluctant eyes—reflecting as it were its own anguish into them.

"You brought that look to her face—you kept it there. You said the words that you knew would bring the change you wanted. Yes, it is true. I know you so well, you can't help it; I have seen you do it with the people you paint. It is as if the girl's heart were a bit of drapery or a flower that you would touch to place as you wish it. You managed the light and shade of her feeling that way—oh, Chris, don't you see? You have painted those pictures with her very heart's blood!"

She leaned back against the window casement, her face shadowy in the fading light. Chilson stared down at her. How exquisite was that uneven line of the brows, that foreshortened angle of the chin; how tragic the line of the eyelids and mouth! "Our Lady of Pain"—the Swinburne phrase drifted into his mind. He felt the scent of the purple violets that she wore, as though it were in some subtle sense the expression of that beauty of pain. The sound of an indrawn breath roused him again.

"Your point of view is absolutely false—unlike you," he began hurriedly. "I don't know what to say—how to make you see it as it is." He broke off frowning. Suddenly he caught both her hands. "Dearest, such an absurd, foolish idea for you to get. How did it happen? Why can't I make you understand? She was nothing but a child—an illiterate, beautiful child. If you could see her you would understand."

She drew her hands from his and turned again to the picture. "And the day you painted that—"

He laughed. "Wait till you hear about the tragic emotions that gave her face that 'look' which is troubling you." He seated himself upon the edge of the model stand and went on: "That day—she had been posing for me in the white dress. It was the day before I left. She had been telling me that she wanted to be a professional model, and she wanted me to take her back to town and start her. It would have been a great mistake, of course, and

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I told her so. You see she had found out that she was beautiful, and had lost her head a bit. She was persistent enough about it—the little beggar—I was fairly worn out with her. I remember she kept saying over and over like a child: 'Please let me go, please let me go'—and she threw out her hands like that," he nodded toward the sketch. "There was a bit of paper lying on the table—"

"Oh, Chris! *No*—"

He saw her head go down on her arm. "Judith," he cried, "you don't understand—don't do that." He clinched his hands in his pockets, and stood looking down at the floor. At last she lifted her head, but kept it turned from him.

"And after *that* you painted her!"

He knit his brows. "After that—yes; well, why not? Good heavens, Judith, the girl did not love me! Why, it is the most absurd thing I ever heard of. Do you think she was hurt as you are now, when I made that memorandum of her face and attitude? It was a trivial disappointment—a pang of hurt vanity that you see in her face there—nothing else. Yes, for a moment she looked tragic enough, as if it were a matter of life and death, as children do about the things they want, and I caught the moment—that is all. Apparently I succeeded too well." He paused; then, as she did not speak, went on: "She could not have done it to order, you know; you couldn't get a model to do that; it has to be spontaneous. I don't see that there was anything so brutal in my taking a note; using her, if you like, just then. You think it cold-blooded and cruel and all that, but one would never get anywhere in art if he were not cold-blooded, now and then. You *have* to get on the outside of things to paint them—"

"Oh, Chris, don't. I can't bear to hear you talk that way. It makes me afraid of you. I don't believe you are quite human when you paint. You would have painted her if she had killed herself for love of you. Sometimes I feel as if you never think of anything but the look of things. Sometimes I think you only care for me because you find me paintable—or something of that sort. Perhaps you would like to paint me now—as you have hurt me—how do I look? Perhaps I suggest something to you!"

"Judith!" He caught her in his arms. "You will take that back."

"How can I know—"

"Take it back."

She shook her head, then suddenly raised it and looked at him.

"Oh, Chris, say it isn't so," she whispered.

But the next moment her eyes fell again upon the picture. The fading light seemed to concentrate upon the face. She drew herself almost violently from his arms.

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"Ah, the poor child—she must have suffered really, to look like that!"

He gave an impatient exclamation. "A child's disappointment, and out of it came the suggestion for this work which has made our marriage possible."

"Ah," she cried sharply, "that is it. That is what I cannot bear, that my happiness should be bought with hers; is her life for mine—almost. I can't stand the thought of it."

"And do you think that you are giving Janet happiness by making me miserable? Suppose her heart *were* irretrievably broken, would you do any good by making three people wretched instead of one—if it were true that she cared, which it isn't?"

"I can't think that we have a right to happiness that comes that way," she answered.

He gave a short laugh. "You are absolutely illogical, fanatic. The whole trouble is you are putting yourself in her place. She doesn't feel about things the way you do. I don't care what you think, I *know*. Judith, I have seen enough of her kind of people to know. My love for you is in and through everything in my life; everything beautiful in the world only means you. I feel you in all the things we both love. Do you suppose for one moment that Janet's poor, bare, sordid, little soul knows anything like that?"

"It is a question of filling one's world, one's life," she answered slowly; "if you filled hers—"

"Her world is absolutely material, elementary, squalid."

"All the easier for her to break her heart. When you went she had nothing left. I believe I would rather you had loved her." But the minute the words were spoken she made a quick gesture as if to recall them. "No, no, of course—I don't mean that; but I cannot marry you with this between us."

"You surely will not let this absurd fancy make any difference! Why, if it were true, it should not make any difference."

"I cannot help it, Chris, it does make a difference. The look in that girl's face would come between us always—it would be worse than separation or death."

He set his teeth in his lip and gripped a chair-back in both hands. "Judith, you are maddening. It would be ridiculous if it were not tragic. Do you realize that this idea has come to you solely through *my* pictures, the work of *my* imagination? How can you separate what I saw from what I put in it? You have never seen the real Janet."

She shook her head. "You painted what you saw that time. Perhaps, being an artist, you have a right to break a few hearts for art's sake. Some people think so, do they not?"

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She walked over to the divan and began feeling among the cushions. He followed her.

"What are you looking for?"

"My gloves."

"Wait, I will light the gas."

"Never mind, I have them." She moved toward the door.

"You are going," he cried, startled. "Wait, I will go with you."

"No, no, you mustn't."

"Why, certainly; I can't let you go alone; it is almost dark."

He started to get his hat and coat, but as he saw that she was almost at the door—that she was really going, he got there first and stood before her, barring the way.

"Ah, don't make it so hard, Chris."

"I know you can't seriously mean that you will let this make any difference," he said, trying to speak quietly. "You would not throw me over for a little thing like this—if you love me, you will not."

"But it isn't a little thing, Chris. It isn't just the question of her unhappiness. It is that you could do it—and not know. I could never trust you as a woman should trust the man she marries. Some day you might break my heart, and—not know."

"Judith, how can you say it!"

"I am afraid—"

He looked at her in helpless exasperation and pain, feeling a certain still quality of resistance in her that he had not realized before. And as he looked, he felt something rising within him, suffocating him. His breath began to come quickly, unevenly. Then suddenly he brushed past her and rushed across the room to his picture; but her quick, intuitive fear intercepted him. She was there a second after. His hands were on the canvas, but she managed to get between him and it.

"What are you going to do?"

"Destroy it, all of them. Perhaps that will restore you to your senses."

"You can't—you mustn't. They aren't yours, you haven't the right—Chris—don't."

"Take your hands away—they are mine. I painted them."

"Chris, you are hurting me—don't—"

In his blind impulse of destruction he seized her by the wrists to draw her out of the way. But, as he felt her hold give way under his rough grasp, he let go suddenly.

"Judith, forgive me—what a brute I am! Did I hurt you?"

Then his eyes chanced to fall upon one of the water colors and

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the passion flared up again. He caught it before she realized what he was doing, and he tore it in a dozen pieces. She caught at his hands, trying to restrain him, and for the first time he saw the tears in her eyes.

"It is as if you tore my heart with your hands," she said. She bent over the floor feeling for the pieces. He watched her silently, making no move to help or restrain her; watched her lay the fragments on the table, trying to fit them together, with the tears blurring her sight. Why was she crying over his picture, when she had been leaving him forever the minute before, cool and dry-eyed?

"I cannot make it come right," she said unsteadily.

"Is it me you care for, or my work, I wonder?" he said bitterly. "You have no feeling at all for me, apparently, yet you are crying over that senseless bit of paper."

She bent over the ruined water color without answering. It was not the first time her silence had maddened him.

"You care to save the pictures, yet you are willing to spoil my life for an idea. Do you suppose for one minute I could keep that cursed thing that has made the trouble?"

"If you love me, you will not hurt it."

"You seem to hate it; it makes you wretched to look at it, yet you actually cry at the thought of its being destroyed." He pursued his way miserably and perplexedly through the eccentricities of this feminine attitude. "I don't understand. I thought I knew you, but I don't know you at all."

"It is your picture," she answered, "and it is great." Her hand rested apprehensively on the top of the unframed canvas. It was a delicate hand, sensitively organized, like the woman. Chilson's eyes were upon it, and he saw that it was trembling. He thought of her habitual fine reserve that had always held the slightest emotional expression in check. Even he, the man that she loved, had felt how far below the surface her feelings lay. A realization came to him of what this uncontrol meant in one of her temperament. He raised his eyes from the hand and looked up into her face. Their eyes met.

"Promise me," she said, "that you will not hurt one of the pictures."

"Dearest, you didn't mean it—"

"Yes."

He was silent, considering. Of course he would see her again tomorrow. This was a quixotic, excited mood. In a day or two she would see the absurdity of it. He was a fool to take her so seriously.

"You may put them away, if you like," he said at last. "I

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won't touch them until you come to take them out again. But I shall not paint again until you give me back your promise."

She smiled faintly at him. "I am not afraid. You can't help painting. I think you have genius, Chris. The world is just beginning to find you out."

He shook his head. "You are my world," he said.

He watched her put the pictures away. His eyes followed her as she moved across the room. She was almost at the door when he started forward and caught her hand.

"Judith, don't leave me like this—I love you so—"

But she drew her hand from his and turned away, feeling for the door. And even at that moment he was conscious of the line of the pure profile turned from him, barely visible against the darkness of the room.

A door banged in the corridor and a man's voice, loud and cheerful, came down the hall singing:

"For I'm off for Philadelphy in the morning."

Then came a loud, continuous tattoo upon the door. He heard the door open, was conscious of a flash of light from the hall, then darkness again, as the portière fell; he heard Judith's voice speaking to the voice outside, which answered in an abject tone of apology; heard her hurried refusal of some proffered attention, then her light step down the hall, and Gilmore's voice inside the room.

"Are you here, Chris? What's up? Why is the Princess going home alone? Why are you so dark in here? Have you heard about the prize I took at Philadelphia? Come out and celebrate. I'm rich; vulgarly, grossly rich." He struck a match and walked into the room, guarding the light with his hand. "Where are you, anyway? Lost your tongue? How sweet the room smells—like violets!"

IV

Late October again, and on every side the gay leaves falling. The scent of burning leaves in the air, the blue smoke rising here and there between the trees. Judith Withington walked along the country road. At her right, close to the roadside, a bald, white house stood alone in unrelieved, treeless ugliness; a house of the shape that children draw upon their slates. She paused before it, comparing it with the description in her mind. Just at that moment a fair-haired girl came around the house and walked down the path.

Judith's heart leapt. She stood before the gate waiting. The girl, catching sight of her, began to stare and walk more slowly. As she reached the gate, the eyes of the two met; the village girl became conscious and embarrassed; her eyes dropped.

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"It cannot be," thought Judith, "and yet, she is very like. It must be a sister." Her eyes searched the girl's face eagerly. Here was the same silvery hair, the intensely blue eyes with the dark brows and lashes, and yet in some way a subtle, indescribable difference.

"I beg pardon," she said aloud, "can you tell me if a Miss Merryweather lives here?"

The blue eyes were traveling up and down Judith's clothes; their expression was defiant and vaguely resentful. She looked up frowning.

"Mis' Merryweather? Ma, you mean? Yes, she lives here."

Judith hesitated. "I meant a Miss Janet Merryweather." She waited for the answer with her slight, sweet smile.

"Oh, say," the girl laughed unmusically, "that's a good one. There aint any Janet Merryweather. I did used to answer to that name," she continued, becoming dignified, "but I am Mis' Andrew Wheeler, now." She made the announcement with an elaborate carelessness and the evident expectation of making an impression—and she made it, although she was denied the joy that came of that knowledge.

"Then you *are* the girl that Mr. Chilson used to paint!" Judith exclaimed. She studied the girl's face anxiously; there was no change except for the flash of recognition and surprise.

"Mr. Chilson! Well, I guess I am. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Well, I declare! I ain't heard of him since." She looked off reflectively. "Well, I never! So you know him. How is he? How long since you seen him?"

She came nearer to Miss Withington, who seemed to be withdrawing visibly from her atmosphere, although she had not moved.

"I have not seen him—very lately. I saw his picture of you last winter. I—knew he had painted here last year, and when I saw you just now, I wondered if you were not the girl he painted so much."

"Yes, ma'am, *the* same," returned Mis' Wheeler with an attempt at airiness. "My, how he used to keep me a-posing, as he called it! I declare, I was just dog-tired some days." She put back a large, loose curl with elegantly distended fingers.

Judith Withington gazed down at her in blank unbelief. The face of the "Maid of the Mist" looked back at her as it might have appeared reflected in some imperfect mirror, subtly changed and marred. The lines surely there, yet, as it were, blurred. The whitish fair hair, frizzed into lifeless dryness, stood out around her

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head in an outline vulgar, distorted, hideous. Her tight, ill-fitting silk waist was covered with cotton lace and was put carelessly together with pins.

Not a detail of that unlovely effect escaped the fine, discriminating glance of the well-bred woman; the soiled neck ribbon, the cheap finery, the pathetic vanity; above all, the girl's satisfaction with it all.

And this was the mystical "Elaine" for whom she would have foregone her happiness! The face of Chilson's picture arose unbidden before her mental vision. In a year this change had come!

She remembered dimly that he had prophesied something of the kind. He had been right and she was wrong. Ah, the joy of that thought!

"You are married, then," she said hurriedly, "and happy, of course." She still waited for this last confirmation.

"Well, I'm happy enough, I guess," returned Mis' Wheeler with another ill-regulated laugh. "I'd ought to be, certainly. Half the girls in town was after Andy Wheeler. He's a traveling gentleman," she added elegantly. She would like to have told more to this tall woman whom she mentally characterized as "stuck up," but Judith was holding out her hand in the act of departure.

"Good-bye," she said with a smile of peculiar radiance, "I am *so* glad to have seen you; the pictures were so beautiful, it has been a great pleasure."

Mis' Wheeler put out a limp, awkward hand and stared again. Something about this woman suggested money to her. Why did she wear such plain clothes? Janet's contempt for the simple tailor-made gown contributed to the easy condescension of her manner in parting.

"*Good*-bye," she said affably, "don't forget to tell Mr. Chilson you seen me."

Judith Withington hurried down the road towards the depot. It was two miles, but she could not have sat still in a carriage just then. The events of the past eight months passed before her mental vision in a rapid review, seen as telegraph poles from a car window: his repeated attempts to see her that week after her last visit to his studio; her departure South the following week; his imploring letters, to all of which she had sent but one answer—and then, at last, his silence. Four months of silence! Ah, how she had struggled to forget, to keep the thought of him from the surface of her mind, and how the under-consciousness of him lay there always, part of every breath she drew! Never, as long as she lived, she felt, could she escape from that consciousness. She was his

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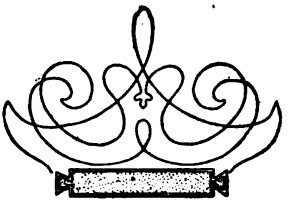
irrevocably and forever. How mad, how foolish, how quixotic she had been! Would he ever forgive her?

At the depot she learned that a train into New York was due immediately. At the sound of the telegraph machine the idea flashed across her mind of sending him an immediate message, but she restrained the impulse, thinking to send him a note from town that night.

When the train-boy came through the car with the papers, she bought one and tried to read. But her brain refused to translate the meaning of the print before her eyes. Presently the heading "Art Notes" caught her attention. She glanced down the column in the hope of seeing some mention of his name. It was no great surprise when she did see it. She read eagerly:

"Christopher Chilson, whose remarkable picture attracted so much attention at one of the Spring exhibitions, sails tomorrow on *The Deutschland*. Mr. Chilson takes with him his much-discussed 'Maid of the Mist,' besides some other more recent work which has not been exhibited here, but which, we understand, will be seen in the Salon this season. It is said that Mr. Chilson intends to settle permanently in Paris."

The paper fell from her hand. The train started, stopped, jarred, and started again. She turned her face towards the window and looked out at the painted advertisements upon the rocks and the dusty foliage moving slowly past. And he had said: "I shall not paint again until you give me back your promise." She remembered how she had put the "Maid of the Mist" with the other studies face to the wall. She saw the look in his eyes. "I shall not touch them until you come back to take them out again."—And now he was taking them to Paris—tomorrow—the train would not reach New York until six o'clock. She turned to the shipping news. Her hands shook so that she could hardly turn the sheets of the paper. The boat would sail early in the morning. An odd trembling seized upon her. What if, after all, she should be too late? Tomorrow! But the boat had not sailed yet.



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Love's Old Sweet Song

Gouverneur Morris in McClure's Magazine

She's all laughter, my goddess;
 Her name's Very Sweet,
And she's one Dearest Dear
 From her head to her feet.
With her wonderful ways and her wonderful eyes
She is all to me foolish and all to me wise.

Less a girl than a goddess—
 Her fancy proposes,
Not a goddess so much
 As an armful of roses.
And all my world blooms with her, since it all lies
In those wonderful ways and those wonderful eyes.

She's all to me always,
 That goes without saying;
My prayers are of her,
 And they go without praying;
May sweet dreams possess her, may fortune caress her!
Her name's Very Sweet, and my name is God Bless her.

King Leopold as a Captain of Industry

Samuel Phillips Verner in The Forum

The means of Leopold and his coadjutors were limited, and the work before them was apparently boundless. It looks now as if, but for the rubber and ivory, they must have been forced to relinquish their undertaking. Europe prophesied failure from the very beginning. The comic papers made the Congo scheme a favorite topic for ridicule. Eminent scientists said that the country could never be exploited by white men. Commercial bodies looked askance at Congo investments. Leopold was called alternately a hare-brained philanthropist and an enthusiastic hobby-rider. The Congo State was regarded as a royal plaything. Even Belgium would scarcely send to the field any but hardy priests and the bad boys of the noble families. The utmost difficulty was found at first in securing able and good men for pioneers. There were a few of these among the highest officials; but most of the white men who went to the Congo were the scum of Europe.

From this dark background two facts emerge into prominent relief: the genius of Leopold, and the capability for development possessed by the Congo country. The king never wavered. He spent his millions like water. He had a faith which looks sublime in the light of the past and of the present. His dogged tenacity of purpose in the Congo venture must appear to any impartial beholder little short of marvellous. We Americans boast of our kings of finance and captains of industry; but here is a real king, who, as a monarch of finance and captain of industry, puts Rockefeller and Morgan into the shade. Leopold's act of taking over the public domain of the Congo territory makes him absolute master over nearly a million square miles. No parliament controls him, no constitution restricts him. At the lowest value he places on his possessions he is worth $300,000,000 in land alone; and when the value of the land in metals and minerals and for trading and other

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purposes is considered, it is evident that the King of Belgium is the wealthiest individual on the globe. He believed that, for executive purposes, one head was better than many. So he undertook the work with a few expert advisers, with many skilled laborers, but with himself as sole executive manager. He has himself been the board of directors, general manager, president, and financial agent. There has been nothing like it in history. John Smith, Robert Winthrop, Warren Hastings, Cecil Rhodes, each founded an empire, but did it in person on the spot. King Leopold has done his work without putting a foot on African soil.

A Footpath to Domestic Peace

Elizabeth Elliot in Good Housekeeping

Nobody arrives at peace in domestic matters on a toboggan slide, or comes automobiling along that way. If we have it we get it one step at a time. And one of the steps which has been suggested by a good many years of experience in domestic helpers, is to settle with yourself very early in your career just what objectionable things you can stand in those sharers of your home, and then stand those things without fussing.

Of course it goes without saying that no one of your assistants will be perfection. Perfection comes high and is not usually attainable at sixteen dollars a month. A lady once complained to her coal dealer of one of his drivers who was rude to her, and she made the criticism that he was not a gentleman. To which the dealer replied, "Madam, I have been in this business for many years, and have never yet been able to get gentlemen to put in coal." So the employer of domestic help might as well make up her mind at the outset that masterly executive ability, lofty integrity of character and Chesterfieldian polish of manner can command higher inducements than she can offer, and that she doesn't have to call in the assistance of any X-rays to discover the things she could wish altered in her servants. If she is wise she will promptly decide whether it is a bearable or an unbearable matter. If it is unbearable, and can't be changed, the parting is inevitable. But if you find that, though you object to that particular manifestation of human weakness, still you can stand it without succumbing to nervous prostration, then make up your mind just as far as possible to ignore it. It was my *bête noire;* each woman has her own. Some can't endure waste, and lie awake at night to mourn over the cold boiled potatoes thrown into the garbage when they would have been so nice fried for lunch. Another draws the line at feeding a train of the cook's relatives and friends out of her household allowance, already stretched to the snapping point. Good temper or good cooking; perfect *omelettes soufflées* or no dirt in the corners or under the sink; breakfast ready on the dot for the hurrying family, bound for business and school, and counting the very seconds, or no tendency to slip out for a chat in the evening when trusted to take care of the house and the children—which will you have? or will you only be content with both? If the latter, make up your mind to spend your life in the quest and too often only for the joy of the hunting. If the former, decide what you will forego and then dismiss that thing from your mind, if possible—from your tongue, at any cost.

The Proposed Pan-American Railway

Charles M. Pepper in The Independent

The promotion of peace and trade on the Western Hemisphere is the purpose of the Pan-American Railway. The various governments are coöperating with that idea. Commerce promotes peace, and whatever aids in the development of trade relations is an international good, both from the sentimental and selfish standpoint of the different countries.

It is a long stretch to cover four thousand seven hundred miles, or thereabouts, which is the total of the gaps now existing between New York and Buenos Ayres. Some of the sections admittedly are unproductive, though none of them so much so as the Nevada

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The King

THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE

CRICKET ON THE ENGLISH WARSHIP "IRRESISTIBLE"

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sagebrush desert, or even the northern sections of Mexico. But the governments of the different countries in South America have the same interests in spanning the unproductive sections that the United States had in getting across to the Pacific and that Mexico had in reaching to the Rio Grande.

To the query so often made as to when the Pan-American railway will be built, the answer is to look at the map and see how it is now building. There is real significance in Mexico extending its lines to the border of Guatemala and the Argentine Republic, actually crossing the frontier of Bolivia under an international treaty, and prolonging its system into the latter country. There is also significance in completed sections of railway along the intercontinental route in Peru and in Guatemala. It is only within a few months that these lines, which some years ago were declared to be mere dreams, have been finished.

Skeptics who deal in general doubts and decline to recognize concrete circumstances always will scout this idea of a Pan-American railway. Those who have faith will seek for detailed information. In making an official report as late as March of the present year, I had occasion to comment on the plans of the Chilean Government for piercing the Andes and to make a statement of the legislation that had been enacted for that purpose. This information was met with the objection that political reasons would keep Chile from opening up through railway communication with the Argentine Republic, and that the motives which for a third of a century had prevented the consummation of the plan would prevent it for another third of a century or even a full century. The objection had hardly been given publicity when the cable brought the news that the Chilean Government had awarded the contracts to English and United States firms for tunnelling the Andes and closing up the railway gaps.

The Peruvian Congress passed a law establishing a permanent railway guar-



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

"WITH THIS RING I THEE WED"

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antee fund out of the tobacco tax and also providing for the survey of various routes. The objection was raised that the law was mere sentiment and that no survey would be made. Actually the engineering corps were sent into the field by the Peruvian Government within a fortnight after the passage of the law.

These are mere illustrations, but they may serve to show in a quiet and practical manner railway progress in South America and especially that progress as related to the intercontinental project is real.

Alas! for us. We look and wait,
And labor but to imitate;
In vain for new effects we seek . . .
Earth's briefest moment is unique!

How Parties Deliver Good Citizens

Lincoln Steffens in McClure's Magazine

If the good citizen would do as the corrupt politician and the corrupting business man do, shift freely from one party to the other as the change served his interest, then both parties would represent good citizenship. They would differ — more than they do now — on broad questions of public policy, but they would both stand, as they do not now, for the public interest. But the good citizen is "loyal to party." Half the loyalty that is betrayed by parties would, if devoted to the State and the nation, save the country and the parties, too! Such independence, however, would mean non-partisanship in State and national politics, and the good citizen is only just learning, with many a qualm of conscience, to vote independently in municipal elections. In State and national politics he votes too con-



Country Life in America

ALL SAILS SET

THE SWAN ASSUMES THIS ATTITUDE WHEN SAILING, COURTING, OR WHEN ANGRY

Snap-shot

Austin Dobson in Harper's Magazine

A swan and cygnets, nothing more.
Background of silver, reedy shore,
Dim shapes of rounded trees, the high
Effulgence of a summer sky.

Only a snap-shot. Just a flash,
And it was fixed—the mimic wash,
The parent bird on-oaring slow,
Her fussy little fleet in tow,
The all-pervading sultry haze,
The white lights on the waterways—
A scene that never was before,
A scene that will be—nevermore!

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stantly, not for his State and the United States, but for "his party." Hence his party can deliver his vote. Hence his party does deliver his vote in Ohio, New York, and Illinois, as in Missouri—to all comers with "pulls" and bribes.

His Secret

Harper's Bazar

Raphael was explaining his fame.

"It was easy," he confessed. "I simply told every woman on the block that I had painted my Cherubs from hers."

Bitterly he regretted he had wasted his talents on art, instead of shining in politics.

Maximite

Joseph H. Adams in St. Nicholas

When Hudson Maxim lights a fire in his stove—for he needs heat to conduct some of his experiments—he will take a stick of smokeless powder in a pair of long pliers, set it afire with a match, and then hold it under the grate. You will expect to see the stove blown instantly into a thousand fragments, but, instead, your misgiving changes to surprise when the powder burns with a bright yellow flame like a pine-knot and does not make the slightest bit of smoke. It takes but a few seconds for it to be entirely consumed, and as a result a roaring fire is started, so that in a few minutes the stove is hot enough for use.

Mr. Maxim will show you one of his important inventions, his powerful shell-exploder, known as maximite, which in explosive force is about fifty per cent. more efficient than dynamite, and somewhat more powerful than pure nitroglycerin. This maximite has lately been adopted by our government as a bursting-charge for projectiles and shells, and it is equaled in shattering force by only two other known substances. In spite of its high explosive quality it is a very safe compound to handle, and is practically unaffected by shock, and will not explode by being set on fire—even if a mass of it is stirred by a white-hot iron. It will burn with a bright green flame, and can be ignited with a match.

All this Mr. Maxim demonstrated by lighting a piece of smokeless powder and dropping it into a dish containing some lumps of maximite. He also melted lead and poured it over dry lumps of maximite, and, while it burned freely, like sulphur or wax, it did not explode. In appearance maximite somewhat resembles sulphur, being yellow in color and quite hard. It is easily melted, in which condition it flows like molasses, and is poured into steel projectiles. On striking and entering a fortification or the armor-plate of a vessel, a cap or fuse, charged with fulminate of mercury, at the rear end of the projectile explodes the maximite, which in turn shatters the projectile into thousands of fragments and rends everything in its vicinity.

Such is the deadly work of the seemingly harmless material, but Mr. Maxim heats, burns, melts, hammers, saws, or breaks it with a mallet, as if it were a lump of sulphur or chalk; and while it is not prudent to smoke in a "fireworks" laboratory, Mr. Maxim actually lighted a candle made of maximite at the stove, and deliberately lighted a cigar there, calmly blew it out, and proceeded with his interesting talk. Maximite differs from dynamite, lyddite, nitroglycerin, guncotton, and other highly explosive compounds in that it is less easily exploded and, therefore, much safer to handle and carry aboard a war-vessel.

The Management of Wives

Lilian Bell in Harper's Bazar

In popular fiction, proverbs, and cartoons, husbands are pictured as stupid animals, blind, perverse, born to be managed by some woman, and always, *always* devoid of tact. Who ever heard the phrase, "As tactful as the proverbial husband"? Who ever heard anybody say, "As clever as a husband"?

But the pathetic and absurd truth of the matter is that when a husband is clever he is twice as clever as his wife, for when he is managing her the most she hugs to her heart the fond belief that she is managing him, and that he is at best a stupid old dear, fit for noth-

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Drawn by John Hassall *The Sketch*

JAPAN'S METEORIC MILITARY RISE

GHOST OF WARRIOR OF FIFTY YEARS AGO: "MY SON!"

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The Sketch

IF!

LITTLE MAN (IN CENTRE OF GROUP): "NOW, IF I WERE KUROPATKIN—"

ing else than to be steered along the path she thinks he ought to travel in.

I have sometimes been accused of saying harsh things of men—God love them!—but if so, here is where I make the *amende honorable*. I respect them more than they suspect. If women think men stupid, men know that women are contrary, and a clever man acts on the suggestion.

Another thing the tactful husband does is to let his wife cry. I don't mean that he drives her to crying, or that he lets her weep while he stands unsympathetically by with his hands in his trousers pockets, his feet apart, and grinning sardonically. I mean that when an emotional woman needs a good cry, he realizes that it will relieve the tension. He does not get up and rage about and kick footstools out of the way and say, "Oh, for Heaven's sake! stop crying, or you'll drive me to drink!"

No! He goes and pats her shoulder soothingly and says:

"There, little woman! I'm sorry

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IMPERIAL PATRIOTISM IN TOKIO

JAPANESE PRINCESSES TAKING A LESSON IN BANDAGING

the cook has left and your new gown hooks up crookedly, but cheer up! Let's go out and have a jolly little dinner, and tomorrow I'll write that tailor a letter that will make his hair curl."

Then she looks up through her tears and thinks how handsome and big and strong and glorious he is, and before the dinner is over, she has thought up two ways in which to economize, and so pay for the extravagance of his order to the waiter. For the common purse is not elastic and she knows it.

The Standard Oil Meets its Match

George Weise in Success

It may be interesting to know that within Russia's domain the Standard Oil Company is meeting some of the most serious opposition of its long life of plunder. This giant trust supplies over ninety per cent. of the foreign demand for oil. It has competed with the large oil interests of Russia, which are controlled by the Rothschilds and the Nobel Brothers, but it has never overpowered them. This is due to the

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Russian laws regulating foreign trade interests. The Standard Oil Company controls the export price everywhere in the world except within the limits of Russian territory, where competition has not been stifled. Russia is just as rich in petroleum products as is the United States, and but for the power of the Standard Oil Company they would be supplied to America by Russian producers. Russia protects her oil industry by a two hundred per cent. tariff; the United States puts oil on the free list. The Czar is not responsible for this state of affairs. The power of the Rothschilds carried it into effect. These astute financiers pictured to the bureaucracy the infinite horror of an American trust slowly eating its way into the very centre of public recognition by supplying a staple commodity at a fluctuating price. The Rothschilds told the bureaucrats that if the Standard Oil Company should become as powerful in Russia as in America, it would only add to the ever-burning fires of internal mistrust and rebellion in one way or another. For that reason the Russian government created the high tariff and permitted the Rothschilds and the Nobel Brothers to almost monopolize its oil industry.

A Good School Idea

Adèle Marie Shaw in The World's Work

Iowa has fewer acres of untillable land than any other state in the Union, and, in consequence, its population is scattered on farms and in small cities. Its educational policy is too nearly indicated by the headlines in a recent Iowa newspaper: "Fads not popular. County superintendents to stick to old lines."

But, at Council Bluffs, Mr. W. N. Clifford, first as the principal of the high school, then as superintendent of city schools, has been proving for six years that the old lines may not be best, that the old highway of the "three r's" can be improved. The result is, that Council Bluffs children read better, write better, and know more about arithmetic than the children elsewhere trained under older methods.

"I used to think," said Mr. Clifford, "that, if I ever came to have charge of schools, I would not teach some things as I had been taught." Thus, for one thing, he introduced the novelty of teaching the children to read, to write, and to cipher in teaching them geography.

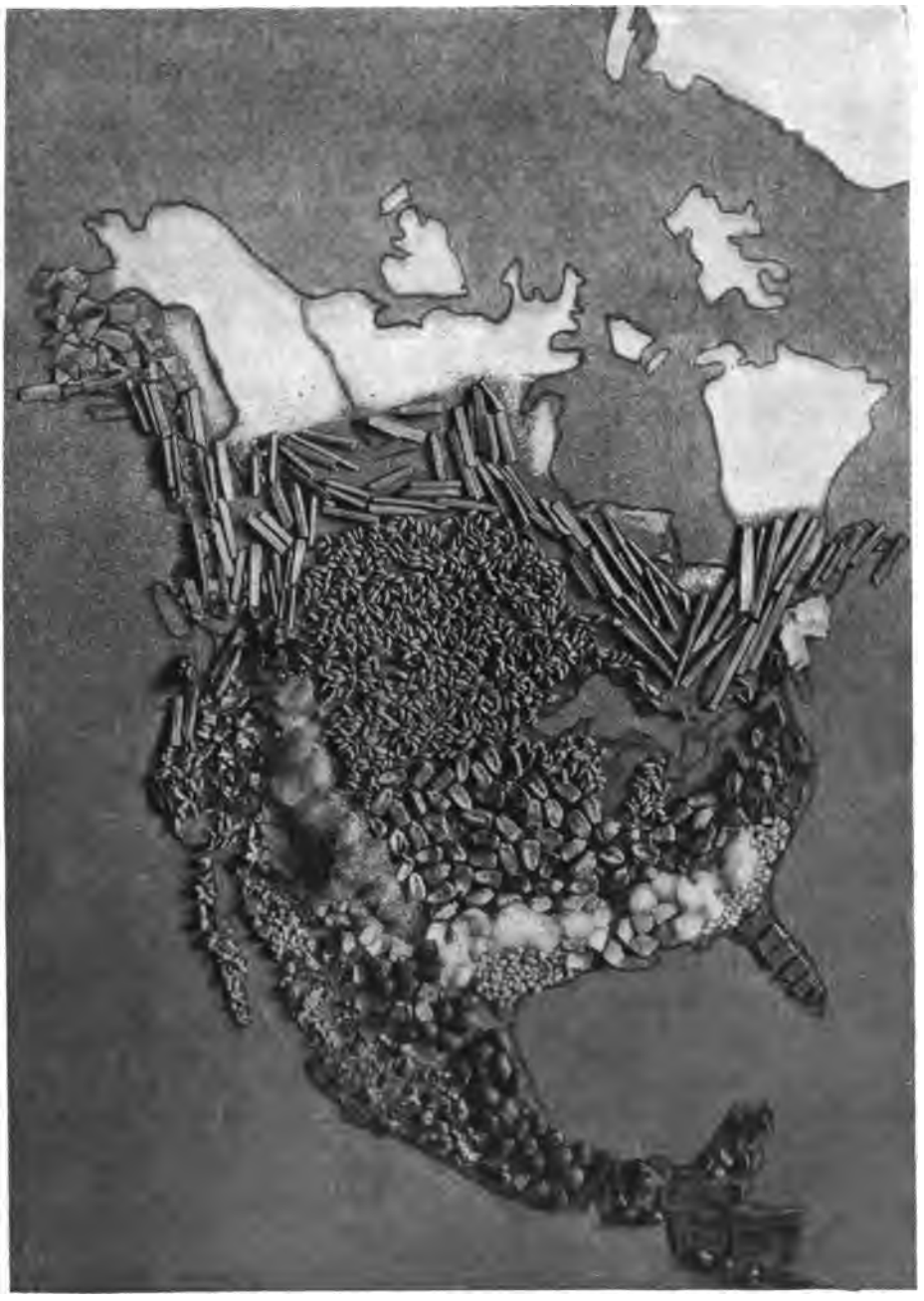
At the beginning of his work, he found the children still sing-songing lists, "Alabama produces —", "Louisiana produces —." He sent out at one time, in many directions, more than a hundred letters, asking, "Can you give me, lend me, or sell me material illustrating your part of the country?" The people who got the letters replied. Much has grown from that beginning. No teacher of geography in Council Bluffs is now "asking questions from a book." They do not have the traditional book.

The superintendent himself provides the material for lessons like this. It is gathered from many sources. From the printed illustrations and from photographs, the science-instructor in the high school, Mr. Thomas, prepares lantern-slides. Much of the material showing the stages of manufacture is bought as it is used; some of it is made up to order; and much is given. Cocoa manufacturers have sent generous exhibits. One not only puts up a complete set of pictures and bottles, but expresses the whole, free, to any school that wants it. A coffee-house has furnished a similarly complete coffee exhibit. Photographs of cocoa-trees and coffee plantations sent in this manner show to the children the actual employes who have gathered the cocoa and the coffee that are in the bottles. Nothing from any source likely to stimulate the child's interest is overlooked.

The materials are first packed, in the superintendent's office, into light, cloth-bound boxes. They then circulate from one school-building to another. While one division of a grade studies silk, another, also working on China, is busy with tea. When each has finished, exhibits are exchanged. Each teacher, too, with the assistance of her class, voluntarily collects additions to the material furnished; and these remain a stationary "exhibit" in her own classroom.

Before a child in Council Bluffs

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The World's Work

A NEW MAP OF NORTH AMERICA

MAP OF NORTH AMERICA, SHOWING PRINCIPAL PRODUCTS OF EACH SECTION, MADE BY PUPILS OF THE CEDAR RAPIDS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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finishes the eight elementary grades, he has studied in his geography course, by means of "exhibits" and lantern lectures, thirty productions or sets of productions: Cotton, flax, Manila hemp, Sisal hemp, ramie, wool, silk, wheat, corn, rice, cocoanut, coffee, tea, cocoa, sugar (cane, beet, and maple), honey, woods, cork, packing-house products, buttons, rubber, petroleum, copper, sponges, zinc, coal, asbestos, Alaskan products, Philippine products, and Hawaiian products. Every month this list grows. And the children's power of expression, both oral and written, grows visibly as they advance from grade to grade, learning from objects and pictures.



The King

A NEW WATERLOO MEMORIAL

GEROME'S MASTERPIECE, "THE DYING EAGLE," NOW CROWNS THE SITE OF THE LAST STAND MADE BY THE OLD GUARD

A New Waterloo Memorial

The King

In the presence of the largest and densest crowd which has assembled on what historians have been pleased to call the plains of Waterloo since the memorable June of 1815, the President of the Society of the Sabretache, M. Edouard Detaille, famous painter of battles, and French Academician, consigned Gérôme's great masterpiece, *L'Aigle Expirant*, to the care of the Society of the Souvenir. The memorial itself is as appropriate as the site on which it is placed—the spot on which two battalions of the Old Guard, in square formation, made that last valiant stand which for a moment stayed the advance of the victorious allies, and enabled Napoleon to make good his retreat. On the rising ground to the south, the "stricken but still majestic Eagle" now looks mutely across the broad expanse of corn-fields towards La Haie Sainte and the stately oaks and fruitful orchards of Hougomont, just as Napoleon did well-nigh ninety years ago, when, at dawn on the day of battle, he surveyed from a mound close by the country

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which lay between him and Brussels, where he fondly hoped to sup—once again the conqueror of Europe.

Her First

Lippincott's Magazine

A small boy, aged five, had a step-mother who was young and nervous. She had never had experience with children, and the small boy's slightest ailment tortured her into a panic.

Croup threatened one day, and the doctor was sent for in wild haste. As the doctor entered the room the child raised his head from his pillow and croaked hoarsely, in apology for the hasty summons:

"You must excuse her, doctor, this is the first time she's ever been a mother."

A Song of Motherland

Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Scribner's Magazine

As my own mother used to comfort me—
Kissing the tears away—
Holding me close—aye, all too close for sobs,
I hold thee, little dear one, close today!

Calming my older pain, by stilling thine—
As mothers only know—
My heart-break lost in thine, as hers in mine—
Long ago, little dear one, long ago.

As thou in turn, a woman grown and wise—
Shall kiss, as I kiss now,
Finding the sunrise ever in thy child,
Even thou, little dear one, even thou!

What is Electricity?

Sir Oliver Lodge in Harper's Magazine

First we must ask what is positive electricity? and the answer is still: we do not know. For myself I do not even guess—beyond supposing it to be a mode of manifestation, or a differentiated portion, of the continuous and all-pervading Ether. It seems to exist in lumps the size of the atoms of matter; and no portion of it less in bulk than an atom has ever been isolated, nor appears likely to be isolated. But although it may have bulk, it appears as if it had no appreciable mass: the massiveness or inertia of the atom is probably due to something else, in fact to the possession of negative charges in equal amount. This part of the doctrine is not yet certain. More investigation is urgently needed into the meaning and properties of positive electricity. Meanwhile we shall only be following the lead of Professor J. J. Thomson if we assume that a unit of positive electricity has a massiveness (or what is often inaccurately called "weight") either zero or very small, most probably very small; perhaps about one per cent.



The King

EDOUARD DETAILLE

FAMOUS FRENCH PAINTER OF BATTLE SCENES. PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF LA SABRETACHE, BY WHICH THE NEW WATERLOO MEMORIAL WAS ERECTED

of the mass of some atoms of matter may be due to the positive electricity which they contain.

But concerning negative electricity we know a great deal more. This exists in excessively minute particles, sometimes called electrons and sometimes called corpuscles: these are thrown off the negatively charged terminal in a vacuum tube, and they fly with tremen-

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dous speed till they strike something. When they strike they can propel as well as heat the target, and they can likewise make it emit a phosphorescent glow: especially if it be made of glass or precious stones. If the target is a very massive metal like platinum, the sudden stoppage of the flying electrons which encounter it causes the production of the ethereal pulses known as X-rays. Electrons are not very easy to stop, however; and a fair proportion of them can penetrate not only wood and paper, but sheets of such metals as aluminium, and other moderately thin obstacles. That is because they are extremely small, much smaller than the atoms of matter.

Outside the Hospital

Will H. Ogilvie in The London Outlook

The tall grey building rears its massive crown,
Silent and splendid; all the lights are low,
And passing underneath I seem to know
That through the long white ward moves up and down
With soft, firm foot and scarcely-whispering gown,
Some nurse, as silent as the winds that blow—
The hushed night winds that wander to and fro
With words of comfort for the weary town.

Outside the lighted windows of the ward,
Beyond the peaceful silence and God's sleep,
Torn by a bitter conscience' keen-set sword,
Stabbed by an age-old sorrow driven deep,
How many wounded through the darkness steal—
Hearts that no herb nor any hand can heal!

A Folk Needed in Korea

Alfred Stead in The Fortnightly Review

Thousands of sorcerers and soothsayers attend the Korean Emperor every year in his palace to pander to his superstitions. Incredible sums are paid out to them, as also to the hundreds of *dames d'honneur* and eunuchs, whose only business seems to be to play some part in the perpetual intrigues. Always impecunious, the Emperor loves money for its own sake, although his ignorance of its real value leads to his being constantly defrauded. But if others defraud him, he defrauds his own subjects quite cheerfully. On one occasion he sent clandestinely 1,500 yen to a secretary of one of the legations. The secretary was prudent enough not to return the money by the bearer. He had the money returned directly to his Majesty. The latter was quite surprised, and remarked: "Well, then, what has become of the money I sent him on two previous occasions?" He was only made conscious that the money had been embezzled *en route* when he was assured that the officials of the country which the Legation represented were models of purity in money matters. When the Korean Government buys anything from foreign merchants these latter are obliged to pay a certain amount of secret commission to the Emperor, otherwise he will veto the purchase. Of course the members of the Cabinet have also to be bribed, but on many occasions the Emperor manages to pocket these bribes too.

The Archbishop of Canterbury

The New York Sun

The Archbishop is a Scotchman, the son of a physician. He, now, in the British House of Lords ranks next to the royal Princes. His name stands immediately below Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany. He is a member of the Privy Council and a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. Consequently, in the House of Lords he appears as "the Right Honorable and Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, G.C.V.O., D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury." He was the spiritual adviser of the late Queen Victoria when he was Bishop of Winchester, and Clerk of the Closet, and was present at the death of the late Queen. On the death of Archbishop Benson he was offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury, but declined on the score of health. When Archbishop Temple died he accepted the post.

He did not "take honors" at Oxford, as he was a very delicate young man, but he has always been regarded a scholar. He was private secretary to Archbishop Tait, whose daughter he married. He was also secretary to Archbishop Benson. He was first consecrated Bishop of Rochester and was translated to Winchester. In church-

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THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

WHO WILL VISIT THE UNITED STATES IN OCTOBER

From a Painting by Arthur S. Cope, A.R.A.

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manship he is considered an "Evangelical" or Low Churchman. His sympathies are entirely in that direction. He attended the funeral of the late Rev. Mr. Spurgeon and pronounced the benediction at the grave of the eminent Baptist preacher. The Archbishop is frequently heard in the House of Lords; but he is not, as has been said in some of our American papers, "a politician." He would indignantly repudiate such a statement. He is a man of very deep piety and earnest convictions, and while he is undoubtedly a Low Churchman he has always maintained that the existence of the Established Church depends on her toleration of all parties. He was born in 1848, and is, therefore, in the very prime of mental vigor. His health is said to be completely restored.

What May Happen in Russia

S. Kniajnine in The Independent

The greatest enemy of the Russian Government is not the Japanese army facing General Kuropatkin, but rather the army of discontented people at home within the empire itself, whom governmental oppression, through long years of evil-doing of all sorts, in all parts of the vast monarchy, has raised up as an implacable enemy.

In this large and powerful body of malcontents we should place first the subjected races, peoples in a perpetual state of harassment on the part of the St. Petersburg authorities. But what weakens still more the present government in its home policy is the presence of a new force, which is beginning to take on an organized form and to loom large on the Russian political horizon. I refer to the Liberal Party, representing and including all the various strata of the nobility, municipal bodies, district governments, the burgher classes of the cities and the liberal professions, which, after a long—too long—period of passive opposition, more platonic than practical, are now coming forward to help organize a great political party and to demand political reforms, or, rather, political reform—that is, liberty. For the first time since a century this party has an organ in the press, the *Osvoboj-denie* (*The Enfranchisement*), well supplied with money and good writers. It is carrying on a legal propaganda, criticising the wrongful acts of the government and bravely exposing every vexatious and illegal measure of the authorities.

This Liberal movement, which is making rapid progress and becoming really strong, was enough to frighten even M. de Plehve himself, who made this statement to an unfortunate writer who went to him to ask why he was to be deported, since he was not an extremist. "Yes," explained, cynically, the Minister of the Interior, "I know that you are not a Revolutionist. But it is no longer the Revolutionists whom we fear, for we have a million (?) bayonets to turn against them. It is you Liberals who are a danger, and especially those of you who do not go outside the pale of the law in your opposition to the present *régime*." A government which, by the mouth of one of its chief ministers, makes such a confession as this—that it fears especially those who do not violate the law of the land—such a government making such a confession signs thereby its own death warrant.

How Far Can Power be Transmitted Electrically?

Paul M. Lincoln in Cassier's Magazine

How far can power be transmitted electrically?

The crucial question in any commercial enterprise—and an electrical transmission scheme is always a commercial enterprise—is, will it pay? There is no real limit beyond which it is impossible to deliver electric power, *provided* no limit be put upon the amount of money to be spent. The engineer could easily be found who would undertake to deliver Niagara power in South Africa. The difficulty would be to find the financier to put up the necessary cash. In fact, there are in operation today dozens of transmission lines exceeding 3,000 miles in length that have been for years transmitting power successfully, both from an engineering and from a financial standpoint.

The success of these enterprises is simply a question of the price which

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Drawn by David Wilson *The Tatler*

MAX PEMBERTON

THE ENGLISH NOVELIST, AND EDITOR OF CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

can be successfully demanded for the power delivered. In the case to which reference is made, this price is perhaps one billion times that for which Niagara power is sold in Buffalo, or say $25,000,000,000 per K. W. per year. The writer refers to the transmission of energy in the Atlantic cables. The motion of the syphon recorder at the end of the cable is just as truly the result of power transmission as the running of a printing press or the driving of a factory. The same laws of transmission apply, whether the power transmitted be used for operating the syphon recorder or the factory. It is in the value of power transmitted that the great difference lies.

The distance, therefore, to which power can be successfully transmitted by electricity depends almost entirely upon the price which can be successfully demanded for such power. The price is regulated by the law of supply and demand. The power user will buy power where he can get it cheapest, and

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will install his own steam plant, unless the power transmission company can sell him power as cheaply as he can generate it. The most important single item in the cost of steam power is the cost of fuel. An electric transmission scheme which might fail utterly among the coal fields of a country, with coal at say $1 a ton, might succeed brilliantly in places where coal costs $10, or in South Africa, for example, with coal at say $50 a ton.

The Publisher's Plaint

Puck

SING a song of authors, their pockets full of gold;
Four and twenty publishers; novels manifold.
When the books are balanced the publishers all sing:
"The boys who draw the royalties have taken everything."

Lew Wallace, in his counting room, is counting up his money;
Riley's in the pantry, cutting coupon honey;
Ade is in the garden, burying his wealth;
Tarkington is traveling for his financial health.

Same delightful story outside the Hoosier state:
Seton is on Easy Street, No. 38;
Garland is in Mexico, buying up mines;
Bacheller is picking his—recipe by Heinz.

Davis has his stables, his kennels, and his links;
Dixon a plantation and a yacht on which he thinks;
Cyrus Townsend Brady is richer than a Jew;
And from New England Churchill is knocking out the "New."

Sing a song of publishers—some are just afloat—
Eating simple dinners at a modern table d' hôte.
This the song that one sings, in which the others join:
"The boys who draw the royalties are getting all the coin."

The Ages of Political Candidates

Harper's Weekly

The notion that the relative age of candidates plays an important part in the selection of a nominee for the second place does not seem to be borne out by the facts. An assertion has of late been current in the press to the effect, first, that Theodore Roosevelt and John C. Breckinridge are the only men who, when they were inaugurated Vice-Presidents, could fairly be described as young; and, secondly, that, most frequently, Vice-Presidents have been older than the corresponding Presidents. It is true that Theodore Roosevelt was but forty-three, and John C. Breckinridge only thirty-six, at the date of inauguration; but John C. Calhoun was only forty-three, Schuyler Colfax only forty-six, and Millard Fillmore only forty-nine. As regards the second statement, George Washington, John Adams, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, William H. Harrison, Zachary Taylor, James Buchanan, and William McKinley, were older than their respective Vice-Presidents. Thomas Jefferson was older than Aaron Burr, and younger than George Clinton. Abraham Lincoln was of the same age as Hannibal Hamlin, and only one year younger than Andrew Johnson. Grant was older than Colfax, but younger than Wilson. Garfield was just one year younger than Arthur. Evidently it is not the consideration of respective age, but the question of locality and political expediency that determines the designation of a nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

New York, the Home of Reubs

O. Henry in McClure's Magazine

If there ever was an aviary overstocked with jays it is that Yaptown-on-the-Hudson, that bumptious little town off the New Jersey coast they call New York. Cosmopolitan they call it. You bet. So's a piece of fly-paper. You listen close when they're buzzing and trying to pull their feet out of the sticky stuff. "Little old New York's good enough for us"—that's what they sing.

There's enough Reubs walk down Broadway in one hour to buy up a week's output of the factory in Augusta, Maine, that makes Knaughty Knovelties and the little Phine Phun oroide gold finger ring that squirts perfume in a friend's eye.

You'd think New York people was all wise; but no. They don't get a chance to learn. Everything's too compressed. Even the hay-seeds are baled hay-seeds. But what else can you expect from a town that's shut off from the world by the ocean on one side and New Jersey on the other?

It's no place for an honest grafter with a small capital. There's too big a pro-

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Punch

NOT LIKELY

COUNTRY COUSIN: DO YOU STOP AT THE CECIL?
'BUS DRIVER: DO I STOP AT THE CECIL?—ON TWENTY BOB A WEEK!

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tective tariff on bunco. Even when Giovanni sells a quart of warm worms and chestnut hulls he has to hand out a pint to an insectivorous copper. And the hotel man charges double for everything in the bill that he sends by the patrol wagon to the altar where the Duke is about to marry the heiress.

But old Badville-near-Coney is the ideal burg for a refined piece of piracy, if you can pay the bunco duty. Imported grafts come pretty high. The custom-house officers that look after it carry clubs, and it's hard to smuggle in even a bib-and-tucker swindle to work Brooklyn with unless you can pay the toll. But now, me and Buck, having capital, descends upon New York to try and trade the metropolitan backwoodsmen a few glass beads for real estate just as the Vans did a hundred or two years ago.

Gum from Bacteria

Harper's Weekly

The beneficial effects of bacteria are no less interesting than the part they play in the propagation of disease, and a recent discovery is that the vegetable gums found on trees, such as gum arabic, are the results of their activity. Previous to some investigations by Dr. S. Greig Smith, of New South Wales, it was believed that vegetable gums were the result of the unhealthy or pathological conditions of the trees on which they were formed, but the entire subject was one about which comparatively little was known. Dr. Smith, believing that bacteria produced the gum, examined two trees from which it exuded, and obtained two varieties of bacteria, of which he made cultures.

Under ordinary conditions of culture the formation of gum was only suggested, but when tannin, a constituent of bark, was added to the culture medium, a thick slime was produced in considerable quantities. This slime was made up of gum, as well as bacterial cells and albuminoids, and by a simple chemical process a clear, transparent, and brittle gum was obtained similar to the arabin derived from gum arabic, and resembling in its essential properties the natural substance. Dr. Smith's conclusion was that the arabin gums derived from trees are bacterial and not higher plant products, and that certain constituents of the sap, under the action of bacteria, are changed into gum, which exudes from cracks or wounds in the bark, or else is carried by the sap to the fruit.

Sir William Ramsay

The Scientific American

Sir William Ramsay is a born chemist. He has always lived and moved in a scientific atmosphere. His grandfather was a large manufacturing chemist; his father was also intimately connected with the science, though he practised as a civil engineer, while his mother's father and brothers were all physicians and chemists.

Sir William is one of the world's youngest scientists, being only fifty-two years of age. He is a Scotsman by descent and was born in Glasgow in 1852.

He may be said to have first brought himself to the public notice by his brilliant discoveries of unknown and unsuspected constituents of the atmosphere.

In 1897 in the course of an address before the chemical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Toronto, Sir William Ramsay stated that there were three other gases which had so far resisted discovery. He was so bold as to describe some of their most salient characteristics. This was a bold assertion to make, even for an expert chemist, and Sir William must have been exceptionally confident of deriving them. Such a feat of prophesy has only once before been equaled. This was by Prof. Mendeljeff of St. Petersburg, the enunciator of the law of periodicity. The three gases which Sir William Ramsay so described before their actual discovery, were neon, krypton, and xenon.

In five years Sir William Ramsay had discovered no less than five new elements in the air—a remarkable achievement, the value of which may be more comprehensively gaged from the fact that from 1863 to 1875, a period of twelve years, only two elements had

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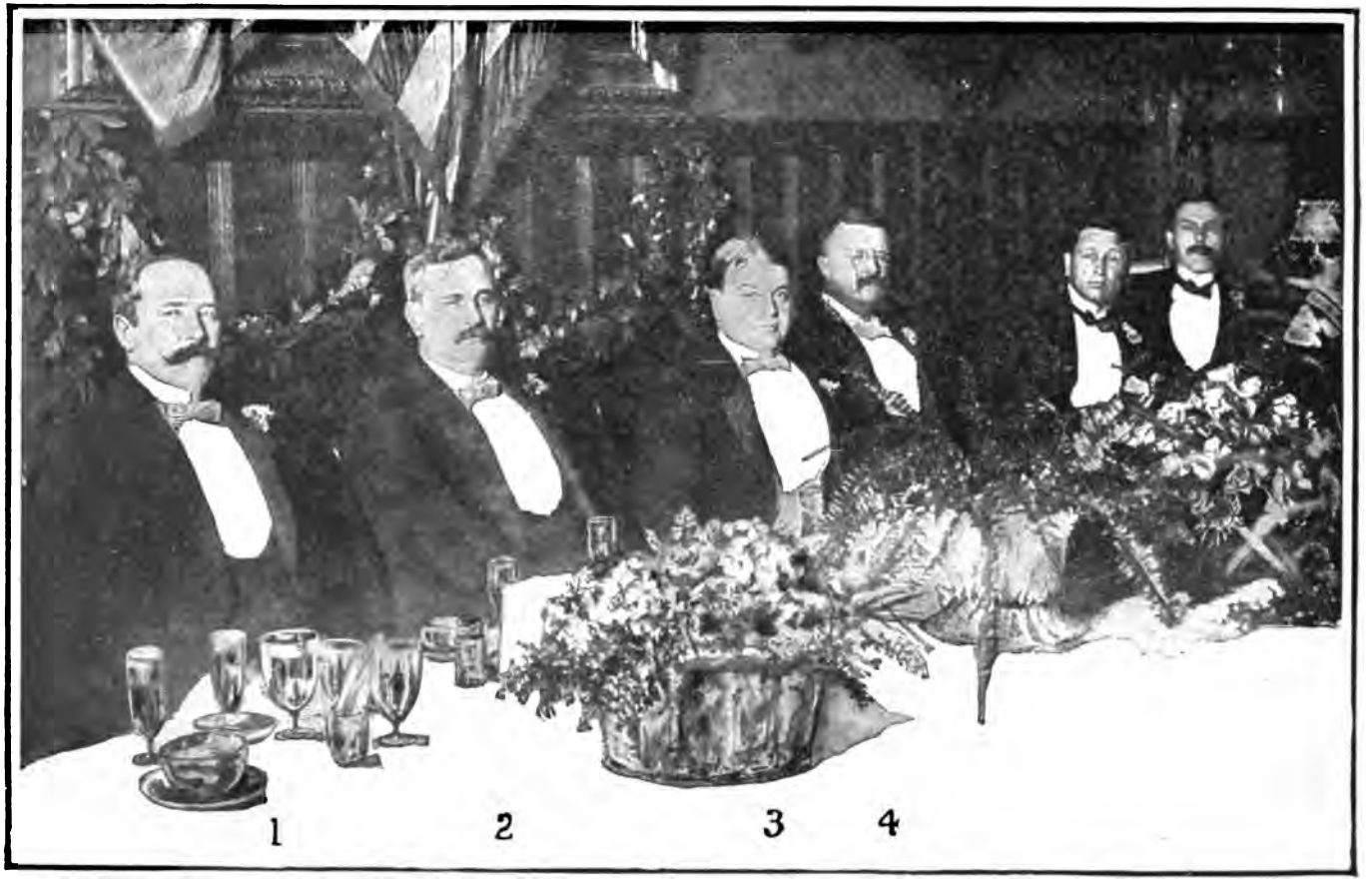
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Courtesy of The Scientific American

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

THE GREAT ENGLISH PHYSICIST, DISCOVERER OF ARGON, HELIUM, NEON, KRYPTON, AND XENON
IN HIS LABORATORY AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

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Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

ROOSEVELT AND PARKER, NOW RIVAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES, SEATED AT THE SAME TABLE AT THE FAREWELL DINNER GIVEN AT THE FORT ORANGE CLUB, ALBANY, DECEMBER 31, 1900, IN HONOR OF GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S ELECTION AS VICE-PRESIDENT

1. Judge Parker. 2. Governor-Elect Odell. 3. Lieutenant-Governor-Elect Woodruff. 4. Vice-President-Elect Roosevelt

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been discovered—indium in the former year and gallium in the latter.

Sir William Ramsay is a most skillful mechanician. As he invariably works with such infinitesimal quantities, the experiments necessitate the employment of delicate and special apparatus. All this Sir William makes himself, as it would take too long to inculcate another workman as to his requisitions. He has even devised a new method of glass blowing in order to obtain the special minute vessels he requires for his researches. Some idea of the small quantities of material with which this distinguished scientist works may be gleaned from the fact that in some of his recent radium investigations Sir William was using less than a cubic millimeter of gas, a quantity which could be placed in less space than a pin's head. This accumulation was the result of two months' work, from which one can estimate the rarity of radium.

Newspaper Honor

Edward G. Riggs in The Bookman

It may be asked: What is an illustration of the discretion of a political correspondent? I answer: Several of the correspondents were chatting with President McKinley in his office in the White House early in 1900. Senator Hanna dropped in and the President said: "Mark, you're the very man I want to see. I want to tell you that you mustn't push that subsidy bill of yours this session. I know it's the pride of your heart, but you mustn't do it. It's not wise. It won't do." The correspondents who were present merely sent to their papers that night the information that there was little or no likelihood that Senator Hanna's ship subsidy bill would go through that winter. Again, when President McKinley was berated for not hurrying along the war with Spain, he told the correspondents: "I haven't got enough of that big brown powder on hand yet. We are pushing the mills as fast as possible." The correspondents gave a number of reasons for the delay in the war preparations, all truthful, but they neglected to give the real reason in their dispatches to their newspapers. That would have been too good reading for Spain, and might have injured our cause. When a party leader or a governor tells a correspondent that such and such a party associate is an infernal thief, the correspondent does not print it that way; he merely announces that there has been a severe dispute over the distribution of patronage, and he is prepared in some cases to write the downfall of the delinquent subordinate. The science of politics is so merged with the science of government that when the correspondents were told that an American consul was discovered betraying the national



The Tatler

A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES

BLANK WALL ON A BUILDING AT UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, PAINTED TO REPRESENT A RUSTIC SCENE

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administration's secrets to Spain, and were requested to suppress the news, there was nothing left but to obey the request, even though they suggested that the traitor should be taken out and shot. The editors of all great newspapers are kept constantly informed of all these and a thousand equally confidential matters by their men, usually by a telegraphic cipher code, but sometimes by private wires.

Kipling and "Mother Goose"

New York Globe

According to Percy French, a London entertainer "whose art is humorous and whose humor is artistic," this is the way Rudyard Kipling would have written "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep":

The Song of the Black Sheep

And this is the song of the black sheep,
 And the song of the white sheep, too;
And the auk, and the armadillo,
 And the crocodile know it's true:
"Have I wool?" said the baa, baa, black sheep,
 "You ask me have I wool!
When I yield each year to the shepherd's shear
 As much as three bags full!
Have I wool?" said the baa, baa, black sheep;
 "It is found in the sailor's socks,
Retaining their heat through the driving sleet
 And the gale of the equinox!"

Modern Business Vampires

George W. Alger in The Atlantic Monthly

When shall we begin to consider the real importance of dealing vigorously through the criminal courts with the modern business vampire? By what process of reasoning can we make a moral distinction between the larceny of the despised green-goods or gold-brick swindler and the equally real larceny accomplished, for example, by the rich and quasi-respectable promoters of the American Ship Building Company, that bubble of fraud concerning which the public press has had so much to say recently. The trustee who hazards the funds of his trust estate in Wall Street gambling, and loses, speedily learns to his sorrow that his offense is embezzlement, and his punishment severe. How do we distinguish between the conduct which places him behind the bars of a prison and that, for example, of the president and directors of the Trust Company so closely associated with the ship building swindle, upon which the financial report of the New York State bank examiner has recently been made public? That report shows that these directors made illegal and practically unsecured loans of enormous amounts, and permitted their president to use his official position and the money of stockholders and depositors, to gamble in floating a so-called trust of the most flagrantly fraudulent character. Illegal loans to this president were made to ten times the amount which was authorized by the banking law, and the Trust Company preserved its solvency only by cutting its capital in half. "Its losses wiped out its entire surplus and necessitated the sacrifice by stockholders of over one-half their holdings."

The Spirit of the West

Henry Loomis Nelson in Harper's Magazine

Why do the mockers call it the "Woolly West"? This is a question that must go unanswered, for no answer is to be found in any mind. A woolly man is not unknown in any of the haunts of men, and some professors have met him in the class-room.

"Explain the pessimism of Ecclesiastes," said the professor of a not far-distant university.

"I do not understand the question," answered the football giant.

"What is the difficulty?"

"I don't know what the question means."

"You know what Ecclesiastes means?"

"Oh yes," said the captain of the eleven; "it is a book in the Bible."

"Then it must be pessimism that troubles you," suggested the amazed (he was young) professor.

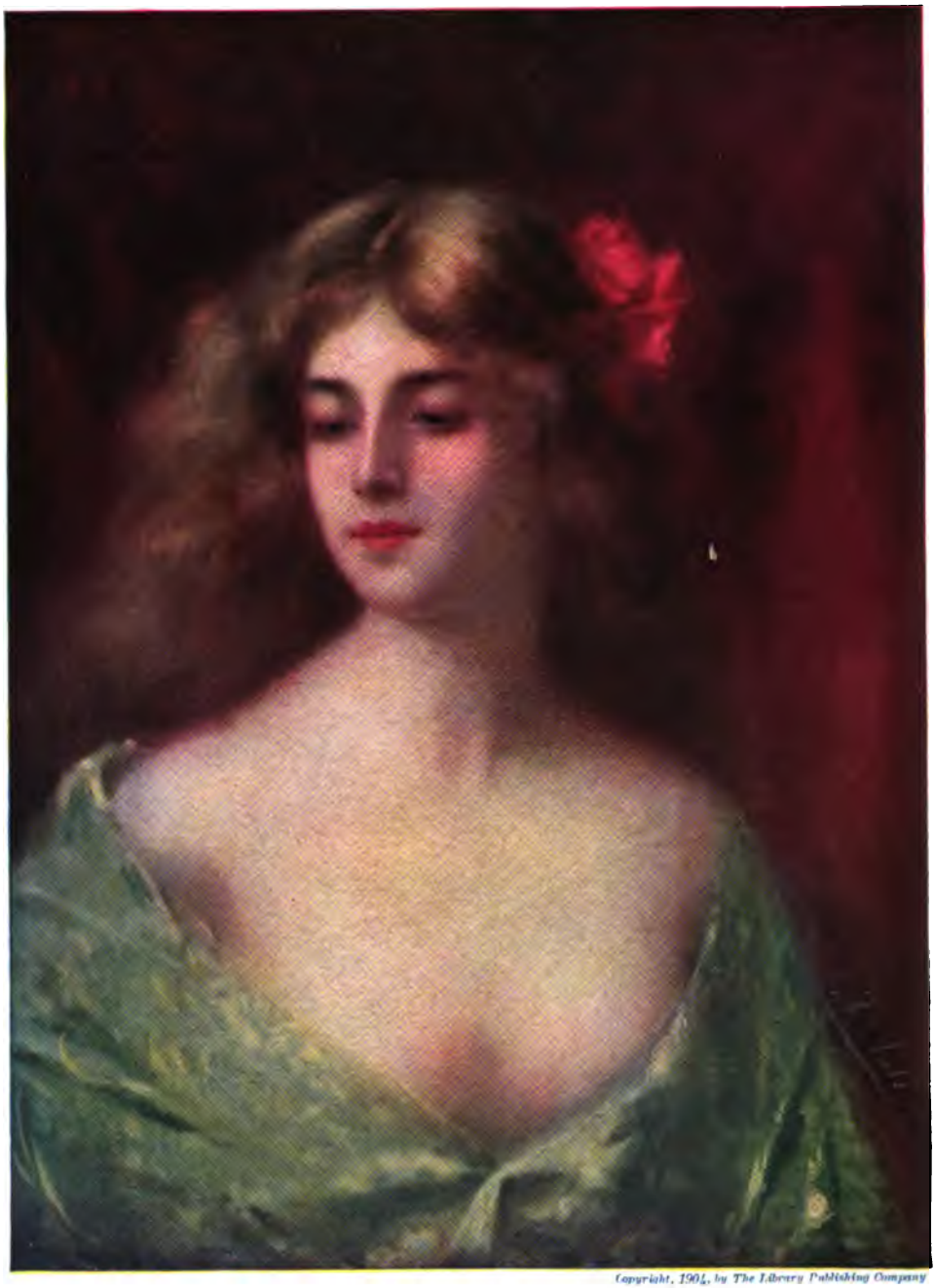
"That's it; that's it," bubbled the catapult.

"Why, you must know that; you cannot be ignorant of that. You know the words pessimism and optimism, do you not? Pessimism and optimism, optimism and pessimism; you certainly know what they mean?"

"Oh yes, I know what they mean, but I can't tell them apart."

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THE BLOOM OF YOUTH

BY A. ASTI

COLLECTION OF MR. FELIX ISMAN

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THE

BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. IV OCTOBER, 1904 NO. 4

RUNNING A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

HOW VOTERS ARE COAXED AND CAPTURED

By JOSEPH M. ROGERS

Some fifteen millions of duly qualified American citizens, in this month of October, 1904, are preparing to cast their ballots for presidential electors. It is safe to say that about fourteen millions have already made up their minds; and the active work of the campaign for the political managers consists in holding their own, and in getting as many of the doubtful million as possible. Even fifty thousand may decide the result. As a matter of fact, in 1884 the change of six hundred votes from Cleveland to Blaine in New York State would have elected the latter.

Running a national campaign is serious business. It is done as systematically as possible, with all the agencies that can be secured; yet much of the work is in the dark. It is easy to look back over a campaign and, in the light of results, see what was done that ought not to have been done, what was left undone that ought to have been done; yet the man who can tell these things before the fact is very much wanted at campaign headquarters, State and national. The man who has prevision based on experience, or a sort of sixth sense in politics, is the proper man for chairman of a national committee.

All the time that the fifteen millions of voters are arguing, reading, going to mass-meetings to hear the spell-binders, and getting angry with each other, they know that as a matter of fact certain campaign committees, ranging from the precinct to the national ticket, are at work, just as they know someone runs a railroad though they do not know exactly who nor how. They are seldom conscious that any direct influence is being brought to bear on them. They feel that they are kings ruling by right divine, and would resent the charge that in any way they are being manipulated. But in New York City sit the national chairmen of the two leading parties; each is surrounded by a small executive committee, and his principal agents are a national committeeman and the State chairman of his party in every commonwealth. Radiating from headquarters are lines of information and com-

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munication which pierce every election precinct in the country. In States where the ruling party has an overwhelming majority the minority party is apt to have a mere skeleton organization; but as a rule machinery is at hand for reaching every voter in the land, and most of them are reached many times, though utterly unconscious of how it has been done. As a rule the advantage is with the party in power. It has the benefit of many place-holders working for success. It has whatever inheres in the mere fact that most people are conservative and do not care for a change. Nevertheless, there have been few campaigns in the last forty years where the element of doubt was not strong until the very last moment.

Many of the ablest men in the country are spending all their energies for months before election, and if success is not always due to strategy or to good straightaway work in disseminating party doctrine, it is certain that no candidate refuses the aid of men of experience in political organization. In this political campaign, for the first time in many years, neither of the chairmen has had any experience in national campaigns; but many of their assistants are old-time war-horses, who will do all that is possible for party success.

There are certain very definite things which the manager can do; but his most important work cannot be laid out in advance, and must be met with strategy on short notice. The organization is as perfect as that of an army, and the chairman must be ready for a swift move with a large force at the right spot. Sometimes he works with brass bands, but more often with great secrecy. There are certain duties which are obvious. Every voter must get all the literature he can be induced to read, and many of them get much more. Speakers must be engaged to canvass



THOMAS TAGGART, DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN
In his private office at the National Committee's headquarters.

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CHAIRMAN GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

At his desk at the headquarters of the Republican National Committee.

every portion of the country. Usually the State managers look after most of this work, but there are men of national prominence who must speak at various places. There are certain issues which are more prominent in some sections than others. There are constant rivalries and jealousies in the party which must be assuaged; and great care must be taken not only to see that the party press is supplied with information, but that editors are called in frequent consultation so as to be in close touch with the organization. All this is plain sailing.

The more difficult problems are those which require dealing with those who have great influence in controlling votes, with bosses and leaders, with men who handle foreign-speaking voters in large masses, with great corporate interests. The national chairman and his associates have scarcely a breathing-spell from the time the campaign begins until it is all over. They must be constantly alert to keep their own ranks firm, to take any possible advantage of mistakes of the enemy, and to see that the full party vote comes out at the last moment.

Sentiment counts for a great deal in politics. It is no accident that the country is tolerably evenly divided in political views. Most men take their politics from their parents, or their environment, or from what they conceive to be self-interest. The great majority think they are immovable in their views; yet there are enough who can be induced to change to make it interesting up to the close of the polls. If the other side wasn't working hard the task would be easy. But the opposition as a rule is well equipped, and much of the work done by one party is to counteract that under way by the other.

Exaggerated notions are common as to the amount of money that is spent in any campaign. It would be very difficult to get at figures which are even tolerably exact; but the national com-

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Drawing by C. S. Reinhart *Courtesy of Harper's Weekly*

HANGERS-ON AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF A NATIONAL COMMITTEE

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mittees never spend the fabled millions as reputed, for the very good reason that they never get them. Each State committee raises a sum for its own purposes; it is probably not a wide guess that all parties in all the national, State, and local campaigns will spend from six to ten millions of dollars, and if each of the two great national committees has well over a million it will be gratified. In 1896 and 1900 Republicans were well fixed, and Democrats almost bankrupt. This year the division will be more nearly equal. The only known instance of a campaign committee winding up with a balance was in 1892, when Mr. Whitney was looking after that part of the campaign. Just how much was left over cannot be stated, but the mere fact has always been considered little less than a political miracle. Campaign books are never audited. Bluffs have been made at doing so, but they never amounted to anything. Much of the money is no doubt used for very laudable purposes, a large amount is wasted, and a good deal is used in the pious purpose of preventing the wickedness of the other fellow. In all talks with campaign managers it is beautiful to see that each is a purist, a civil-service reformer at heart, and decries the use of money—but there is the other fellow! The depths of infamy to which the opposition will always descend to debauch the voter is terrible to contemplate, and of course it must be resisted. Fighting the devil with fire still prevails in politics.

Money is needed for the heavy expenses at headquarters. The Republicans for many years have been housed in a sky-scraper on Madison Square; the Democrats are in the Century building near Fifth Avenue; and in each there is an army of clerks, stenographers, and mailing boys who must be paid. The expense for literature is enormous. Millions of speeches and documents, which have been injected into the *Congressional Record*. are printed on the government presses at Washington at the cost of the committees, and these are mailed in bulk or single wrappers to all parts of the country under the frank of one of the members. These documents are full of partisan speeches, and teem with statistics showing how one party has done all the good that has ever happened and the other is responsible for all the troubles.

The urgent need of money caused the first great disaster which the Republican party had suffered since the election of Lincoln. The campaign of 1884 had been warm from the start—a record-breaker for bitterness and invective. Prominent men in both parties had changed affiliations, but the Republican party was laying much stress on the fact that Blaine was an ardent protectionist, the lineal descendant of Henry Clay in statesmanship; and it was claimed that unless he was elected the business interests of the country would greatly suffer. The national chairman was B. F. Jones of Pittsburg, a wealthy ironmaster, devoted to Blaine but not much versed in the arts of running a campaign. While Blaine was off through the West on a very remarkable speaking-tour, Jones was in New York trying to fix scandals on Cleveland, to make it plain that Blaine was guilty of none, and that the country would be ruined if Cleveland was chosen. It was an expensive campaign, as the Democrats forced the fighting from the start, and Mr. Cleveland's attitude was generally approved by Independents or "Mugwumps," as they were then called for the first time. Beecher electrified the country by supporting Cleveland and calling Blaine a "prince of liars."

Jones spent all the money he could get, and tried to get more, but without much success. He paid bills out of his own pocket amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and there was need for a good deal more. He planned the celebrated dinner of finan-

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING A STREET CROWD

"The need in public and private life is common sense, honesty, decency, and courage."

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ciers, headed by Jay Gould, to Mr. Blaine, in which the candidate was to explain to these magnates how essential to business interests was Republican success, and how necessary it was to have some fat checks at once. Blaine did not want to come at all. He had been in the West and felt sure that the situation was going his way; he feared the effect of the dinner, and in this he was correct. "Belshazzar's Feast" was at once made much of by the Democratic press; and no matter how much money Jones got, it is certain that he lost more votes than the money secured for him.

In 1888 Quay got up the scheme of an advisory committee, which was to include men of wealth and distinction who were both ornamental and useful. They were to pass the hat, "to fry the fat" out of the manufacturers who wanted more protection. It is known that the sum raised by this committee was in the neighborhood of six hundred thousand dollars; and that sum has been equalled, probably, in every campaign since except that of 1892. After the latter campaign, the treasurer found that one branch of the Republican committee had a small surplus on hand. "This," he said impressively, "is the only thing in the whole Republican party that is not bankrupt." Deficits are carried for four years through the banks, or sometimes by an accommodating friend putting up the cash and waiting for a better state of the treasury.

The national chairman has the sole right to decide where the money shall be spent, but is guided more or less by his executive committee who know local conditions. Not much is wasted on States that are sure for one party or the other. Sometimes a little is sent for Congressional contests, but as a rule the State chairman of a State where the result is a foregone conclusion is pretty certain to get the message that the national committee can do nothing for him this year. This is hard on some States where the purses of the rich party-men are drained for the national committee. There have been times when the Pennsylvania Republican committee has hardly had money to pay postage, while "barrels" were going over to New York for the national committee. Some of the plaints of these chairmen have been pitiful, and the poor office-holders who pay "voluntary" assessments have often been the principal reliance of a committee that was supposed to be fabulously rich.

Sometimes national chairmen like to take fliers. In 1888, Senator Brice of Ohio, national Democratic manager, found that Quay seemed to be getting the better of him in the East; so he listened to the siren song of some Democrats from the West, that all that was needed was some money and some energies of various kinds to carry Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and other States. Mr. Brice was seduced into wasting his energies in this "rainbow-chasing," and he was a knight of the rueful countenance when he found out what had happened in the West. Quay had artfully aided Brice in spending all the money he could there, so that his own energies could be concentrated in New York.

If a committee had literally barrels of gold eagles, not one tithe of the demands could be acceded to. About the middle of October every State chairman in a State which has ever varied in party affiliation begins to get frightened. He hurries to New York with the announcement that "the devil has broken loose in our State, and if we don't have a lot of money and good speakers and more ginger in the newspapers we're going to lose the State." Then he makes a request so modest that it would take all the assets of the committee to fill it. He gets what aid is possible; but as a rule every State chairman seems to think the national committee has a grudge against him and is not doing its full duty; and if defeat

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ENJOYING A KEEN THRUST

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FOLLOWING A SERIOUS ARGUMENT

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Photograph by Byron

THE SOUND MONEY PARADE IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1896

Men prominent in the business and professional life of New York City took this unusual means to express their endorsement of the gold standard.

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comes, why, it must be understood that it is not his fault, but that of the national organization!

Let us see what the problems are that confront the national committee when the campaign really opens. Already there has been an opening gun. Oregon always votes in June for State officers. It does not count for much in the situation, though every straw is watched. In September there are elections in Maine and Vermont, and though these are nowadays invariably Republican, the effort is made to make the majorities significant. A few years ago, when Ohio and Indiana had State elections in October, most of the money and energies were expended in those campaigns. It was seldom that an October verdict was reversed in November. These conditions have passed away, along with the "blocks of five" which made the campaign of 1888 notorious.

The national chairmen, as a rule, confront the situation that no party will receive one-half of the votes cast. In the last fifty years McKinley was the only successful candidate to receive a majority of the popular vote. This does not include the two elections during reconstruction, when some of the Southern States cast no votes. In many States the third-party vote determines the result, so that managers, finding they can not induce these independents to vote for their own candidate, will help them liberally, in the expectation that they will draw more heavily from the enemy. This is done much more frequently than is imagined, and explains why some apparently inconsiderable parties seem to be well supplied with campaign funds. In these days there is little money used for direct vote-buying; or, if so, the matter is handled locally. The national committees make strong appeals for the vote of various constituencies, but it is often the result that if there is any financial consideration, such money is wasted. There are a good many American voters who are willing to be bought if they get some consideration, though they are not so numerous as many suppose; but there are not many who can be bought through someone else.

Much of the time of members of the executive committees is taken up in dealing with these offers, many of which are bogus and most of which are not worth bothering about. Occasionally there are men with whom business can be done. It used to be said in New York: "As John Y. McKane goes, so goes the Union." This was an exaggeration, but McKane controlled the vote of Coney Island with a completeness that finally landed him in jail. In 1884 he supported Cleveland, and his bailiwick decided the result. In 1888 he supported Harrison; and though it did not decide the election, it was a large factor.

The most delicate work of the chairman is in dealing with the great corporations or allied business interests—promising certain legislation, or freedom from trouble, in case of party success. Neither party is better than the other in this respect. The corporations give to each freely, though most largely to that which they think has the best chance of success. They pay as a matter of course, and charge it to "life insurance."

National chairmen have to promise positions of prominence to party men, and to make other agreements which cannot always be kept. Sometimes the successful candidate is highly virtuous and refuses to carry out the bargain. There have been some very bad quarters of an hour between national chairmen and the president whom they claim to have elected, when they have found out that they cannot "make good" pre-election contracts.

The relations of the chairman to the candidate are supposedly of the most intimate sort. The chairman is naturally given free rein, and though he often pays close heed to what his chief wants,

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as often as not he has to oppose his principal's plans. He has to edit the candidate's letters and speeches; and goose-flesh comes out on him every morning as he picks up the newspaper, for fear that some unfortunate speech has been uttered, an indiscreet letter sent, some ancient sentiment unearthed, or some other "break" made. It has happened so often that the fear of such a thing is ever before him.

After the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" speech of Burchard, in 1884, the Republican national committee spent fortunes telegraphing to party newspapers all over the country extracts from Blaine's speeches, in which he had so often expressed himself in favor of religious liberty. It was in vain. That error was never corrected. Religious prejudice is very strong, and the use which the Democratic managers made of the speech was far more effective than all the efforts to correct the false position into which the candidate was placed. Since that occasion no candidate is addressed by a delegation without submitting his remarks to a committee. Usually the candidates must write out what they intend to say on any occasion, and it is gone over with a microscope. Benjamin Harrison was so afraid of being entrapped that, in his first campaign, he had a hall hired at Indianapolis, where all delegations came. There were no people on the platform, and he would emerge from the wings, make a few remarks, and retire. This course was taken at the suggestion of Quay.

In the campaign of 1884, Mr. Cleveland was at first intractable. He had notions of his own as to what he should do. When much noise was made concerning his alleged moral indiscretions, he prepared a long letter in which he gave what he considered a very straightforward denial to the story. Senator Gorman managed to get hold of the letter before it was sent, and promptly put it in the fire. It was then arranged that the answer, which a friend had asked to the charges made against him, should simply be: "Tell the truth."

That reply was the work of genius. It gained the candidate many friends for its simplicity and courage. Four years later, when Mr. Cleveland showed his annual message in which nothing but the tariff was mentioned, Secretary Whitney begged him to put it in the fire also; Mr. Cleveland refused and was defeated.

The campaign manager must always put on a bold front to the public, claiming success with the greatest positiveness. It was a slight indiscretion of this sort that cost Mr. Tilden the presidency. The great campaign of the last century was that of 1876, which was so close that it never was decided according to the constitutional method, and a special commission was erected for the purpose. It is a curious thing that a contest would never have been made had it not been for the act of Mr. Barnum, who at this time was chairman of the national Democratic executive committee, the late Abram S. Hewitt being chairman of the national committee. In those days telegraphic service was much less efficient than now, and the system of collecting election returns far below present standards. At that period the New York *Times* had the reputation of collecting the earliest and most accurate returns, and it had sent its first edition to press practically conceding the election of Tilden. While the editor was consoling himself as best he could for defeat, a messenger-boy came in with a note from Mr. Barnum, with whom the editor was on friendly terms though they were politically opposed to each other. Mr. Barnum wanted to know what news the *Times* had from South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. The editor had put these in the doubtful list, and in fact considered them Democratic; but the instant he got the note he saw that the Democrats did not claim them. He

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Photograph by George G. Bain

THOMAS TAGGART

Chairman of the Democratic National Committee

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stopped his presses and made a new edition claiming all these States, which gave the election to Hayes by one electoral vote. Then he hurried to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, waked up Zachariah Chandler, chairman of the national committee, and a plan was then and there laid down which had its final reward in the inauguration of Hayes. No more momentous event in this country ever hung on such a slight incident. Since then chairmen do not ask political opponents for news.

a trick should have been played on the minister of a friendly power. It was, however, so potent that the President had to ask for Sackville-West's recall, to get rid of the notion that he was a friend of British interests.

That so much money is spent, so much demagogy employed, and on the whole so much excitement artificially produced, has led many men—American as well as foreigners—to think that our boasted democracy is all humbug. This is a false view. The Americans are an



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RECEIVING AND TABULATING ELECTION RETURNS

From the Associated Press headquarters the quickest and most authentic reports of the election are flashed to all parts of the country.

A campaign manager must constantly keep his eye out for the artful tricks that the enemy is attempting. Sometimes these succeed, but they are less thought of in these days than formerly. There is no doubt that in 1888 the letter of the British minister, Sackville-West, to a friend, advising all British-born citizens to vote for Mr. Cleveland, hurt the latter very much. It is no credit to human nature that such demagogy should be successful, or that such

exceedingly temperamental people; they love excitement, and must blow off surplus steam. It is probable that a good deal of the demagogy and a good deal of the money, if not nearly all of it, simply results in cancelling that of the opposite party. If it were true that the country could be run for any length of time by corruption, democracy would indeed be a failure. It is not likely that the millenium will soon begin in politics. Nevertheless, any observer

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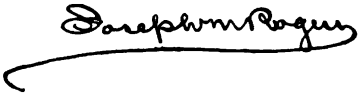
and student is justified in saying that conditions are now much better than they were formerly, and that they are constantly improving. If the evil on one side about cancels that on the other, so that the honest vote, as a rule, decides questions, it is a triumph for honesty—which is all we can expect. Campaigns no longer are conducted by assailing the private character of the candidates or concocting forgeries or roorbacks. It has been found that such attacks are likely to gain friends for the opposition. Principles are now more to the front than personalities.

The best laid plans of politicians "gang aft a-gley." While most of them are shrewd enough to know pretty well how things are going, many national elections have been so close that they have apparently turned upon very trivial circumstances. In illustration of this, a story is told, which is substantially true, though the details cannot be verified, that a woman elected Hayes president. It was on this wise. In a certain Illinois rural district, in 1876, a farmer had decided not to vote. He came in from the fields about four o'clock, and was berated by his wife for his lack of public spirit. So he and his son went to the polls and cast their ballots at that election. Among other candidates they voted for an independent member of the Legislature, and he was chosen by one majority. The history of the Hayes-Tilden contest is fairly familiar, though many have forgotten that part of the plan was to put David Davis on the commission as the fifteenth and deciding member. The Democrats believed he would have voted with them in at least one case, and he is reported to have said afterwards that he would have done so. But while the commission bill was grinding through Congress, Davis was suddenly elected to the Senate by the exact number of votes which was necessary, and the deciding vote was given by that independent legislator that had been chosen by the votes of the farmer and his son who were driven to the polls by the wife and mother. This sounds a good deal like *The House That Jack Built*, but it is interesting. Davis did not go on the commission. Bradley, who was chosen in his place, voted for the Hayes electors in every case, and the Republicans won the election.

In the last days of the campaign political managers sweat blood. It has all the excitement of a very long horse-race, and there is enough heart-disease at the finish to last most men for a lifetime. When a man knows that to carry the country he must carry a certain State, when he has used every possible effort and knows that the situation is uncertain—may hang on a hair—it is a time for insomnia. If a rain storm should come election day, it may turn the result, as it did in 1884. If all bargains with emissaries of the enemy are not kept, if the other fellows have too much money, or make too many promises, or use too many fraudulent votes, failure is certain.

It is a very sad occasion in one of the national headquarters on the night of an election. So rapidly are returns collected now, and so shrewd are the calculations that can be made, that in every election since 1884 the result has been known long before midnight; and in the last two elections it was reasonably certain before eight o'clock, at the very time some ballots were still being cast on the Pacific slope.

What joy in the breast of the successful chairman that night! His is the duty and pleasure of sending the official telegram to the candidate assuring him of his election; and if he goes to bed somewhat later than usual that night, it is to sleep sounder than for several months.



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IN THE RIALTO QUARTER, VENICE

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When Shakespeare Went to Italy

By Robert Shackleton

Shakespeare loved Italy with a deep and personal love. For Italy he had the profound affection of one who has seen the marvelous blue of her sky, who has breathed her air, who has seen her palaces, her crumbling ruins, her gardens rich with gorgeous growth. His Italian plays are permeated with Italian atmosphere. His love-making, his moonlight, his characterizations, his local details, are strikingly Italian.

Now, nothing is more impossible than absolutely to prove that Shakespeare was ever in Italy. So far as records go, there were years of his life after he, a young man, left his elderly wife and the twins at Stratford and went to London, during which he may have been anywhere.

Nothing is easier to say, and nothing is more true, than that the art of Shakespeare was so perfect, his insight so profound, that he could not write without making his characters, of whatever nationality, seem drawn to the very life. But there is also in his Italian plays the unconscious touch which comes from personal experience. There is often minute accuracy. And there is profound saturation with Italian feeling —a saturation none the less complete through being, for the most part, too subtly intangible for analysis.

The internal evidence of his plays is so strong as to establish the presumption that Shakespeare was actually in Italy. The presumption is powerfully supported by the fact that he had time and opportunity for the journey, and by the further fact that he had a wealthy patron who actually gave him a large sum of money at about the time when the Italian journey was most probably made. And against these facts and this presumption? Nothing.

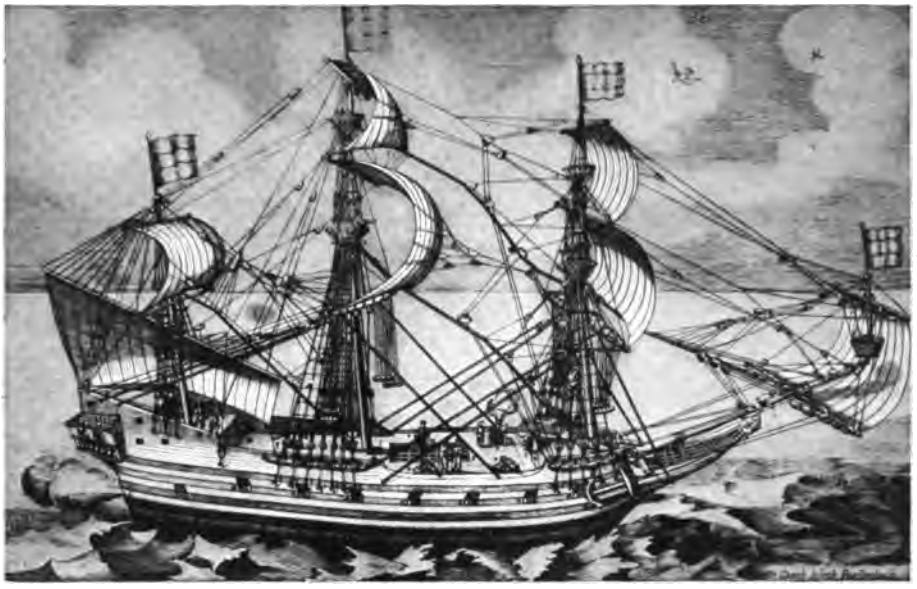
For some reason, impossible to understand, many critics have struggled hard to make it appear that Shakespeare never left England. To explain his unquestioned knowledge of Italy one offers the theory that Shakespeare talked of that country with a well-known Italian who was living in London as a teacher. Another suggests that he may have learned much of Italy from a fellow-actor who is known to have traveled in the peninsula. But why not presume that Shakespeare himself was there? Some, finding reference to local Italian scenes or customs, insist that at some point or another in Great Britain there were scenes or customs sufficiently similar to have given Shakespeare the hint for what he wrote. But the improbable should not be chosen instead of the probable; the natural explanation should not be deserted for the strained.

Shakespeare's love was not so strong for all of Italy as it was for one favored portion, and this is another interesting proof; for local color, with personal partiality, indicates personal knowledge.

Draw a line from Milan eastward. You find that it touches Verona, Padua, Venice. In the spaces between the four towns place roads and country houses and a forest for adventure—and you have the Italy that Shakespeare most dearly loved.

"In fair Verona, where we lay our scene"; "Fair Padua, nursery of arts"—there is always the touch of the one who loves and cares because he

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A VENETIAN MERCHANTMAN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

knows. It is not that, having read of Italy, Shakespeare pictures all of the country thus. He discriminates. He does not love Rome, or Florence, or Mantua, as he does the honored four. Mantua is a convenient place for his characters to go to when banished from the favorite towns. Towards Florence he is lukewarm, in spite of the streets haunted by the memory of Dante, and in spite of the hillside made immortal by Boccaccio. Rome has his admiration but not his love.

He went to Italy, eager to profit by the experiences of travel. "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," he says in his early Veronese play; and the line is such as would be written by a man fresh from the broadening of a Continental journey.

In the same play it is said of Proteus that it

"Would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth."

And this, again, is noteworthy as a sentiment likely to be expressed by a man newly returned from abroad.

To be sure, Shakespeare does not anywhere tell of having stood on the bridge over the Arno, or of having floated in a gondola on the Grand Canal, or of having gazed at the Alps from the plains of Lombardy. But that is nothing. From Stratford he could walk in a few hours to either Kenilworth or Coventry or Warwick; he was a lad when Leicester so magnificently received Elizabeth at Kenilworth; yet nowhere does he tell of having been at these places, though we know he must have been at all three. Proof which we do not ask for in regard to England we ought not to insist upon in regard to Italy. No letter or conversation of Shakespeare is on record, except a few words giving the substance of his opinion of a local improvement at Stratford; and it is therefore useless to look for evidence of the kind that is furnished by men who have left elaborate journals and a wide correspondence.

Shakespeare's familiarity with the small annoyances of travel is strong evidence that he went farther than from Stratford to London. "When I

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was at home I was in a better place, but travelers must be content," says Touchstone.

The original sources of his Italian plays he could, of course, have studied without going to Italy; the tale of *Othello*, and that of *Romeo and Juliet*, could have been known to him in London. But observe the local knowledge with which his characters move about. "The common ferry which trades to Venice"—thus he takes Portia from the mainland, disguised as the young doctor of laws.

Venice, then as now, was celebrated as the Queen of the Waters, and as a city in which gondolas go glidingly through a vast network of sombrously-shadowed waterways. But Shakespeare knew—what many travelers even now reach Venice without knowing—that the city is also threaded by narrow and interlacing streets, joined by numberless little bridges. Every building has an outlet into this system of thoroughfares; and, though the waterways are freely used, it is by land, and on foot, that the Venetians go about their ordinary business. Thus it was, likewise, when Shakespeare was there. He knew that the gondola, except for pleasure and for purposes of state, was almost altogether used by lovers and by visiting tourists, and that the ordinary citizen walked upon the pavement.

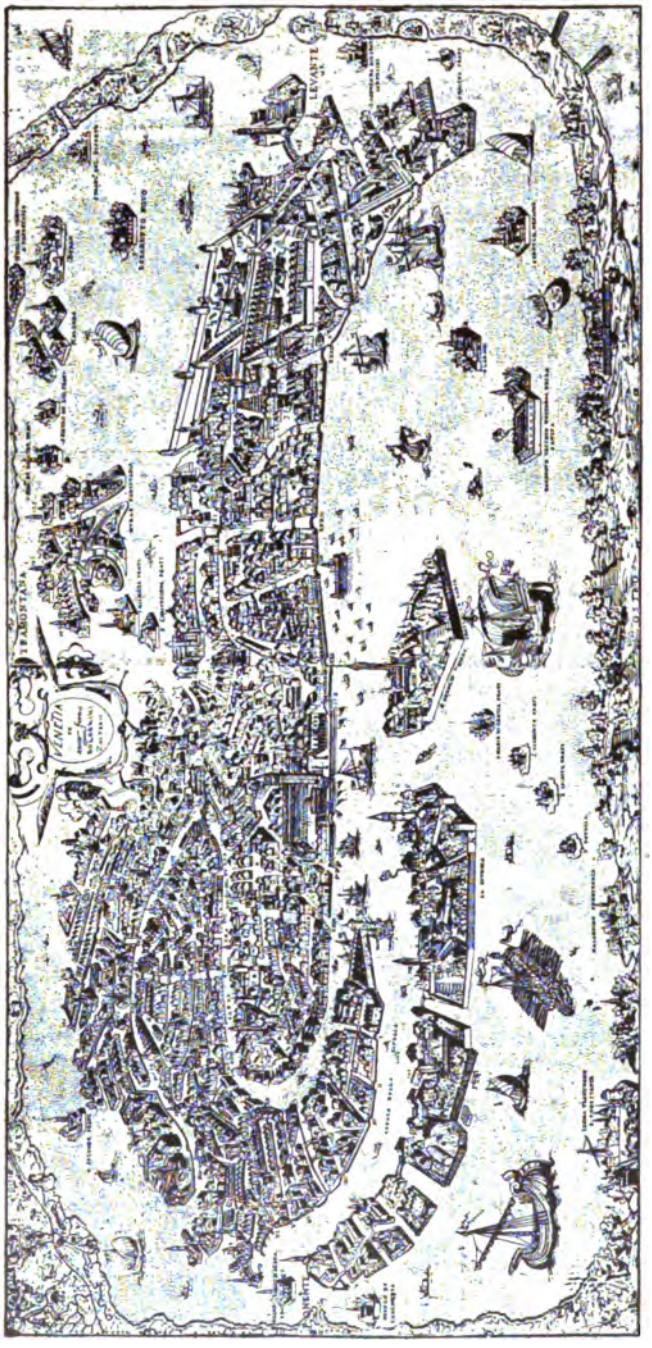
So when Gratiano was asked to show Nerissa, the supposed lad, the way to Shylock's home, it was not "Get him a gondola," but, briefly, "Show my youth old Shylock's house"; although Nerissa was to go from one end of the city to the other.



DESDEMONA'S HOUSE, VENICE

THE DWELLING IN THE CENTRE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DESDEMONA'S RESIDENCE

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A MAP OF VENICE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Over and over again, in Venice, Shakespeare's scenes are street scenes. His revelers, his maskers, his men of business use the streets. On the streets is the great and varied life of the city.

But it is different when it comes to love. He knows the local customs, and he knows that the privacy of the gondola peculiarly fits it for lovers and courtship, and so we read:

"But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica."

When Desdemona's father is told that she has gone with Othello, the form in which the report comes is that they are in a gondola.

In only one other place does Shakespeare speak of gondola or gondolier. It is when Rosalind, advising the melancholy Jacques how to support the character of a traveler, says: "Or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola;" showing Shakespeare's knowledge of the free use of gondolas by strangers.

As one passes by these palaces nodding over the water there is fascination in the thought that the eyes of Shakespeare beheld them; that he actually looked upon the splendor of St. Mark's and the beauty of the palace of the Dukes.

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He saw, too, the Venetian women sweet and fair. No wonder he makes Desdemona beautiful! And the Venetian faces haunted him, as they have haunted many a traveler since. "Those girls of Italy, take heed of them"—it is a King of France into whose mouth he puts these words.

Shakespeare even knows of the ducal privilege of two votes in council, and casually refers to the "double" right. He knows of the custom of sending a dish of doves as a gift. He knows of the holy crosses that dot the land. "She doth stray about by holy crosses," says Stephano. To be sure, it was possible to learn such things without leaving England; but how much more probable that Shakespeare learned them in Italy!

The only place in which Shakespeare refers to a holy well is in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "Where meet we?" asks Thurio. "At Saint Gregory's well," responds Proteus. Deep has been the industry of some commentators in striving to prove that Shakespeare might possibly have known of a holy well in Great Britain. But who that has been through Italy does not remember how prominent a feature are the splendid ancient stone-lipped wells and cisterns, rich in carving, with grooves worn by the ropes of centuries! They are at monasteries and in the centre of cloistered courts; they are in palace gardens and in city squares. Nothing could be more natural than for one who knew Italy to set a well as a place of meeting.

We see much in Italy precisely as Shakespeare saw it. We see not only the very hall where the "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors" were wont to meet; we see not only the towers and the domes; but we see the customs of the people and their simple household ways—the braziers for heating rooms, the little scaldini carried in the hands, the sand for blotting ink, the primitive stone stoves in the kitchens.

The buildings of the Venetian Ghetto are, many of them, the very buildings upon which Shakespeare looked. And when, in the midst of the tangle of dark and narrow streets, one comes to the Synagogue and, entering, sees the unrolling of the great parchment Scriptures, and listens to the solemn intonations, and watches the bearded men in gaberdines, in tall, black, brimless caps, in robes of black or white, one easily fancies ancient Shylock sitting there, gloomy and dour. Taller buildings than others of Venice are those of the Ghetto, and cheaper, barer too, for the



THE VENETIAN GOLD DUCAT

Ghetto was a narrowly restricted space, and the Jews, even when permitted to do so, did not much care to make display of wealth. One is tempted to fancy which one of these tall tenements it is from which Shakespeare imagined Shylock to come forth, with his cry of agony for his lost ducats and for his daughter.

In the Rialto quarter there is a short column of granite from which the decrees of Venice were announced; the column is upborne by a crouching figure, known as "Il Gobbo di Rialto;" and it is fair to assume that this suggested to Shakespeare the name of "Launcelot Gobbo" in *The Merchant of Venice.*

It was with the ostensible purpose of supplying himself with rich apparel for his wedding day that Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, went to Venice; and in this is shown a knowledge of the fact that the Venetians were famed for their gorgeousness of dress. The authorities of the city passed sumptuary laws in vain, in an effort to restrain this form of extravagance; and the costumes displayed in the museums

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THE DOGE'S PALACE AND THE CAMPANILE, VENICE

and seen in the canvases of Titian and Tintoretto tell of the raimented glories of the past.

Another of the phases with which Shakespeare shows himself familiar is that relating to the harshness of Venetian punishment, the terrors of the prisons, and the savage severity of the torture chambers. Even now, though great part of the most dreadful evidences has been destroyed, the visitor shivers as he is led through black dungeons where punishment was meted out.

"If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his."

When Gremio of Padua itemizes his wealth he tells of his rich furnishings of plate and gold, his Tyrian tapestry, his ivory coffers and his chests of cypress, his fine apparel, his canopies and his linen, his Turkish cushions, his valance of Venetian gold, his pewter and his brass, and all things that belong to house or housekeeping, and at his farm a hundred milch-kine and six score of fat oxen. This particularity of itemization is full of interest, as showing in what consisted the wealth of a rich man of the time; and with all the particularity, one notes the absence of any mention of horses. It is clear that it is not accidental. It is another proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of Italian conditions. And the present-day traveler, looking from the windows of the railway car at the country through which Shakespeare leisurely traveled, sees even now the importance of oxen in farming; he sees the great beasts yoked to the plows, even as Shakespeare saw them.

Shakespeare loved to return to the subject of Padua. "Padua affords nothing but what is kind," he makes Petruchio say. And the ancient town, with its arcaded streets, its sidewalks like cloistered ways, its wealth of mediæval architecture, is full of fascination.

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Shakespeare sent Lucentio to Padua to

"haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies."

The court of the ancient university is still largely of the same appearance as in the time of Shakespeare, with its fine colonnades and its air of scholarly seclusion. Galileo had been made a professor at Padua just before the time when Shakespeare is thought to have been there, and it is pleasant to think that the two great men may have met, as Galileo and Milton met at a later day in Florence.

There was wealth in Padua, as one may see from the wrecks of ancient palaces, and one need not wonder that Petruchio went "to wive it wealthily in Padua."

"Benedick, the married man," a young lord of Padua, also shows Shakespeare's delight in the ancient city, for he is pictured as "foremost in report through Italy," for "shape, for bearing, argument, and valour."

There was poverty there, too, for it was just outside of dear old Padua that Christopher Sly so ruefully said: "I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet—nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather." Whoever has seen the poor of Italy, raggedly clad, and often barefoot even in winter, will understand and appreciate the "more feet than shoes," and the leather through which toes peep.

In Italy, in the time of Shakespeare, the well-born young women were seen only under restrictions. The houses showed forbidding fronts, and the balconies opened upon high-walled courts. Through barred windows the dark-



PORTA ROMANA, SHOWING THE OLD WALL OF MILAN

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THE BOOTS, A MEDIEVAL INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE

"NAY, GIVE ME NOT THE BOOTS"—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*

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eyed Italian girls could be seen, peering forth, smiling or cautious or severe. Even now, much of this custom and much of this appearance are still observable. Shakespeare, understanding this chary setting aside of young women, frankly illustrated it by showing, both in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and in *Romeo and Juliet*, that the natural form of approach for daring lovers was by means of a rope-ladder under cover of night. Valentine is to reach charming Silvia's window thus, even as Romeo is to reach the balcony of Juliet.

The good folk of Verona still point out what is said to have been Juliet's house, the Casa di Giulietta. The sad story of love and tragedy was known and believed in Verona before the time of Shakespeare, and it has never been forgotten there. There is no proof that this particular house was really associated with the heroine of the tale, but in such a matter local tradition is always of interest.

A tall old building it is, standing close between other houses, almost as old, on either side. You enter the court through a lofty archway, beneath a defaced escutcheon, and find yourself in the shadow of tall walls, in an untidy courtyard surrounded by buildings from which the palatial quality long since departed. The sides of the court, which were bounded by the wall over which Romeo is said to have clambered, are now built in with houses.

There is a balcony on the second floor of this reputed palace of the Capulets, and also one on the third, looking down into the court, and it is the third floor balcony from which, local tradition says, Juliet talked to her lover and to which he attained with his ladder. Three stories of an Italian palace make a much greater height than do three stories of the usual English or American house. A real necessity—a long ladder—one sees, instead of the daintily needless stage property to which our eyes have become accustomed. And very daring were Juliet and her Romeo, for a number of rooms open into the court, making it exceedingly likely that a talk kept up between the ground and that lofty balcony would be overheard.

At Verona they still show what is known as Juliet's tomb. There is strong reason to believe, however, that this is not really the tomb; and it is a pity, for the gloomy surroundings well match the descriptions of the place of Juliet's sepulchre. Likely enough, however, the unknown girl whose life-story lay at the foundation of the original Italian tale was buried somewhere within this solemn enclosure; but in course of time the original tomb was lost sight of, and then this old tomb, now called Juliet's, was chosen at random to take its place in popular tradition.

"Old Verona," as Shakespeare affectionately calls the city, is, like Padua and beloved Venice, in the Venetian province; but the fourth city of his love, Milan, is in Lombardy,

> "fruitful Lombardy,
> The pleasant garden of great Italy."

It would trouble the traveler to find, now, between the cities of Verona and Milan, the great forest which once was there and which was so picturesquely filled with Shakespearean outlaws. The forests, indeed, have for centuries been vanishing from Italy, as the denuded hills and plains bear bleak witness.

Milan appealed to Shakespeare as the seat of wealth and enterprise. He makes Panthino say of Proteus:

> "There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
> Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
> And be in eye of every exercise
> Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth."

His description of the gown of the Duchess of Milan, gorgeously made of cloth of gold, laced with silver and set with pearls, typifies his idea of the richness of the place. He knew Milan to be a city of splendid energy and success, and it also possessed the quality of winning his heart.

Milan, unlike Verona, Padua, and

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JULIET'S HOUSE, VERONA

Venice, has been greatly transformed by modern enterprise, but still there stand a few buildings at which we may fairly believe Shakespeare looked; especially interesting is the huge structure which figures so importantly in his pages as "the Duke's palace"; and there are long stretches of ancient, moat-encircled wall, with water often fretting against the very houses, so that one may still vividly picture the scene of Prospero "thrust forth of Milan," when his brother Antonio at midnight opened the gates to the forces of Naples.

This is a reminder, too, of another of the points in which Shakespeare shows his full knowledge of Italy; for the struggle of city against city, the warfare of province against province, is over and over again made clear.

The Italy that Shakespeare loved is wonderfully the Italy of today. Still, as night comes on, cloaked men, with partly muffled faces, steal through the streets—not stage brigands, but honest citizens. Still the titled man is as common as in Shakespeare's plays. Almost every house is a "palazzo," and almost every man is an army officer or a count. Still splendid carriages, with footmen and outriders, drive from the grim old gateways. Still the lissome women kneel beside the river's brink, with flail and stone, to wash the clothes of Italy. Still the great oxen, drawing little carts, scratch their horns on the houses as they pass through narrow city streets. Still the platano — what Shakespeare calls the sycamore—stands in isolated rows along the highways. Still men swear, as if to bear out Caliban's taunt that the Milanese Prospero had taught the language with that principal result. And as to Italian servants, those who closely know the type know that Shakespeare pictures it to the life and differentiates the servants of Italy from those of any other race.

The splendor and the beauty of the North-Italian plays, their saturation with the local atmosphere, the lover-like quality of Shakespeare's affection—all this is an almost conclusive argument for his having been in Italy, when it is joined to the fact of the extreme probability of his having made the journey.

It was easy to go to Italy. Ships sailed direct from England to Italian ports. And the literary worker has always loved to travel. Milton was in Rome and Florence. Chaucer was in Italy, and is supposed to have met Petrarch there. Montaigne traveled there ten years before Shakespeare's supposed journey.

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We do not need to think of economy in connection with Shakespeare's traveling. No one knows what money he made or how he spent it. And he had a wealthy patron in the person of the Earl of Southampton. To him Shakespeare dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* as "the first heir of my invention." He dedicated it with flowing words of admiration for the "noble godfather" of his verse. He promised, too, to honor him "with some graver labour."

It would be in keeping with the customs of the period, and with the probabilities of the case, for Southampton to give to Shakespeare goodly sums of money; first, on account of *Venus and Adonis*, dedicated with such warmth of admiration, and next, on account of the "graver labour" to come. And, in fact, there is a tradition which has been generally credited that at about this very time Southampton gave to Shakespeare one thousand pounds. A part was probably spent in foreign travel.

It was in 1593 that *Venus and Adonis* appeared. That was peculiarly a year of liberty for Shakespeare because it was a time of plague in London and the theatres were closed. Nothing is more likely than that he went to Italy that year to prepare for the more serious work which he promised his noble patron. At that time he was not quite thirty years old. Southampton, nine years younger, had taken a degree at Cambridge, had been entered at Gray's Inn for two or three years, and was eagerly making acquaintance with the world of wit and fashion. Open-handed and gallant, a generous friend of the stage and of literature, he was no doubt dazzled by the intellect of Shakespeare, and was proud to be of aid to him and to have the names of Southampton and Shakespeare connected. A likable young man was this who so early recognized the dramatist's genius. It is pleasant to find him gallantly winning the favor of Queen Elizabeth, and then,



HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, THIRD EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON

before he was twenty-five years old, gallantly quarreling with her for the sake of marrying the girl he loved. If it was necessary for Shakespeare to have a patron, it is satisfactory to think that the patron was of such a kind.

Even those who most tenaciously hold that Shakespeare was never in Italy realize how marvelously his plays are permeated with Italian atmosphere. But how infinitely more reasonable to feel a certainty that he was there—to believe that he saw the people and the palaces, the ancient cities and the crumbling walls, and that he gazed in admiration at the blue of the Italian sky!

Robert Shackleton

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THE GREAT OUTSIDE DOOR

With vertical bars and studded nails, quaint ornamentation of wrought-iron, and the artist-owner's monogram for a door-plate.

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AN UNUSUAL COUNTRY HOUSE

THE UNIQUE HANDIWORK OF A CALIFORNIA EDITOR

Right into the heart of modern "hustle" is projected this bit of medieval life. You ride out from stirring, bustling Los Angeles on the fastest running electric cars in Christendom, the very epitome of all the rush and swirl of modern city life; you shoot by avenue after avenue till you reach Forty-second Avenue, and there you leave the electric flyer and strike across lots, a distance of perhaps three blocks. In five minutes you are right in the cloistered vale of the old Arroyo. And down in its sunlit spaces a man has built him a house among straggling old sycamores contemporary with Moses, with the velvet of encircling hills surrounding, with the smell of sage blooming and the pungent odor of the eucalyptus trees—down there in that old river-bed where once rushed mountain waters.

The house is a stone castle not yet completed, looking as if dug up from the middle of the fifteenth century; and the man has built it outside and inside with his own hands, with what help he could get from the wild Indian boys he takes to bring up in his house. The man is Charles F. Lummis, author and litterateur, the editor of *Out West*. Amid incredible hindrances, by sheer force of will, he has materialized his dream and has given free rein to the poet's fancy and the artist's hand. Since a house of wood has always the look of a temporary existence, he determined to have one of stone. The boulders for the walls have all been collected thereabout; the old bell with dangling rope, which hangs in the belfry on the right, is from one of the old Missions, and has a romantic history of its own.

All the interior woodwork is hand-hewn—beam and door, frame and panel. The rafters in the great living-hall are halved sycamore logs, black and hoary-looking. The detail which is seen in the picture of the great outside door shows the solid construction better than words—the nails studded between the vertical bars, the iron staple, the quaint ornamentation of wrought-iron, and the artist-owner's monogram mounted for a door-plate.

Inside, all the doors are cross-barred and paneled in different styles, and all hewn by hand. Small, quaint windows are set high in the walls, castle style; and, truth to say, the glass in them is not much clearer than fifteenth century Manila shells. Perhaps the dim light and the cobwebs were needed as fitting accessories to carry out the illusion, but who would be the housekeeper!

The dining-room side walls are full of little niches let in as the wall was laid up, where are ensconced pieces of plate and china, instead of the now commonplace plate-shelf.

The walls of the living-hall are of rough plaster colored a dull red, giving the much-needed color warmth, and an admirable background for the fine collection of rare pictures which are the owner's pride and joy. The rich coloring of the paintings—many of them old masters, all framed by this master of handicraft himself, and mostly in hand-hewn black oak—would alone give a distinguished interior.

A narrow, tortuous stone staircase, in true medieval style, leads to the sleeping rooms above and to the "Lion's Den" of this literary craftsman, whence

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issue those roars and growls which affright the wicked politicians, and where unlucky writers who offend are chewed to rags. One would never guess, meeting the "Lion" thus in his own picturesque lair—the smiling host of admirers and friends—that he would turn and rend without mercy, and that he would enjoy the process.

The walls of the den are lined with books, and the owner's desk in the centre is again circled about with them; they are piled on the floor and heaped in the chairs. Winter and summer this nature-lover dines out-of-doors, under the branches of the great, spreading old sycamore in the centre of the court around which the dwelling is built. Nobody knows how old the sycamore is, but it is so old that Mr. Lummis has been forced to hold together the great roots with a cement filling, to keep the weight of the dragging limbs from tearing them asunder. "Arboreal dentistry" is his felicitous naming of the job.

A personality like this is public property; and therefore it may be further mentioned concerning this castle-builder that winter and summer he appears—not only every day, but when receiving his friends on Sunday—in a pair of white jean overalls, a jacket of the same, and only an undershirt half-concealing, half-revealing his muscular form. No one who has ever met this unusual personality would expect his dwelling to be like anybody else's.



THE RESIDENCE OF MR. LUMMIS IN THE OLD ARROYO

The owner built this house with his own hands, from laying the boulders of the walls to hewing and carving the interior woodwork.

But surely it is a life crowned—so rich in work and strength—down in the Arroyo filled with the romance of Spanish Dons sleeping away the noon warmth under the ancient sycamore beside the door, and with those heaven-kissing hills of the Sierra Madre, all brown and purple shadings, to look out upon whenever he wills.

Henrietta P. Keith

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A COLLECTION OF NOTABLE PAINTINGS

Art lovers throughout the country know Philadelphia as a city rich in private galleries of paintings which are more or less accessible to the interested public. Among the most notable of these collections is that of Mr. Felix Isman. It consists largely of paintings by the best contemporary artists, among them Bouguereau, L'hermitte, Joseph Bail, Clays, Von Marcke, Larpigney, Inness, and Thaulow; but there are valuable and rare examples of the art of Corot, Daubigny, Cazin, Diaz, and Dupré of the Barbizon group, and several tempestuous marine scenes by Isabey, full of tragic action, which were done in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. Through the generous courtesy of Mr. Isman THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE is enabled to reproduce several of the typical pictures in his gallery.

The most popular paintings of Asti, who died in Paris last year, are all studies from one model. The artist's own wife posed for him. Of these one of the most effective, *The Bloom of Youth*, well-chosen in title and thought, has been reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue. While Asti has not attained the delicate flesh tints of Bouguereau and his pictures lack the vivacity and expressiveness of Henner, even his most prejudiced critics must admit that he has painted something noteworthy and beautiful. The rich, luxuriant auburn hair, falling over the shoulders in long, graceful waves; the thoughtful, pensive eyes, half hidden under long, drooping lashes; the expressive lips and full chin and neck, suggesting a ripeness of feminine beauty, are painted with fidelity and grace.

Another noteworthy Asti painting in the collection is *The Reverie*, a sympathetic and beautiful conception, by many considered his best work. There is also a portrait of the artist by himself, besides a number of unfinished sketches. From these results of his labor Asti refused to part during his lifetime, and it was not until after his death that they were purchased direct from Madame Asti.

Meissonier's *Hallebardier*, which is here reproduced, was purchased in Paris at the celebrated Meissonier sale in 1883. The halberdier in his elaborate costume of the eighteenth century interested this artist to an unusual degree, and on five separate occasions was made the subject for individual painting. But in all of them there is the same careful attention to minutiæ, the same elaborate finish, the same sharp accentuation of feature in which Meissonier perfected himself.

One of the most interesting paintings in the collection is *A Vow, Jerusalem*. It is a canvas by Théodore Jacques Ralli, a Greek, born at Constantinople, who is a pupil of Gérôme and Lecomte du Nuoy. In the brilliancy and richness of his coloring he suggests Vibert, who gets his unusual result not so much from the colors themselves as from the manner in which he applies them to the canvas. Like Gérôme, Ralli succeeds in vividly representing the sun-baked soil and rocks of the oriental countries. The *Vow* is thoroughly Hebrew, alike in the thoughtful, serious faces of the men watching with not too much curiosity the public declaration of the devotee; the distant groups pondering the great problems of Hebraic religion; the prayer scroll lying close at hand, such as are still in use in modern Jewish synagogues; the simple robes and

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curious round caps; and the old walls of Jerusalem back of and around all. The vow is one of personal chastity and goodness, and is registered upon the East Wall toward the rising sun.

The Mill Stream of Fritz Thaulow shows him in one of his most characteristic scenes. No other artist has better caught the subtle, secret manifestations of Nature in stream and snow, and at night. His snow pictures portray snow in all its varying phases: the light, soft, warm covering one finds enveloping the ground on a winter's morning; the crusted snows reflecting the sunlight from the surface; the hard, rough masses of ice; and, lastly, the thawing, disintegrating, breaking particles. To him snow is one of Nature's most fascinating and comfortable manifestations. The quiet gloom and mystery of night have also been congenial studies to his poetic spirit, and his present residence at Dieppe in Normandy is largely due to the influence of the soft, hazy moonlight upon him. But it is in stream painting that he has no superior. His streams are not static; the playing lights and shadows and floating leaves seem to move with the natural current of the stream. They flow through homely rustic confines, past humble dwellings, reflecting the clear skies and sunlight and the big, silent, overshadowing trees. A delicacy of color that nowhere becomes flaccid or weak combines with a strong yet restful sense of power. His treatment is broad and free; he bestows no exaggerated care upon details. In the picture reproduced he seems to have brought to the borders of the stream one of those picturesque, low, thatch-roofed and white-walled houses of Normandy, not for itself but for the additional effect its reflection gives to the water. Water is the great element of his art.

The dreamy-eyed, curly-headed, innocent *Cupid* is typical of Bouguereau. Like all the Madonnas and Cupids that with almost clock-like regularity he turns out year after year, it shows his exceptional technical skill. Often in one sitting he will transform a part of the white canvas into a finished head for his composition, and never retouch it afterwards. The soft, rich, transparent flesh tints in the face and arms of the little god are ample compensation for the conventionality of the conception. Bouguereau seems quite unaffected by the revolutions in progress in the art world, and is content to continue to produce the style of work which has gained for him assured popularity. The *Cupid* was painted in 1903.

Mr. Isman has kindly permitted the Magazine to arrange for the reproduction in color of another series of pictures from his valuable collection, which will appear in the December issue.

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HALLEBARDIER
BY MEISSONIER

COLLECTION OF MR. FELIX ISMAN

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A VOW, JERUSALEM

BY THÉODORE JACQUES RALLI

COLLECTION OF MR. FELIX ISMAN

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A MILL STREAM

BY FRITZ THAULOW

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RETURNING TO THE FOLD

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THE CULPRIT

By E. R. MAES

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A CUPID

By BOUGUEREAU

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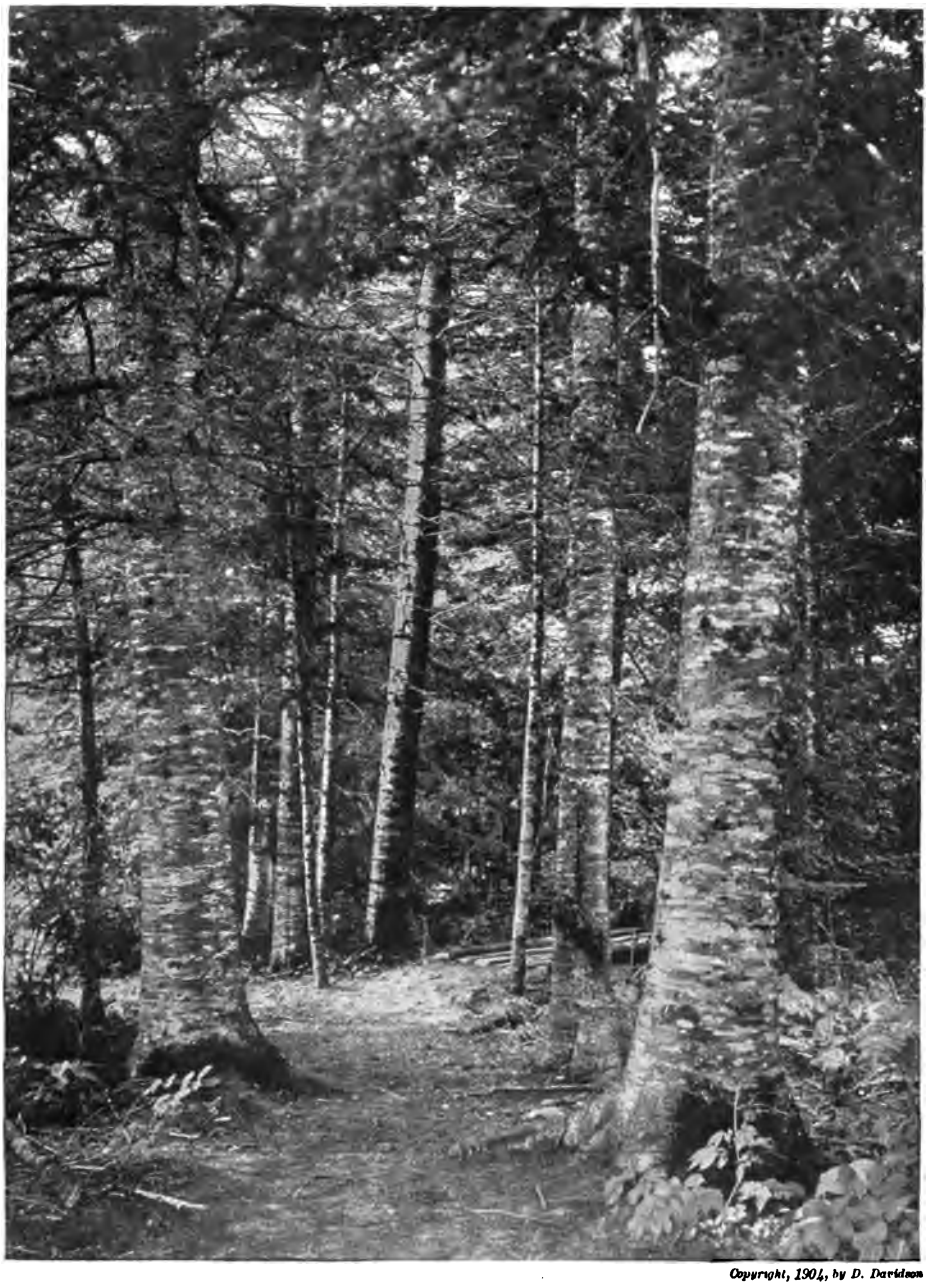
BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

There's only one motto you need
To succeed:
"Better."
The other man's winning? Then you
Must do
Better.
From the baking of bread
To the breaking a head,
From rhyming a ballad
To sliming a salad,
From mending of ditches
To spending of riches,
Follow the rule to the uttermost letter:
"Better!"

Of course you may say but a few
Can do
Better;
And *you're* going to strive
So that *all* may thrive
Better.
And it's right you are
To follow the star,
Set in the heavens, afar, afar;
But still with your eyes
On the skies
It is wise
To be riding a mule,
Or guiding a school,
Thatching a hovel,
Or hatching a novel,
Foretelling weather,
Or selling shoe-leather;
And remember you must
Be doing it just
A wee dust
Better.
And 'tis quite
As right
For you to cite
That the author might,
Or ought, to write
A heavenly sight
Better!
For which sharp word I am much your debtor,
Knowing none other could file my fetter
Better.

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FOREST TRAILS
In the White Mountains



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TWIN SENTINELS OF THE TRAIL

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THE PATH THROUGH THE BIRCHES

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AS THE TRAIL NEARS THE SUMMIT

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A DIM FOREST AISLE

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THE INVASION OF THE GOLD-SHIPS

THE NEWEST GOLD-MINING AND ITS RESULTS

BY HAROLD BOLCE

Fleets of strange vessels, that sail on seas of their own creation, are plowing wide channels through the fertile valleys of the Pacific Coast, and are preparing to cruise in the same way across the plains of Asia. It is a colossal search for gold, and no quest was ever crowned with greater success. It is the beginning of a revolution in mining. Plain after plain in Western America is being quietly purchased, and throughout the valleys of China paths are being mapped for the coming of the new American invasion.

Every fact in regard to the big craft taxes credulity. The steel monsters dig their own seas, and these bodies of water move across the country with the vessels they bear. Over the course they once take the big boats never return; there is nothing to lure them back. They absorb the treasure as they pass. And they leave not even a ripple of water to mark their progress; instead, in their wake are piled mounds of boulders and bed-rock.

As the ships move on, the streams of fortune that flow into the cabins of the captains are constant. Operations never cease. Powerful electric search-lights illumine the way by night. The fleets now launched will not stop until the fertile valleys over which they sail are converted into a wide desolation.

Up to the present the operators have been able to withhold the details of their undertakings. Japanese generals are no more reticent than the captains of these gold-ships. It is as difficult for a stranger to get aboard as it would be to enter the vaults of the United States Treasury. It has been to the advantage of the owners to conduct their exploitations as quietly as possible, lest a multitude of rival argonauts be attracted and the fields being prospected rise suddenly in value. Thus, the remarkable triumphs and startling possibilities of the new mining have escaped the world-wide attention they are likely soon to command.

The ships are owned by close corporations, and it is a significant thing that absolutely no stock is for sale. Many of the boats are bringing a net return of from seven hundred to one thousand dollars a day to their owners, and are wresting this harvest from orchard lands, sheep pastures, and grain fields—regions not hitherto regarded as mineral lands.

The monster vessels do microscopic work on an enormous scale. Gold particles, invisible except under magnifying lenses, are safely secured. Because of the fact that the mining fleets can force fortune from ordinary agricultural soil, many of the fairest fields in America and Asia are marked for exploitation. Countless acres, until now not dreamed of as possible mine areas, are being bought up. Where owners learn that their land is wanted as cruising ground for the curious craft, they can secure fabulous prices. In parts of the West farm land, until recently procurable at from twenty to one hundred dollars the acre, is selling at no less than five thousand dollars the acre. Thousands of ploughmen are plodding on stubborn acres which may yet yield glittering returns in gold.

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THE GOLD-SHIP AT WORK

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY, AS THE GOLD-SHIP COMPANIES STRIVE TO CONCEAL ACTUAL OPERATIONS. THIS IMMENSE DREDGER, WITH ITS THREE HUNDRED TONS OF STEEL MACHINERY, DOES THE WORK OF FIVE THOUSAND MEN AND TEAMS, AND IS HANDLED BY ONLY TWO MEN.

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In the course of ages many rivers, both in Western America and Eastern Asia, having torrential sources in mountain ranges, have washed down great quantities of fine gold to the valleys. As many of those streams have repeatedly changed their courses, prospect drilling discloses the presence of gold particles in varying quantities over wide areas. The sub-stratum, just above bed-rock, is often particularly rich in yellow sands. It has long been known that numbers of valleys are built on gold deposits, and herculean efforts and much capital have been expended to secure the valued metal; but the engineering problems hitherto could not be solved. The presence of seepage water, and of subterranean lakes and rivers, made progress impossible. It was like attempting to dig up the bottom of a sea.

Now, complete triumph has been secured over obstacles that have for years baffled the most resourceful engineers. Instead of making vain effort to expel the water from the field of operations the big ships dig a lake-bed, bank up shores, and then launch themselves in the artificial sea. The water, which was formerly an element that could not be overcome, has now become indispensable. The operators even go up the valleys, tap rivers, and convey in flumes additional water to float their fleets.

Soil that assays no more than twelve, twenty, and thirty cents to the cubic yard can be worked at a great profit by the ships. Heretofore, the presence of gold in small quantities under orchards and other fields offered little inducement to mine operators, for the cost of extraction would equal if not exceed the returns, even in the few instances where the engineering problems were not insurmountable. Now on the Pacific Coast olive, orange, peach, and pomegranate orchards, fields of wheat and barley, and rich pasture plains, and in a few instances even villages and cities, are passing into the maw of these mechanical monsters. Literally, valleys are being turned upside down. The soil on which forage-grass, fruits, and cereals grew is buried to a depth of twenty, thirty, and even fifty feet. On top of it, in vast, irregular heaps, are tumbled acres of worthless rock.

The desolation wrought by war cannot be compared with the wreckage of fertile valleys caused by a cruise of these gold-hunting leviathans. Lands laid waste by armies blossom again when peace returns. Over the wide paths traversed by the new mining squadrons not a vine, a tree, a bush, or a blade of grass will ever grow. They will remain for all ages as barren as a granite quarry or a street of cobblestones.

In the Feather River basin of California, in Ruby Valley, the plains of Grasshopper Creek and Horse Prairie Creek of Montana, along the Snake River plains of Idaho, in the Swan River Valley of Colorado, and in other sections of the West, these amphibian fleets, sailing on portable seas, and eating up the land as they go, have started on their unparalleled voyages. They are to invade Alaska. The seepage in the Yukon Valley and the snow-soaked tundras of other Arctic sections, instead of offering a barrier, will facilitate the progress of the ships. New Zealand has already witnessed the operations of the boats. In Asia they are to be tried along the valleys of the Yalu, the Amur, the Hoang-ho, and the Yang-tze-kiang.

All this means an almost incomputable addition to the gold supply of the world. It also menaces large portions of the choicest agricultural sections of the earth. Nor can anything now arrest the advance of the squadrons. The lure is irresistible and the desolation certain. The only circumstance that could in the remote future check the destruction of fertile areas would be an over-supply of gold, so that its purchasing power would be greatly diminished. Before that day arrives many of the most prolific alluvial plains in the world will be converted into deserts.

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These gold-ships are the culminating effort of more than fifty years of ingenious experiment, inspired by promise of bewildering fortune. They are acknowledged to be the highest achievement of mining engineering genius. In appearance they are formidable. Take the ancient ark as it is popularly pictured, combine it with a river or estuary dredger, add a large section of a modern battleship, half a score of hoisting cranes, pile-drivers, steam-hammers, and batter-



DEVOURING A FORTY-FOOT BANK

Half a mile from the river, the dredger floats in its own artificial lake supplied by irrigating ditches.

ing-rams, and some conception may be had of what one of these wonderful gold-ships is like.

A great steel ladder extends in front of the vessel, like an inverted bowsprit. Up and down the ladder march in endless procession bucket-shaped plows with mouths of forged manganese steel. The chain that carries them will support a weight of five hundred tons. These keen-edged scoops will cut through solid rock. A marine engine drives them with irresistible force. They delve into the banks ahead of the ship, literally eating up the land. Gorged with rock and sand, the buckets mount the ladder again, and along a huge gantry are carried back to a rotating cylindrical screen, into which they discharge their contents at the rate of thirteen buckets a minute. Each one of these steel carriers contains five cubic feet of earth, so that an amount of material equal to the contents of three city dump-carts is poured every minute of the day and night into the whirling cylinder.

Five thousand gallons of water a minute are simultaneously forced into the revolving mass. The screens make twenty revolutions every minute. All the principles of mining employed in pans, cradles, long toms, sluices, grizzlies, and amalgam plates are combined in the winnowing process. Tables fitted with eccentric cams, to hold down coverings

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of cocoanut matting and expanded metal, catch the gold particles. Riffles containing mercury, and amalgam plates, are also used; but the cocoanut meshes are depended upon to catch most of the gold. These mats are frequently put through a process of washing in a tank, and the sediment which collects in the bottom is run through a centrifugal amalgamating machine. The amalgam is then heated, the quicksilver expelled, and the fine gold remains. All this is done by machinery.

Everything too large to pass through the perforations in the rotating screen travels out of the end of the cylinder, and by a mechanical conveyer is carried to the refuse dump in the wake of the big ship. This mass of débris consists of stones varying from the size of a marble to that of a beer keg. All the soil collects at the bottom of the artificial sea in which the boat floats, and when this débris of rock is piled in the rear, the soil of course is buried far below the surface. Impalpable gold-dust —so fine, in fact, that it will pass through chamois leather—is retained in the cocoanut meshes and riffles of mercury.

It is estimated that less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the gold in the path of the monsters escapes. Placer fields which had been worked over five and six times are now being harvested at great profit, so completely do these ships carry off the yellow metal. The ships can even secure paying quantities of gold from the discarded dumps of other mines.

Although three hundred tons of steel machinery are operated on one of these monster craft, a solitary winchman, aloft in a sort of conning tower, controls the entire mechanism. Levers, brakes, and handles, working in quadrants, are all about him. Every part of the complicated vessel is under separate control, and all obey the direction of the winchman with the fidelity and precision of trained soldiers in a regiment. Some of the ships are equipped with enormous steel legs, or spuds, which extend to the bottom of the artificial sea, and enable the big boat literally to stride from point to point in its advance. The movement of these legs of steel is in exact similitude to human locomotion. Each different part of the mechanism is run by its own induction motor, so that, while any department of the huge mechanical miner may be stopped for repairs or other purposes, the main work of the earth-consuming cavalcade of buckets goes steadily on. A single deck-hand is the only other member of the crew. His main business is to watch the electrically-operated pumps and to oil the machinery. Farmers are not infrequently trained to operate the levers and handles in the winchman's tower.

The buckets do the work of five thousand men and teams. Two million, five hundred thousand pounds of earth are lifted every minute by this mammoth contrivance. Thirty five tons of rock and sand are constantly climbing the steel ladder. A motor of fifty horse-power drives them up and down. Sometimes they burrow to a depth of fifty feet. And on a water level—often twenty, thirty, and even fifty feet below the surface of the surrounding plain—these squadrons move on and on.

A remarkable fact is that, in mining with these ships, earth can be handled at a cost not exceeding three and four cents a ton. The total expense in a day in the operation of one of the great vessels is sometimes less than thirty dollars. The ships cost from fifty thousand to ninety-five thousand dollars, according to size. The first year's cruise will pay for the monster itself, will pay the cost of the land, even at five thousand dollars the acre, will meet all expenses, including repairs and depreciation of machinery, and still net the owner over one hundred thousand dollars. These are figures of actual operations, and regarding land carrying

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a low proportion of gold. It is little wonder that the men who own these mining fleets do not advertise. Many of them are reaping a profit of more than six hundred per cent. on their investment. The industry is, of course, legitimate in every sense, but it has all get-rich-quick schemes absolutely eclipsed.

One of the gold-ships will devour an acre of earth every month. As there are now one hundred vessels in the unique Pacific Coast fleet, one hundred agricultural acres are being permanently destroyed every thirty days. In the valleys thus far prospected and purchased by the operators there is an assurance of at least fifty years of mining activity; so that at the end of that period, even if no additional boats were launched in new sections, sixty thousand fertile acres will have been deducted from the tillable areas of Western America.

While the new mining squadron embodies perfected ideas struggled for in some of the earlier dredging craft, the arrival at success has not been the outcome of an uninterrupted evolution. The vessels now, in fact, are operating in regions that have been the scene of numberless and conspicuous failures, some of them involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Not only from soil given over to the slower profits of husbandry, but also from lands held by mining companies, yet virtually abandoned as impossible and, until the new discoveries, overgrown with manzanita, madrono, and chaparral, auriferous harvests are now being gathered.

With the advent of the first Forty-niners in California there arrived a dredger, and the dream of its promoters was to scoop up fortune by the ton from the rich gravel of the valleys. The over-abundant water, on which the new fleets sail triumphantly, was the grave of earlier enterprises. Several crude archetypes of the modern boats went ingloriously to the bottom of Western rivers and stayed there.

The dredges that did work at all were successful only in digging up mud. They failed utterly to save the fine particles of gold. They were simply strong, unskilled excavators. Twenty-two years ago gigantic pumps were constructed, designed to be sunk into valleys, and were made to disgorge vast quantities of earth; but they were not profitable, and ended in wrecking their promoters. Then a resourceful engineer, a builder of tunnels and steel bridges, conceived a great idea. He had shafts sunk into valleys, into which pneumatic tubes were driven. Radiating from the bottom of the tube, drifts were constructed. Air under enormous pressure was pumped into the tubes, and this, forcing the water back, enabled the miners to explore the lower strata of the valleys. Gold in large quantities was found, some of it as rich as seven dollars to a pan, but it was soon apparent that sufficient air-pressure could not be maintained to allow the work to proceed on a paying basis. Water and gravel would sometimes rush back into the drifts. The whole system menaced the life of every man below the surface, and the project had to be abandoned. Other undertakings included the building of great walls of masonry, designed to bank up or divert surface and subterranean streams, and thus uncover to ordinary excavation the layers and pockets of gold. Like the others, this proved an expensive fiasco.

It is a curious fact that the present successful gold-ships were perfected almost simultaneously in different parts of the West, and by operators who were not working in coöperation. In the Feather River country, where the mammoth steel miners are having a dramatic career, the big operations had their genesis in an olive orchard; and, strange to say, the colossal undertaking was inaugurated not by mining men at all, but by two horticulturists.

These two orchardists were successful in their chosen labors. Their citrus

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fruits had won premiums at State and county fairs. In fact, they had helped to make Butte County's reputation as the Northern California belt of "the orange, the pomegranate, and the vine." About three years ago they were digging a well to supply their fruit trees with an additional supply of water, when they unearthed a lot of gold dust. They then made further tests and found that their entire orchards were growing in yellow sands. They went quietly to work and bought up three thousand acres of adjoining orchards. And then these men, who had spent their lives pruning, grafting, and spraying trees, picking fruit, and waging warfare on the codling-moth, the woolly aphis, the San José scale, and the plum-curculio, undertook to solve a problem which for fifty years had defied the best mining and engineering genius in the world.



AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF STEEL SCOOPS

Powerful buckets by which the bank is torn away and carried to the dredger, where it is sluiced to obtain the gold.

The story of their success is nothing short of a great romance. It adds another curious instance of gold-mining excitements owing their origin to men who are neither professional metallurgists, engineers nor experienced prospectors. The British Government, not very many years ago, sent skilled experts to look for gold outcroppings in the Transvaal. They went about their work with learned deliberation. They built themselves houses; and as there is no timber in the South African Boer land, they constructed dwellings out of an accessible conglomerate rock. With their geologic hammers and their assaying fires they made painstaking study of everything that looked to them like ore, and then they finally reported gravely that wherever the traditional land of Ophir was, it was not in the Transvaal, for the only gold-bearing quartz they could find was of such a low grade that it would not pay to work it. Soon after, a farmer discovered a ledge of the now famous Witwatersrand, and the greatest gold reef on the planet was disclosed. And when the stamp-mills began to grind up the ore, the conglomerate walls of the offi-

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GETTING RID OF THE REFUSE

By means of a mechanical conveyer the refuse rocks and gravel are carried to the dump in the wake of the ship.

cial metallurgists were torn down and run at great profit through the batteries. The scientists, in their profound blindness, had built their houses out of the very ore they sought but failed to find. In the city of Spokane a painting glorifies a burro which, nibbling an evening meal on a mountain side in the Cœur d'Alenes, kicked into the camp of his discouraged master below a small avalanche of nuggets, which led to the discovery and exploitation of entire gorges of silver and galena. It was a crew of tenderfeet that discovered in the Klondike the diggings that caused the stampede toward the polar gold regions. So now, on the Oroville plains, two horticulturists have made a discovery, and inaugurated a great industry which in many ways is the most significant thing in the history of gold-mining.

Thirty-three gold-ships are now devouring the Oroville orchards. The vessels are owned by the Feather River Company, the Boston and Oroville Mining Company, the Butte Gold Company, the Lava Beds Company, the Cherokee Gold Company, the Kia Oro Company, the PennsylvaniaGold Company, and a number of other firms. From the first the ships, designed under the direction of the two orchardists, with the assistance, of course, of engineers, have been a success. Over a million dollars' worth of machinery has already been installed, and new boats are to be launched at once. In the new vessels the capacity for work has been increased eighty per cent., while the cost of operation has been lowered thirty-five per cent. The whole industry has been reduced to such a certainty that the builders of the boats guarantee that expenses will not exceed a stipulated amount.

Naturally the operations of the boats have quickened nearly every activity in the regions where they cruise. In Oroville, for example, modern machine-shops, business blocks, larger stores, and costly residences have followed the advent of the ships. In addition to gold the Oroville plains are yielding

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silver, copper, platinum, asbestos, mineral paints, soapstone, lime, clay, and cement. Naturally the proven practicability of the mining ships, carrying off priceless cargoes of metal, has turned attention from horticulture and farming.

One of the finest orchards on the Pacific Coast was on the Leggett farm, near Oroville. In the vineyard were eighty acres of Flame Tokays, seven acres of Adriatic figs, twenty acres of peaches, and the rest was in oranges, cherries, and olives. Horticultural science had so perfected the varieties on this place that the annual gross income was twenty thousand dollars, and the net profit over one hundred dollars the acre. The orchard was one of the show places in California. But it was discovered that the roots of the trees were nourished in soil rich with fine gold. A conservative estimate, based on careful drillings, places the value of the land under the vineyard alone at many millions; and so the splendid farm has been sold at a high figure to the owners of the mining vessels, the trees are being cut down and the vines uprooted, and barren bed-rock, torn from its stratum sixty feet below the surface, is being spread over the once prolific soil.

In fact this whole valley of Oroville, one of the finest in the world, is doomed. It consists of twenty-five thousand acres. Its dried-fruit shipments have averaged yearly five million pounds of prunes, four million pounds of peaches, one million pounds of apricots, pears, and plums, and nearly a million pounds of apples. From this valley, marked for the cruising of the gold-craft, five hundred carloads of oranges are annually shipped. One of the orange orchards, owned by the Oroville Citrus Association, consists of seventy-five acres, represents an investment of twenty-four thousand dollars, and pays a satisfactory interest on a valuation of one hundred thousand dollars. It takes five years to bring an orange orchard into bearing, and a mature acre of these trees is worth all the way from three hundred to two thousand dollars the acre. But such appraisement is nothing compared with the value of the land minerally, some of these orchard areas yielding no less than thirty thousand dollars the acre to the owners of the mining fleets. Olive growing has also been an important industry of this region. There are a number of large olive-pickling and olive-oil mills in the valley. They, too, must make way for the gold-hunting flotillas. Orchards of almonds—a million pounds of which are annually shipped from the Oroville region—and acres of lemons, limes, pomeloes, pomegranates, Japanese persimmons, bananas, figs, nectarines, loquats, and other fruits are in the path of the destroyers.

It now transpires that a number of Western citizens, who are not interested personally in the mining enterprises and who have no farm lands for sale, have dipped into the future, and are alarmed at the menace of annihilation which hangs over many rich valleys beyond the Rockies.

What is to be done? An owner of a gold-craft who is making thirty thousand dollars every month, with a ship that cost him only fifty to ninety thousand dollars, is not concerned as to what may happen a generation hence to a community hitherto reaping abundance from the acres he is despoiling. He pays for the land, and he pays well for it. There is no law to restrain him from turning arable areas upside down, burying the soil forever beyond the reach of future husbandry.

One of the most efficient technical experts in the service of the United States Government has recently visited some of these Western valleys under process of utter destruction. He managed to get on board of the big boats, and has figured out a possible solution of the extremely grave problem now facing a number of communities. He recommends that a law be passed requiring the mining-ship companies to

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REMOVING THE GOLD-LESS SURFACE

THIS UNUSUAL PICTURE SHOWS HOW THE LAND IS PREPARED FOR DREDGING WHERE THE UPPER LAYER OF SOIL IS BARREN OF GOLD. THE STEAM-SHOVEL ON THE RIGHT CUTS AWAY A BANK TWENTY FEET HIGH, LOADS THE GOLD-LESS DIRT ON FLAT CARS, AND HAULS IT BY CABLE TO THE PILES ON THE LEFT. THEN THE DREDGER MINES THE GOLD-BEARING SOIL FOR THIRTY FEET MORE. THIS UPPER LAYER WAS MINED OVER AND DEPOSITED BY THE MINERS OF EARLY DAYS

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install on all of their vessels a huge sand-pump. Each of these could be operated by a twenty horse-power motor; and as electricity is obtainable in Western countries at a monthly rate of five dollars for each horse-power, the cost of pumping the soil to the top of the rocks, instead of permitting it to remain at the bottom of the artificial sea, would be one hundred dollars a month. Other expenses, such as the pay of an additional deck-hand, and the building of retaining walls to hold the acre of re-made land, while the water was subsiding, might bring the cost up to two hundred dollars. As unimproved land is scarcely worth that much, except in specially favored localities, the Government expert-engineer suggests that the county officials in the districts affected pay a subsidy of one hundred dollars to the gold-ship owners for every acre reclaimed, and that laws be passed, preferably by the States in which these vessels are operating, enjoining the companies from further exploitation unless they restore the soil to the surface, where it belongs.

Such new-made acres would be exceptionally fertile, as they would contain pure soil, all the rocks being buried far below. It would simply reverse the present order of things, which is resulting in unquestioned calamity to some of the fairest of Western plains. These reclaimed areas would readily sell for one hundred dollars an acre, and possibly more. The hundred-dollar bonus from the county governments would, in addition to the value of the land, completely reimburse the mining companies; and those local communities could well afford the subsidy, since it would avert the disaster to their lands, which at present is inevitable.

The Federal expert goes still further in his recommendations. He has studied the experiments, in Long Island and other parts of the United States, of successful removal of large growing trees from one part of the country to another. He believes that with care and the expenditure of a little capital the orchards of the West could be transplanted from the soil to be mined to the re-made acres in the wake of the big ships. Inasmuch as these orchards are very valuable, the extra cost involved in digging them up and replanting them would be more than compensated for in the enhanced value of the reclaimed areas. Horticulturists with whom he discussed this phase of the question were not particularly sanguine in the case of old trees, but said that with younger orchards the plan was eminently feasible. The removal and saving of orchards, however, the engineer does not lay so much stress upon, as that problem is somewhat out of his technical line; but he insists that there is absolutely nothing of an experimental character in the proposition to restore the land to its former fertility, and even to a condition superior to its original state. It would be like turning up the soil with plows that reached down to bed-rock. Such sub-soil working might accomplish wonders in agriculture, for it would bring virgin earth of the purest character, and all of it alluvial, to the surface.

The menace to certain valleys in the West by this revolutionary ship-mining is far more than a matter for local consideration in the communities most interested. There is a great and increasing emigration to the Pacific Coast. That region is to play an important part in supporting a large population that shall have intimate commercial relations with the new nations of Greater Asia. The building up of that trade will benefit the whole country; and anything, therefore, that conspires to retard Western expansion to its full capacity is of concern to America in general.

The destruction of immensely valuable orchards is not the most dramatic illustration of the ruthlessness of the new quest for gold. Western towns and cities, in some instances, are them-

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DREDGING IN THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT OF OROVILLE

THE DREDGER IS SEEN AT THE LEFT. THE PILE OF ROCKS ACROSS THE CENTRE SHOWS HOW THE DREDGER LEAVES THE SOIL AFTER THE GOLD IS EXTRACTED. TO THE RIGHT IN THE BACKGROUND LIES TABLE MOUNTAIN ON WHICH IS LOCATED THE HISTORIC CHEROKEE FLAT HYDRAULIC MINE, THE MOST FAMOUS IN ALL CALIFORNIA, AND FROM WHICH $13,000,000 IN GOLD HAS BEEN TAKEN.

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selves doomed. Not only the surrounding country but the city of Oroville, itself, one of the oldest in California—a county seat, with a city valuation of five million dollars and a population of three thousand; a city expected to be one of the most important on the new Gould transcontinental railway, which has already established its surveys and its right of way over the Sierras and through Oroville to San Francisco Bay —is threatened with destruction by the gold-ships. It lies on an immensely valuable gold area. Already the suburbs are being ground up in the jaws of the gold monsters. In order to prevent the total destruction of the suburbs—and many fear of the entire city—the business men have been aroused, and as an only relief the incorporation of the city was undertaken in July of this year. The progressive element has long favored incorporation, but it has been steadfastly resisted by the more conservative pioneers. Now every citizen, except those directly interested in the exploitation of the gold ships, has been working to secure a strong city government which can safely resist the encroachments of the steel destroyers.

The conditions attending mining by ships in the Feather River country are almost duplicated in other sections of the West. Cruises, prolific of gold, have been undertaken in the basin of the South Boise River in Idaho. After its own turbulent cascading down the mountain slopes of central Idaho, and its reception of torrential tributaries like Bear Creek, it reaches a level valley. Five miles further down stream the mountain walls close in, and the Boise, finally rising over a natural dam, again roars down boulders into the Big Smoky River. The slow waters, over this five-mile valley, have for ages deposited gold. Mining men have known this, but, as in other level sections, the



A SUBURBAN ORCHARD DOOMED

Within sight of city residences this flourishing orchard was transformed, in succession, into a marsh, a dump-heap, and a desert.

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presence of seepage and overflows made operations impossible. Now the gold-ships are plowing up big fortunes there.

In Beaverhead County, Montana, one of the ships had to sail through tailings piled twenty feet above the ordinary level of the valley, and then had to cut a channel down fifty feet to bed-rock; but it has accomplished this herculean feat easily, and is digging out great quantities of gold particles. On Horse Prairie Creek, in the same State, the gold-craft have gathered a wide harvest; but the operators, like many others, are not publishing the incredible data of their earnings. Ruby Valley, in Madison County, Montana, is noted, or rather was noted throughout the West, as a plain of prolific harvests. It is being transformed rapidly into a desert of rock. Additional destroyers are to be launched this year. The best part of that rare and fertile county is now the property of the ship miners, and is, of course, fated. In some parts of the Northwest where gold in the valleys does not exceed twelve cents to the cubic yard, it is being worked at a profit. Near bed-rock in other places, as in some of the valleys of Idaho, the proportion of gold is very high, reaching in the strata near bed-rock no less than five dollars to the cubic yard. In such earth an ordinary day's work with one of the big vessels would yield a return of from ten thousand to fifteen thousand dollars.

Drilling machines, operated by steam, are testing the soil in many valleys. It is known that gold-ships are to be launched in the valley of the Yukon, and, when the war between Russia and Japan comes to a close, vessels similar to those in the West are to be tried by Americans in some of the valleys of Siberia. Concessions are also sought from the Chinese Government. I met in the Orient Mr. E. J. Kimball, consulting engineer for W. P. Hammon, one of the foremost gold-ship miners of the Oroville district. Mr. Kimball had a staff of engineers with him, and was preparing to spend two years in China prospecting on an extensive scale.

While the destruction of fertile valleys cannot be contemplated with pleasure, the substantial addition to the world's supply of gold, resulting from the operations of these new fleets, may be said in a measure to compensate for the agricultural loss. Since the discovery of America the amount of gold produced in the world has been less than eleven billion dollars. There is engineering authority for the statement that nine-tenths of that amount has come from placer-mining. Inasmuch as, until the present, placer methods scratched only the surface of the real gold deposits —the engineering difficulties rendering deep delving in level areas, surcharged with water, impossible — the yield of gold in the coming decade will doubtless astonish mankind. It is estimated that the small fleet of gold-ships already in commission is adding thirty-six million dollars every twelve months to the world's hoard.

Of course, no amount of yellow metal can actually offset the annihilation of the fairest valleys husbandry has made to bloom. As these ships tear up alluvial acres at a cost of three and four cents a ton, and can work at a profit land that contains a very small proportion of yellow sands, it means that few valleys whose rivers rise in mountains are safe from invasion. And so the Western States in America have reason to regard with grave seriousness the cruising of those semi-subterranean squadrons, which can gather yellow particles so microscopic that the human eye cannot detect them, and in reaping this precious harvest can so metamorphose fertile dominions into perpetual desolations.

The search for gold by means of floating steel monsters has, indeed, become a genuine yellow peril!



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CONFESSIONS OF A JOKESMITH

BY ONE OF THEM

Jokes are not written, they are manufactured. They are no more written than a musical comedy or a dictionary is written. They are constructed by rule, according to well-accepted plans, and only at rare intervals is one made so unusual that it stands alone and sticks out, like a Moorish castle or a log hunting-lodge in a row of Queen Anne cottages in a suburban town.

I have compiled jokes for nearly a quarter of a century. My hair has grown gray on the temples and thin on top while I have been ringing the variations on "He" and "She," and have been recording the fanciful and apparently brilliant remarks of Messrs. Ukerdek, Gobang, Whinky, Chipinone, Tyre Dout, Rangy Ralph, J. Hamlett Aigs, and the host of other mythical persons who have helped me to earn a living. In the drawers of the desk at which I write are at least five thousand jokes that I have written and have so far been unable to sell.

These derelicts are not valueless. Some of them are still available without rewriting. Merely trimming the edges with scissors and stamping my name and latest address on them in a new spot will make them look like jokes, and some editor will then buy them. Others will have to be rewritten and brought up to date before I can hire them out to editors who need their services.

For instance, I find on examining a bundle which is marked "War," that the jokes included therein refer to the Spanish-American argument. Those jokes were written during the exciting summer of 1898, away back in the last century. They failed to find a market at that time, but they may go now if "Russia" or "Japan" is inserted in place of "Spain." One joke refers to a man who refused to enlist because he was under bonds to keep the peace. Now, that seemed funny to me when I wrote it; it seems funny now. But I could not sell it six years ago. I hope for better luck before the Mikado and the Czar smoke a cigarette together.

Here is another. One man begins, "Spain's fleet"—but before he says more the other declares, "Spain has no fleet." The first makes the statement again, "Spain's fleet"—and is again interrupted. After several such interruptions the first man completes his sentence as follows: "Spain's fleet of foot." Recent incidents in the waters of the Far East, taken with other incidents on land, indicate that this joke can soon be started on its rounds again, with "Russia" inserted in place of "Spain."

Nearly all of my bicycle jokes, quite popular in the middle nineties, have been changed into automobile jokes, and in the new form many of them saw themselves in print. Those that do not find such a haven will be kept, and perhaps within a few years they will be available as flying-machine jests.

Here is a bundle of Klondike jokes. Some of them can be twisted into Siberian jokes and given a new lease of life. The climates of Siberia and the Klondike region are much the same, and those frappé jests will therefore apply to widely separated regions. The X-ray jokes are not immediately available. To twist them into radium jests would entail as much work as constructing new ones.

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Fashions change in jokes the same as in clothing. I am not saying anything about humor, and nothing in this article is to be taken as humorous, or as having any reference to humorists. There is a vast difference between the man who writes funny stuff and the man who manufactures jokes—as much difference as there is between the most idyllic dairy maid of rural life and the trusts that manufacture and market oleomargarine or condensed milk.

It is more trouble to market jokes than to make them. And the marketing requires more care, skill, experience, and ability. Anyone can make jokes just as anyone can make shoes, paper collars, or burglar's tools. But finding a market and retaining it, that is a different matter. The successful jokesmith must possess in a limited degree the abilities that made "Hungry Joe" renowned as a confidence-man, and made John D. Rockefeller the richest man in the world.

The question as to whether or not a joke is "good" is almost altogether a matter of taste or individual opinion. Occasionally a joke will appear which nearly everyone who reads jokes would admit is good. I have written three such jokes myself. But in most cases the question is one which each editor has to decide for himself.

I learned this fact when merely an apprentice and before I had risen to the rank of journeyman jokesmith. Consequently I was never dismayed when an editor refused to treat my jokes seriously and sent them back. I knew that there were other editors, and that opinions differed. So the jokes that one editor would not have would immediately be taken or sent to another editor, and those that returned would be again sent to other and still other editors.

I also learned that it was not well to submit more than twenty-five jokes at a time to any editor, and that twenty was a better number. In a conversation one day with a joke-editor—he is an entirely different sort of mechanic from the jokesmith, for the editor is rarely an individual who can make a joke—I learned the mental attitude of the editor. He said: "When I open an envelope and find twenty jokes from a man with whose work I am familiar, I read them and buy three, four, or five of the best in that particular shipment. Those that I buy may not be as good as those that I reject in another batch, but it seems to me that I ought to find a few good, durable jokes, and I buy the best that are in the envelope. Then I open another envelope, perhaps from another and a better jokesmith, and I follow the same principle. It would be a miracle if I bought all the jokes submitted at one time. Indeed, the jokes have to hit very hard to induce me to buy half of those that come in one batch.'

For a few brief weeks, some years ago, I substituted for a joke-editor who was on a vacation, and during that time I read jokes and bought them. I found that the explanation given by the other editor was accurate; that I searched only for what I considered the best jokes in a bundle submitted to me; and that, if the jokes I accepted had come alone, they would rarely have been bought.

After a man has read twenty jokes, to say nothing of two or three hundred, he is utterly unable to tell whether a joke is a joke or not, and he must trust largely to the record and reputation of the maker. He is like the butter-taster who has sampled so many varieties in one morning that he is only able to tell the very good from the hopelessly bad. He can't make any fine distinctions.

In the golden days of the jokesmith, during 1896-97, it was only necessary to obtain a small rectangular piece of paper and write a dialogue on it in order to sell it for a dollar. It was not necessary for the dialogue to be a joke or to have a point. So long as it had the physical appearance of a joke it could be sold. If one paper did not want it, somewhere there was another that did.

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And when Saturday came—the pay day at the rival offices—the honest jokesmiths would journey first to one office and then to the other for their fat envelopes, and would then go across the street to Oscar's to talk over the present and future while buying and drinking comforting beverages. And when a dozen of the gang assembled and one of them said something bright, pencils would be surreptitiously drawn from pockets and words would be scribbled on cuffs.

And then the man who had sprung the witticism would remark coldly: "You need not make a memorandum of that; I have already sold it twice!"

In starting a bundle of jokes on its rounds I sent it first to the editor who paid the highest price, though at times they would go first to the joke-buyer who bought most liberally from me. Thus the jokes began their journeys by going first to the editor who paid three dollars each for those which pleased him, then visited the two-dollar editors, and wound up their journeyings by calling on the experts who regarded fifty cents as the proper remuneration for a jest. But I have at times, purely in the interest of science, reversed the order, and have sold some jokes at every office.

Most papers have a joke-editor and an assistant. At times there are two editors, each of whom is privileged to buy jokes. The jokesmith who is a successful salesman keeps tab on the days that each editor is on duty, and each man has an opportunity to read the product of his joke-foundry. And when the editor goes on his summer vacation his substitute has a chance within two weeks to read all the jokes which the real editor has turned down during the preceding six months and which have not been sold elsewhere.

I recall one instance in which a little tale of two hundred words, which the Sunday Editor refused to accept, was taken by his substitute; and I received not only the two dollars which was the usual honorarium for such frivolities, but I also won a prize of fifteen dollars which was offered weekly to encourage the jokesmiths to do their best! I laughed over that prize—for a story that the real editor would not accept—more than any reader of the paper ever laughed at the story.

I have often been asked to tell how I write jokes. In answer I can only say that I write them. You might as well ask a woman how she makes biscuits, an Old Master how he painted his pictures, a cigarmaker how he makes cigars, or a hen how she lays an egg. I have propounded the same query to business rivals, and while some of them have tried to tell me the secrets of their craft, I have seen at once that such methods, while successful with another, would have been a failure with me. My methods could not have been utilized with any degree of success by another workman. While I cannot tell exactly how I write jokes, I can tell how I do not write them: I do not listen to the conversation of so-called wits and try to put down their words. I do not go to theatres or minstrel shows with any expectations of hearing new witticisms. I do not try to utter witty things myself in conversation, and then write them and sell them. Very few of the "practical jokes"—and by practical jokes I mean jokes that can be sold—were ever uttered by word of mouth. I have written at least twenty thousand jokes, and I can recall only three or four that I uttered before writing them down, and not more than twice that number that were spoken by friends or acquaintances.

When I have occasionally used a witticism which I had heard in salon, saloon, parlor, dining-room, or vestibule, it has often come back from the editor stamped "NOT ORIGINAL," very much as a bogus bill will return from the bank, branded "COUNTERFEIT."

I know one man—a jokesmith he is, too, a clever writer of short stories and of one or two fairly successful novels—

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whose conversation is brilliant; and some of the material that I have heard first in casual conversation, and have used later in my foundry, came from him. I once asked him if he knew So-and-So, naming another writer. "Oh, yes," was his answer, "he is one of my most intimate enemies." The remark may not have been original with the speaker—but I sold it for one dollar.

At times jokes have popped into my mind without any apparent excuse. Others have occurred to me while pondering over a neat piece of work turned out by some other jokesmith. Occasionally a very old joke will suggest a new one. There is, for instance, the joke which has been used for twenty years or more on the minstrel and variety stage. One man, referring to a woman, says: "She is not exactly handsome, but she has a face that grows on one." The other speaker, usually a woman, answers: "Well, I'm glad it did not grow on me." About four or five years ago a well-known comic paper printed that joke; did it purposely. I read it, and fell to wondering if the editor knew how old the joke was; and I mentally decided that he did, and that he had printed the joke as a joke. About that time a certain doctor was advertising heavily that he could amend, revamp, alter, improve, disguise, and change human features by grafting. This idea led me to improve the old joke, and I made the second half of the answer as follows: "I suppose so. It certainly is not a face that one would have grafted." I sold this for two dollars. A few weeks later I heard May Irwin use it on the stage!

Jests that turn on the supposed miserliness of the Hebrew race have been more or less popular for many years. They have been particularly salable, strange to say, in the office of a humorous paper founded and owned by Jews. Fifteen or eighteen years ago I sold this joke to its editor: "Took long steps, me child," said Solomon Isaacs; "you von't vear out your shoes nearly so kvick." This joke traveled far and wide at the time. Five or six years later another contributor to the same paper revised the jest. He had a picture drawn of an elderly Hebrew and a child going up stairs. Under the picture was a dialogue, in which the father asked the boy why he took two stairs at a time. The boy replied: "So I von't vear oud me shoes." "Be careful," cautioned his father, "dot you don'd sblit your pands." The writer of this second joke afterwards told me that it was suggested by my joke; but it was a variation and therefore permissible.

So many jokes have been written regarding profitable fires in stores owned by Jews that the names Burnupski, Firestein, and Blazeheimer have been coined, and are common property open to the use of any licensed jokesmith. I have never known a Hebrew to be offended at these reflections; and I have wondered whether the Jews thought the jokes funny, or were able to rise superior to flings and jeers.

The English are proverbially thick-headed—so thick-headed that I got two dollars for this joke: "When is a joke not a joke?—When you tell it to an Englishman." And yet *Punch* has printed a few very funny jokes. Perhaps the best of recent years, so good that it went around the world, was under a picture which showed the wall of an insane asylum. An inmate was peering over the wall at a man on the bank of a stream, who was holding a fishing pole and watching a cork on the water. This was the dialogue:

"Caught anything?"

"Nope."

"How long you been there?"

"About four hours."

"Come inside."

So popular did this joke become in England that to say "Come inside" to a man was equivalent to telling him that you thought he was crazy. I wish I had written that joke.

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THE LIFE-HISTORY OF A STAR

BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFFERT

Imagine, if you can, a vast mist extending millions of miles into the boundless space of the heavens and glowing with a heat so fierce that it cannot be measured by any earthly standard; imagine this mist spinning with terrific velocity, cooling as it spins, and shrinking towards its centre as it cools; imagine that this shrinkage causes a still swifter spinning of the fiery mist—which must happen if our theories of dynamics are correct—that the enormous centrifugal force generated overcomes the shrinking action and flings off a ring from the mass, and that continued shrinkage causes the accumulated centrifugal force to fling off still other rings, each of which greatly contracts about its densest part into a globe; and imagine, lastly, that these globes, still gleaming with heat, in their turn hurl rings into space, which condense into smaller globes and revolve about their parent bodies. If you have imagined all this, you have imagined the birth of our solar system as it was conceived by Laplace. With some modifications, that conception may be said still to hold a commanding place in astronomy.

The globes that first sprang from the rings of the primeval mist are our planets; the smaller globes their little moons. And in the same manner, on a scale even grander, other solar systems are being formed in regions of the heavens inexpressibly distant.

It is not a process of a year's duration, nor even of a century's—this birth of a star. Millions of years are required—just how many, we can but vaguely guess. Because the process is so exceedingly slow, it struck astronomers long ago that perhaps there may still be in the sky some evidence of its various stages. There were the rings of Saturn, for instance. But those rings could hardly be considered a conclusive substantiation of the theory as a whole. Moreover, the presence of these very rings, revolving about the planet Saturn, had in a measure led to the conception of the fiery, rotating, shrinking mist. To formulate a theory of star-creation on the basis of the rings of Saturn, and then to cite the existence of these very rings as a proof of that theory's truth, would manifestly be absurd. Telescopic observation, however powerful the instruments at present employed may be, has revealed no sign of any change in those starry masses where contraction may reasonably be supposed to occur. But the theory of the fiery mist presupposes a lapse of time so great that in the whole period of recorded human history no appreciable change could have occurred. The immensity of the abyss that separates us from stars about which planets might revolve prevents us from gathering evidence of the existence of other solar systems—stars so large and brilliant that, compared with them, our sun, if transported to their distance from the earth, would appear no bigger than a coin a thousand miles away. Even a telescope many times more powerful than the instruments now mounted in observatories would not help the astronomer when the distance between him and the hypothetical centre of a remote solar system is such that the light of that centre, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, reaches us only

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after the lapse of centuries; so that we see the star not as it is now, but as it was hundreds of years ago when Columbus discovered America. Obviously, the evidence supporting the doctrine of the primeval cloud must be gathered by means more exquisite in their refinement than the telescope alone provides.

Those who are familiar with the theory of evolution know how conclusively the truth of that theory has been proven by comparing animals of nearly related classes. The modern one-toed horse is the direct descendent of a vanished five-toed ancestor. A method of cosmical investigation not unlike that employed by the paleontologist in tracing through fossil forms the family history of a modern animal is relied upon by the astronomer. That method, however, consists not in directly examining the fossils of the heavens with the telescope, if fossils they may be termed, but rather in chemically analyzing their light by means of the spectroscope. The two instruments are utterly different in construction and function. As Professor Proctor has aptly put it: The telescope is a light-gatherer; the spectroscope a light-sifter.

The light of the sun, as everybody knows at this late day, consists of many hues, some brilliant and others dull, all of which united form a white glare. The separation of the sun's white light into its constituent colors and lines—its spectrum—is accomplished by prisms of glass. It was discovered rather late in the last century that each of these colors, or groups of colors, or lines, were produced by glowing chemical elements. A grain of common table salt—sodium chloride—heated to incandescence in the blue flame of a Bunsen burner, exhibits a spectrum in which a yellow tint is the predominant feature. That yellow tint is characteristic of the element sodium; it always appears in the same place when seen in the spectroscope. The same yellow gleam appears in the spectrum of the sun exactly in the same position. What better evidence can there be that the metal sodium is contained in the sun? Thus the spectroscope has enabled the astronomer to determine not only what known metals and gases are glowing in the sun, but even what unknown elements are contained in the centre of our solar system. And thus it becomes a matter of no great difficulty to analyze a star chemically with the utmost nicety, although separated from us by a chasm that can be measured only by myriads of miles.

A body that has just condensed from the original mist will have a spectrum quite different from that of a body ten million years older; and this older body will in turn exhibit a spectrum unlike that of an orb still more aged. Just as the ancestry of the modern horse is traced through the many-toed skeletons of his geologic forefathers, so the life-history of a star is traced by stellar spectra. The groups of colors and lines that distinguish each glowing celestial body can be arranged in a series as orderly as that of prehistoric equine skeletons.

From the spectroscopic study of the heavens it has been concluded that the cloud-like masses known as nebulæ are the stuff of which stars are made. Each nebula is a fiery mist which, as the ages go by, congeals into a star. So far has congelation progressed in some of these glowing mists that they have been called by astronomers "planetary nebulæ." In the constellation of Orion a planetary nebula is found in which a brilliant spot may be seen, consisting in reality of four stars, all of them suns probably as large, if not larger, than our own. Those four suns tellingly exemplify the development of a star. That they constitute a system of their own cannot be questioned; and that they were formed by the draining of the primeval mist is amply proven by the empty blackness of the nebula immediately surrounding them. Examined by the spectroscope, the nebula of

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THE GREAT NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA

Often mistaken for a comet. Although this nebula represents an early stage in the development of a star, it nevertheless has a pronounced nucleus which has evidently been formed at the expense of the surrounding nebulous mass.

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SPIRAL NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION OF THE TRIANGLE

This nebula also may be regarded as a very early stage in the development of a star. The original condensing mass from which a star develops is probably spiral in form.

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THE NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION OF CYGNUS IN THE MILKY WAY

Nebulæ assume many fantastic shapes. In this case a glowing mass that resembles a wisp of light extends for millions of miles across the sky. Eras hence it will shrink into a globe of gas.

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Orion is found to consist of an enormous volume of incandescent gas, partly hydrogen, partly nitrogen, partly an unknown gas; and in this great volume of gas stars are plunged. When it is considered that the gases of which the four stars in question are constituted are exactly the same as those of the nebula itself, we can no longer doubt that in Orion may be found a most wonderful example of stellar evolution.

That nebulæ are really composed of gas, and that they may be considered early stages in stellar evolution, are discoveries due to Sir William and Lady Huggins. Before their epoch-making investigations it was supposed by many an astronomer that nebulæ were in reality only vast numbers of stars clustered together so closely that they appeared as a haze in the sky. That supposition was not without some basis in fact. Viewed through a small telescope many a star cluster is simply a blur of light that might well be mistaken for a nebula; but in a powerful instrument the blur is resolved into independent stars. Chemical analysis by Sir William Huggins' spectroscopic method has settled whatever dispute there may once have been, and has rendered it possible to determine which masses are really nebulæ and which only clusters of closely-packed stars. The composition of a star cluster is as different from that of a nebula as water from iron.

Like flowers and animals, nebulæ differ much in size, form, and appearance. Some are extremely irregular, like the nebula in Orion; some mere wisps of light, like the nebula in the constellation of Cygnus; others so well defined in shape that they are mistaken for comets, like the nebula in Andromeda; still others are ring-shaped and filled with milky light. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, are the spiral nebulæ, an admirable example of which may be found in Canes Venatici. The primordial mist may possibly have assumed some such spiral form. At all events, recent investigations seem to prove that in the spiral nebula we see a very early stage in the process of condensation.

Because the spectroscope is able to distinguish an incandescent gas from a partially condensed star-like mass, it is possible to ascertain how far congelation has progressed and how advanced a star's development may be. The relative intensities of spectrum-lines render it possible to estimate the temperature of a distant blazing sun, and the width and sharpness of the lines the pressure to which the vapors of that sun are subjected. Thus it happens that the spectroscopic analysis of a star—which even through the most powerful telescope must appear only as a brilliant point—reveals to us secrets of its structure that the astronomer of half a century ago despaired of fathoming.

As a star contracts from the surrounding nebulous matter its temperature rises, and with this augmented heat occurs a change both in the star's spectrum and color. Red-hot iron is not nearly so hot as white-hot iron. By observing the various changes in tint which the metal undergoes the foundryman is able to tell with considerable accuracy its degree of heat. A somewhat similar method of gaging a star's temperature, and therefore its age, is relied upon by the astronomer. Color, then, and spectroscopic analysis enable the astronomer to estimate the age of orbs that are only beginning to exist as stars, and others whose light is fast fading.

After having coagulated, as it were, from a nebulous mass, a star assumes a color that may be best described as an intense bluish-white, much like that of the electric arc. Stars of that hue are, therefore, in their infancy. Then comes the white stage, followed by the yellow, orange, and red—each succeeding hue indicating greater celestial antiquity than the last. Up to the yellow period the star as it contracts grows hotter and hotter. Then a gradual cooling takes

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THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION

A great mass of glowing gas, which, as indicated by the empty black spaces, has contracted into a denser mass which will eventually become a star. The nebula in Orion was one of the first to be spectroscopically examined by Sir William Huggins.

place. Accompanying the changes in color are changes in the spectrum of the star—changes that indicate a modification in physical structure. In the bluish-white period of a star's infancy the characteristic wide lines of hydrogen gas predominate in the spectrum. As the color changes, the lines of calcium, magnesium, and iron appear, the hydrogen lines gradually becoming thinner and those of calcium broader.

At what stage in its evolution does a star reach its highest temperature? Astronomers are not altogether in accord on the point. The singular law which paradoxically holds, that as it cools and contracts a star grows hotter up to a certain point, coupled with Sir William and Lady Huggins' explanation, would seem to point to our sun as the hottest type of star. To be sure, the sun is not bluish-white. But the sun's atmosphere has much to do with its color. Indeed, if that atmosphere were not present, the solar spectrum would be two and one-half times brighter at the

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THE SPIRAL NEBULA IN URSA MAJOR

Only within recent years have spiral nebulæ been discovered in sufficiently large numbers to be regarded as type objects in the heavens.

blue-violet end of the spectrum. Armed with an instrument so delicate that it could measure the heat radiated from a man's face one-half a mile away, Professor Nichols, of Yerkes Observatory, has measured the heat sent to us by Vega and Arcturus, stars so remote that it would take a terrestrial express train, traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, nearly three billion years to reach Vega, the nearer. From Arcturus, removed from the earth six times the distance of Vega, we receive as much light as we would from a candle six miles away. Such delicate measurements have led to the conclusion that Vega is still a young star, that it sends us less heat than Arcturus—although it is hotter—and that Vega, eras hence, will develop into a body like our sun.

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SPIRAL NEBULA OF CANES VENATICI

One of the earliest forms of spiral nebulæ discovered. Long considered an astronomical anomaly, the nebula is no longer a celestial novelty.

After a star has passed the stage which our sun has now reached, the metallic elements in its structure increase in number and importance, while the gases dwindle away. As the star reaches the red stage, carbon becomes particularly prominent in its spectrum. Ages must still elapse before the star ceases to be self-luminous and is converted into a gigantic, blackened cinder rushing through space. Of the development that follows, the planets above us and our own earth afford striking examples. The last and most pathetic period is represented by our moon—frozen, desolate, dead.

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MT. TAMALPAIS, CLOUD-ENCOMPASSED

THIS MOUNTAIN, NEAR THE GOLDEN GATE, IS NOTED FOR ITS FREQUENT CLOUD-EFFECTS OF WONDERFUL BEAUTY

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ABOVE A SEA OF CLOUDS

SOME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A MOUNTAIN-TOP

Late in the afternoon of a chill, foggy day in July two tourists boarded a northbound ferry-boat plying between San Francisco and Sausalito. Both were heavily armed with all the essential parts of photographic paraphernalia, a five-by-seven camera, a tripod, and plates enough on which to bring home panoramic sections of an entire mountain. The photographer looked anxiously across the bay towards the distant frowning summit of Tamalpais, then half-veiled in a filmy fog-cloud, as the boat steamed across the Golden Gate, until it quietly glided into the slip at Sausalito. A narrow-gauge train, waiting near the ferry, was quickly boarded. It ran along the shores of the bay to the base of the mountain six miles distant, and halted at Mill Valley, or "Little Switzerland," from which point the Mount Tamalpais Railway and a good trail extend to the summit. On alighting from the train, where the trip up the mountain commenced, it was still cold and foggy, but the photographer knew that it was clear and warm at the mountain-top. The little mountain climber was boarded, and the train was soon winding along through a fine forest of redwoods, through the beautiful canyon of Blithedale, beside its swift flowing creek, past numerous suburban homes and Marsh's Japanese Village, with its quaint houses.

Crossing the head of the Blithedale canyon, the road swung back, gradually rising until there were no trees to obstruct the view, except where wooded canyons were crossed, filled with redwoods, madronos, oaks, and laurels, which lent a pleasant variety to the scenery. The scene became more and more magnificent, and especially when the Bay of San Francisco opened out and Mt. Diablo in the east slowly pushed its camel-backed summit high above the coast range. It was a novel experience when the fog line was reached. Once there, the tourists noticed a great and sudden change as they passed from the cold mist below into the clear, warm, and dry atmosphere above. So well defined is the fog line that one passes from dense vapor in a single moment into clear air. The summit was reached just in time to see a glorious sunset—the sun, a sphere of orange-red, sinking into a sea of lavender and golden fog-clouds.

The spectacle was grand beyond description, but of short duration. The fog, stealing steadily in across the purple summits of the coast range, swooped down through the redwood canyons until it reached the base of the mountain, where it circled about—tossed and dashed upward like salt spray upon a rock-bound coast.

Nowhere else in the world, it is said, can such a sight be seen; and its ever-changing beauty enthrals the spectator. Mt. Tamalpais is particularly noted for cloud and fog effects observable from its summit, especially at sunrise and sunset. The summer fogs are formed along the coast, and the prevailing westerly winds drive them in through the Golden Gate and over the low hills. They have a thickness of only two thousand feet, or less, and consequently the summit of this mountain stands out clear above them.

After a night's rest at the inn the

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ABOVE THE CLOUDS, ON MT. TAMALPAIS



THE FOG LIFTING AT SUNRISE

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FLEETING EFFECTS OF STORM-DRIVEN CLOUDS



THE TWIN SUMMITS OF MT. DIABLO, APPEARING LIKE ISLANDS IN MID-OCEAN

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LOOKING ACROSS THE SEA OF CLOUDS

photographer started on his tramp to the summit the next morning. The sun had not yet made its appearance above the billowy bank of fog-clouds. The twin summits of Mt. Diablo, seemingly a few miles distant, but in reality more than thirty-five to the east, Mt. St. Helena fifty-six miles to the north, and Mt. Hamilton—on which is located the Lick Observatory —further to the south, appeared above the clouds like islands in mid-ocean.

Meanwhile the sun was rising bit by bit and no pictures were being taken. As there was a strong, westerly wind blowing, by descending about fifty or one hundred feet on the east face of the peak the camera could be sheltered by the mountain. This move was successful. The fog, rolling over the landscape as far as the eye could travel, looked exactly like the heaving bosom of the ocean; and where it kissed the lower slopes of the mountain it tossed high like stupendous breakers.

The camera and tripod were inclined somewhat forward in order to include the desired fog area as well as a portion of the slope of the mountain. The camera was pointed towards the sun without actually including it on the plate, for unless it were partly concealed by a cloud the chances were that the plate would be badly "fogged." A light yellow color-screen was used over the lens to preserve the color values, which were mostly in shades of blue, yellow, and violet. It was found necessary, too, to use the fastest isochromatic plates in order to preserve these cloud-values.

Thus the photographer was kept busily occupied catching, with lens and sensitized plate, the fleeting effects of fog and cloud, until the sun rose high in the heavens and breaks began to appear in the foggy blanket, revealing in succession, mountains, redwood canyons, rivers, bays, and the beautiful Golden Gate.

Wm. L. Rice

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OUR PRESENT-DAY DRAMA

A CRITICAL REVIEW AND A FORECAST

To complain of the sorrowful decline of the theatre is so trite an occupation that there is much reason for the reflective man to wonder, as he approaches another season of dramatic offerings, whether he may not deceive himself if he indulge too freely in lugubrious comparison of the present with the past. M. Sarcey, in his *Quarante Ans de Théâtre*, offers an interesting list of theatrical pamphlets purchased at a sale. It begins with a writing issued in 1768, "*Causes de la Decadence du Théâtre*"; and there are titles of the same kind year after year from that date forward.

But if the drama is in decline, all the blame must not be heaped upon the heads of the playwrights. The play-attending public is also, in some degree, responsible for our so-called degenerate conditions. Who the public is we cannot very definitely or absolutely determine, unless we go at once to the lengths of that undemocratic authority who gave us his immortal definition of public opinion: "Public opinion," said he, "is the confused aggregation of opinion held by a great many very ignorant persons." The public at the theatre, as Mr. A. B. Walkley, the English dramatic critic, has discovered, "comprises the people who applaud a play, the people who hiss it, the people who slumber through it, the people who don't know what to think about it, the people who like it because dear Angelina does, the people who dislike it because they had to forego their after-dinner coffee in order to see it, and the people who would stay away from it if they were not paid to go." To get anything absolute or uniform out of such an assemblage is a difficult task. And yet there is something all the time that no critic, no manager, no actor can safely disallow, and that is: a play to be a "good play" must entertain this curious public. It is the primary purpose of art to produce pleasure, and so long as the drama is a form of art—which some declare that it has ceased to be, taking the productions of our modern stage as the gage of present-day drama—you cannot have an audience for the play that does not please, nor can you have a manager to produce or an author to write such a play.

However it may be, whether the drama exhibit growth or decline, it is very plain, even to persons little skilled in such matters, that it is changing; and my purpose is to indicate the character of some of these tendencies, as exemplified in what we have lately seen and are to see during the coming season.

The theatre is no longer a place to which we usually repair to see what was formerly comprehended under the name of drama. It is rarely that we in this country, in recent times at least, have secured a glimpse of what passed for drama in Greece or in the Elizabethan age in England. There is not much that portrays the elemental passions, the things in the world of universal and lasting appeal to the senses of mankind; nothing that we would pledge ourselves to want to see again in the next decade, or even during the next week. Yet human nature never changes much. Burke once said that there was not a theatre anywhere which would not be emptied if it were announced that a State execution were taking place in an

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adjoining block. There are towns in Pennsylvania, actors tell me, in which half the audience gets up to go out at the sound of a fire-bell; and boys everywhere squirm in their seats as a brass band passes the theatre door. All this simply tends to prove that it is, after all, the deep interest in practical life that attracts and engages human attention, and that in the end the play to hold the people must be that one which touches some chord usually well beyond the reach of the modern playwriter.

Although Shakespeare is played very frequently in a winter season even in the smaller German towns—and well played, to the delight of large audiences—he is seldom accorded a place upon the stage in the greatest American cities. There are cities of hundreds of thousands of people which pass an entire theatrical season without a single Shakespearean production being given at any playhouse. We have not left among us one great actor who devotes himself to Shakespearean parts, and whose name is identified with Shakespeare. Mediocre actors and actresses, it is true, are quite commonly possessed of a desire to be seen in Shakespearean rôles, and the country is plagued with the reverberations that arise from these "revivals." But as a rule, when not made wholly for the purpose of gratifying some player's personal vanity, these revivals mainly consist of vast collections of showy scenery and properties, such as Richard Mansfield trailed behind him for a season in a special train of cars when the mood seized him to produce *Julius Cæsar*. "The best Hamlet I ever played," Edwin Booth once said, "was in my street clothes on a barn floor, without aid of painted scenery, electricity, or that great variety of things now considered to stand in some necessary relation to dramatic art."

For the coming season, however, there is evidenced a fresh expression of interest in Shakespearean plays on their literary and art side, as witness the interesting alliance formed between E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe for the production of *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*. Not for a long time has so much that is wholesome been promised to lovers of English drama in its higher forms. Viola Allen is also to be seen in some Shakespearean plays, and sufficient confidence is expressed in stage art to induce Forbes Robertson and his American managers to undertake another tour for him and his wife, Gertrude Elliott. These admirable players will be seen in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and perhaps one or two other pieces to their liking. Interesting comparisons will be possible to students of our dramatic institutions when Ermete Novelli, the Italian actor, comes here with a Shakespearean repertoire, as he will by way of South America and Cuba later in the season. He has never yet been seen in this country, and presentations of the classics by foreigners are always illuminating. Such opportunities are rare, however, the managers always telling us that it is because the American taste is not such as to favor serious undertakings of this character.

The movement in the American theatre seems to be away from serious and classic forms of dramatic art. The most marked tendency, however, is the movement away from the elemental and the natural to mechanical novelty and expensive, colorful property exhibits on the one hand, and what may be briefly dismissed as musical comedy on the other; with a recent demonstration in favor of a third order, the book play, which has lately raged on our stage with peculiar virulence. We have, too, the society plays such as John Drew, William Faversham, and other idols of the matinée girl give us; and the Clyde Fitch play — a quickly-produced and quickly-forgotten thing of its own *genre*. At the same time they are sufficiently popular to be profitable, which is the managerial standard of excellence. Mrs.

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ELEONORA DUSE IN "LA GIOCONDA"

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Gilbert and Clara Bloodgood will each of them star in a Fitch play during the coming season.

I am not unmindful of the fact that Charles Warner lately came to us with a dramatization of Zola's *L'Assommoir*, called *Drink*, which was produced more than six thousand times in London, and is as powerfully unpleasant a delineation of the horrors of delirium tremens as has ever been put upon the stage—a more thrilling temperance lesson ten times over than the most vivid production of *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, and an admirably honest dramatic study. Martin Harvey, a capable English actor, brought us *The Only Way*, a version of Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*. Madame Dusé made an unsuccessful effort to impose upon us recent degenerate outpourings of her admired D'Annunzio. We are this year to see Madame Réjane, the well-known French comédienne, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell—who is always welcome—and Sir Charles Wyndham, who has not visited us for a number of years, indeed not since he was knighted by the King in 1902. And Mrs. Fiske, whose intellectualism places her in a class of her own, will produce an English version of Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*—the play which the English censor denied to the British public a year ago.

The tendencies, however, are distinctly toward the expensive property play, the musical and farce comedy, and the dramatized novel. Of the first of these three main classes of reigning plays there is no finer example than John Luther Long's *The Darling of the Gods*—a work in which he had the collaboration of David Belasco and the inestimable advantage of that manager's remarkable insight and lavish purse in the work of setting it before the public. How this play enjoyed a run of a year or more in Mr. Belasco's theatre in New York City, last year successfully toured the large American cities, and is still on the road, is well known. This play's remarkable success was largely due to its novelty. It is a play which appeals constantly to all but one of the five senses. A current tendency is noted in the direction of an appeal to the fifth of the senses—that of smell. In *The Eternal City*, I think it is, the censers are swung until the perfume permeates the entire auditorium. There is in *The Darling of the Gods* the most bewildering variety of movement and color. A Japanese *locale* for all the action furnishes an excuse for the introduction of such speech, lighting effects, movement, and unique stage "business" as are together answerable for the greatest conglomeration of sensations which theatre-goers have probably ever experienced. Leaving the house their criticisms are as varied as anything in the performance, but no matter what their verdict they are glad to have come. If we are to have the picture play, by all means let us take it in its most aggravated form, so that we may the sooner weary of it. In *Dante* Sir Henry Irving last year gave us some very vivid glimpses into hell, and in Stephen Phillips' *Ulysses* we were introduced to many of the horrors of the mythological nether world. We seem to be living in an atmosphere of royal, even divine and semi-divine, splendor, with kings, princes, gods, demi-gods—aweary of humble cottages and plain people with plain human feelings that every one can understand. We are living at the moment when we go to the play in an atmosphere of artificiality, which in *The Darling of the Gods* would seem to have reached its highest terms of expression. "A steady level of esthetic sensation," a philosopher tells us, "can only be maintained by increasing doses of esthetic stimulant." We are now, perhaps, in the last stages of esthetic intoxication, and can go very little farther in that direction, although Mr. Belasco promises another very showy and costly production of the same order for an early date. Whether this will be a play for Mrs. Leslie Carter or not is uncertain, for Mr. Belasco has kept his

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh

WILLIAM H. CRANE

Who will present Octave Mirbeau's comedy, "Business is Business," a recent success at the Comedie Française.

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plans to himself. Mrs. Carter, however, will certainly be the star of a new Belasco play after *Du Barry* is shelved.

I decline to believe that the musical comedy will ever reach the point of being ranked with drama; yet, as it appears in our theatres on the same stages upon which Shakespeare is produced—when, indeed, that great master is honored at rare intervals—we must not pass it by. It ranges all the way from what approaches the dignity of comic opera to the performances of those popular clowns, the Rogers Brothers; from De Koven's pretty *Red Feather*, or *Floradora*, or *A Chinese Honeymoon*, to *Rogers Brothers in London* —or in some other place always made the worse by their presence. There are farce comedies—spoken dialogue varied by topical songs—perpetrated by men and women who have never enjoyed vocal training; musical comedies, concoctions in which there is slightly more singing and less speech; musical extravaganzas, in which maidens descend from the stars or blossom into full flower from rosebuds. Last of all, the Drury Lane pantomime has appeared among us—Americanized, which is usually only another name for vulgarized—amazing on the property side, and requiring trains of cars to carry it from place to place. I do not think that any of this is drama, but I know that it fills the stages of three-fourths of our theatres for three-fourths of the time, and has done so for the past five years.

The book play is a recent manifestation, and it lives on sturdily, being still, to all appearances, at the height of its vigorous supremacy in the dramatic world. A number of such plays came to grief last season, but the failures included no greater proportion of dramatized books than of other classes of theatrical productions. The year past was one in which managers suffered much more than their accustomed share of misfortune, for reasons apparently quite apart from any considerations indicating a change in the dramatic tastes of the people. A novel no sooner establishes its title to be regarded as a success than the author is besieged by a manager—or more often still by an actor, who sees in it a part that he conceives to be suited to his particular manner and figure—and besought to dramatize the work. The author, too, is likely to be approached by playwrights whose special business it is to prepare current fiction for the stage. In the end, the author yields to temptation which comes in the form of royalties that are munificent when compared with anything customarily received by a novelist from his publisher. The book is forthwith dramatized and the play is produced, but too often the result is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. The transfer is of necessity a desecration of a good novel, if there is to be any quality of goodness in the play, since the novel and drama are two distinct forms of literary art, not interchangeable.

The growth of the book play tendency seems to be explicable only by the desire that exists among large classes of people to speak with a semblance of knowledge about books their friends have read, but with which they with less trouble can familiarize themselves by sitting for two hours and a half in comfortable surroundings, by looking at a few pictures, and by listening to a little clever dialogue. *The Crossing*, *The Crisis*, *The Pit*, *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, *Audrey*, *The Boss*, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and practically all the successful novels of recent years, together with not a few which have enjoyed no great measure of success, have found their way to the theatre.

Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, that spirited portrayal of life among the cowboys of the West, was last season translated into terms of the stage, enjoying a run that was several times extended in New York to satisfy the interest

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Photograph by Barraud

MISS MARY MOORE AND SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM
IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

which its presentation awakened, at a time when interest in the book, as such, was no longer alert.

Publishers are now clear in their own minds that a play does not greatly invigorate the sale of a book. Indeed; dramatization may have the opposite effect. The hour at which an author sells his book to the manager should be well chosen. The psychological moment is just after it has run its course on the book-stalls and in the libraries. The most successful book play in this country—from the standpoint of the length of its vogue and therefore of the pecuniary return enjoyed by its author—is *Ben Hur;* the most artistic and dramatic, to my taste, was Kipling's *The Light that Failed*, which Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott allowed us to see in this country last year, though their effort was not greatly appreciated by our theatre-going public.

What is to be the future of our stage one cannot pretend to know more than one knows what is to be the future of our literature, our sculpture, our journalism, our politics, or our society. That it will change is an unmistakable lesson of the past. That it will return to saner and

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Photograph by Marceau

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

Who will appear in Victorien Sardou's new play, "The Sorceress."

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plainer forms is likely, though by no means certain. That it will not be far ahead or behind popular taste admits of demonstration, our millionaire managers who produce plays, and do much to make or unmake actors, being the principal interpreters of that taste. The outlook is not very bright with hope when we see the masses of the people contented for the most part with plays entirely outside the categories intended for cultured folk. But we fare no worse in this respect than other countries. So have they their music halls, variety theatres, and entertainments calculated to satisfy every class of public taste.

Where we do fail in comparison with them, however, is in letting down the bars to admit the spectacle and the musical and dancing diversions within sacred precincts where no such degrading influence should be allowed to invade. All our standards are in danger of deterioration through the promiscuousness with which a theatrical offering is patronized and praised. There are practically no theatres in this country solely dedicated to the drama, and in which the legitimate traditions of the stage are honestly and steadfastly cultivated with a view to their perpetuation. The stock company was for many years at once a school for actors and a centre for inculcating the public with correct ideas about dramatic art. With the death of Augustin Daly, and the disintegration of his company, practically the last representative of a system that earlier was a power for good everywhere disappeared; and the star system by which one first-rate, or even second-rate, actor has been made to do service where a dozen or twenty should be seen, has come to reign triumphantly. It is a system much to be deplored, but the financial returns even from high class stock companies in a large city are said to be so small—in comparison with what managers may make by pursuing other methods—that such organizations have faded from the face of the earth, at least in so far as America is concerned.

What is the remedy? How is the generation now growing up to have any proper appreciation of the drama as a form of art? How are good actors to be trained and developed? In short, how is public taste to be directed and standardized if the theatre is permitted to take what seems to be its natural course, obedient to the hard law of supply and demand? The obvious suggestion is a National Academy of Dramatic Art, or State-aided theatres such as the Théâtre Française in Paris and the Stadt Theatre in Berlin. Scarce a capital on the Continent of Europe is without its State-aided theatres. The legitimate drama does not seem able to pay its own way; at least, it leads a hazardous career in this country. We ought to have a national theatre in Washington or New York, and it would no doubt have its value in propagating right ideals. But the people of New England, the South, the Mississippi Valley, and the Pacific Coast would profit little directly from such an isolated centre. It might justly be complained that public money was being used for sectional purposes. The better policy would be to encourage the establishment of municipal theatres, as in Germany, where no town, even if it have no more than fifteen thousand inhabitants, is without a good resident dramatic company presenting plays of artistic and educational worth under a concession from the municipality, which makes itself partially responsible for the result. It may be that we shall need to solve some of the unpleasant problems of city government before assuming new and somewhat esthetic municipal functions, but in that direction there is at least a ray of hope and a promise of future light upon a situation at present enveloped in darkness.

Ellis Parker Butler

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MAGUEYS IN BLOSSOM, IN TLAXCALA, MEXICO

It is a rare chance to find "century-plants" in bloom, as just before blossoming-time they are tapped for pulque.

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A Great Mexican Industry

TAPPING THE "CENTURY PLANT" FOR PULQUE

BY G. CUNYNGHAM TERRY

Cultivation of the maguey plant, and the distilling therefrom of what may be called the "national drink," pulque (pronounced pull'-kay), forms one of Mexico's most widely-followed and lucrative industries, ranking almost on a par with gold and silver mining, coffee growing, and the cultivation generally of tropical fruits and products. Native and peculiar to Mexico, the maguey plant—otherwise the great aloe, or "century plant"—grows to best advantage and greatest height on the plateau, or table-land, of Mexico. The plain of Apam, not far from the City of Mexico, is noted as producing the best pulque in the Republic.

In appearance, I know of no other plant in the least resembling the maguey, and certainly there is nothing with which to compare a plantation of fully-grown magueys. Standing anywhere from ten to fifteen feet high, the trunk of the plant is a pineapple-shaped bulb about fifteen inches in diameter by perhaps twenty in height, with roots widely spread out into the ground. This bulb is called the "corazon" or heart, and internally it consists of a soft vegetable pulp; while from its external rind the long, tough blades radiate in date-palm fashion. These huge blades—when fully grown measuring from ten to fifteen feet—are armed along their edges with sharp, strong spikes, and terminate with a larger and stronger spike, rendering the plant thoroughly armor-clad.

As regards color, the maguey is of a bluish green, touched in some cases with purple tints and in others with pink. Its bloom, a very beautiful feature of the plant, is rarely to be seen, for the reason that maguey plants when allowed to bloom produce no sap, and incidentally no pulque. Only in its eighth year, or later, does the maguey bloom—when allowed to do so—but at that time the blossom is well worth seeing. First, a slender, graceful stalk grows up from the bulb and, attaining a height of twenty feet or over, throws out a spray of lovely, fragrant, yellowish blossoms.

Throughout the cool, high mesas, or table-lands, of Mexico are vast maguey plantations, generally owned and cultivated by Mexicans who, deriving enormous revenues from them, live abroad in Paris on the fat of the land.

The maguey, being in reality a desert plant, requires none of the cultivation and constant care bestowed upon cotton, grain, corn, coffee, or other crops. From the time of its planting until the sap rises in the heart of the plant, no attention is necessary.

In setting out a maguey plantation the Mexican first subdivides his entire piece of ground into fifteen or twenty sections. One of these sections he plants at one time, another at another; until he has so arranged the tract that one bunch of magueys will mature one year, the next bunch the ensuing year, and so on, until a sort of "continuous chain" of pulque producers exists, giving an inexhaustible supply of sap, year after year, and an equally inexhaustible supply of "dinero" (money) to the lucky owner of the plantation. No plant, however, will give forth sap until

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its tenth year, and then only upon the very eve of its blossoming.

In point of utility, the maguey plant is certainly an unusual one. In referring to it a Mexican will quote this somewhat exaggerated couplet:

"Comida, bebida,
Casa, y vestido."

That is, he declares it is "food, drink, house, and clothing." It is a fact, however, that from the maguey one can obtain, as desired: pulque; tequila, an intoxicant somewhat resembling Scotch whiskey; mescal, like tequila, only *more so;* fuel; thatching material for the adobe hut; and, finally, needles and thread. By carefully cutting off the thin, sharp spike at the tip of each maguey blade and following the strong fibre which extends therefrom to the heart of the plant, sewing material of a rude yet effective sort is provided, such as I have often seen employed by poverty-stricken Indians in the valley of Mexico.

Waiving the matter of tequila and mescal—intoxicating fluids obtained in the lower lands of Mexico, with a different development of the plant—the most important feature in pulque-making is the gathering of the sap from which the liquid is fermented.

The sap-gatherer, or "tlachiquero," is a busy and important man when "sap-time" comes around. His duty it is to see that no plant remains untapped at precisely the right moment, before the blossom springs forth; also to see that ladrones or robbers are kept away from the plant, and that it is otherwise untouched and uninjured. On the large plantations regular watchmen are employed to insure the safety of plants, but the small landholder is put to it at this season of the year. Often, indeed, he will build himself a small hut, thatched with old pieces of maguey, from which he can constantly watch his precious "little bushes" and assure himself that they are safe equally from thieving tlachiqueros, burros, goats, and any other two or four-footed marauders. And a happy man is he when it is in order to draw from the plants their sweet, thick fluid.

Duly protected by a leather apron, heavy sandals, and a huge sombrero, the sap-gatherer proceeds to his work. His tools consist of a metal scraper and a queer receptacle—three or four feet long—made from the Mexican gourd, or calabash. He carries on his back a large and very biblical pigskin, which looks for all the world like a clean pink pig, as it dangles on his shoulder. Cautiously worming himself into and through the surrounding prickly blades, the tlachiquero hews the flower stalk away from the big bulb of the plant, and then cuts into the bulb from the top. He digs out the corazon, or heart, a few inches, and covering the cavity with a maguey blade which he weights down with a stone, he goes on to the next maguey, knowing that upon his return the big, hollow bulb will be full of sap.

To this sap—called "agua miel," or honey water—he gives his attention within two or three hours. Into it he dips the small end of his gourd instrument, which is really a rude siphon, and with his mouth applied to the aperture in this queer but effective contrivance sets the small pump going. Very quickly all the liquid is taken up into the siphon. Then, opening in turn the aperture in his pigskin bag, the tlachiquero pumps the sap into that, leaving his gourd empty. The first plant meanwhile is left *in statu quo* until it gives forth another bulbful of sap—probably within a few hours. When newly taken from the plant the sap is thick, white and sweet, and tastes something like sweet cider, moreover being, as the tlachiquero will tell you, "very savory, indeed!" In this state, while not yet pulque, it is very agreeable and not in the least intoxicating.

During a period of three or four months repeated visits are made to every plant so tapped, and the sap is withdrawn. When the last drop is

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taken away the plant droops, its great blades sag to the ground, its color fades and becomes a dirty brown tinge, and at last it is grubbed up and hauled away to be used as fuel, thatching material, or perhaps needles and thread.

One load after another of this agua miel the gatherer "packs" to the building on the hacienda, or plantation, where the pulque is made. There the sap is poured into vats made of cowhide—a small quantity of fermented sap being placed with the fresh liquid in order to ferment it—and is left in the vats for a few hours until the fermentation is complete. When this is accomplished there is no longer any sweetness left in the product; it has, on the contrary, a sour taste, somewhat resembling buttermilk. As a matter of fact, however, there is nothing to which pulque in its fermented state can be closely compared. It is not possible to describe its taste, or heaven forbid, its smell! The latter is certainly loud enough to speak for itself. In justice to the pulque you must not condemn it, as many people do, solely on account of its odor. That is certainly unsavory, while good pulque, after one grows accustomed to it, is a very agreeable and beneficial drink.

Once fermented, the pulque is ready for use, or for shipment to the point where it is to be used.

In the case of large pulque-haciendas, which furnish thousands of gallons of pulque to the cantinas, or bar-rooms, in the big cities, it is merely a matter of loading up the hacienda's own trains with the requisite number of barrels, after which the train goes to its destination. It is computed that of pulque thus shipped, the City of Mexico alone consumes seventy-five thousand gallons per day, about three-quarters of its population of three hundred and fifty thousand preferring it to any other beverage.



A ROOM WHERE PULQUE IS MADE

The cowhide vats are easily reversed for drying and cleaning.

But sometimes Juan the Peon owns one or more maguey bushes from which, "by the grace of the Virgin and attendant Saints!" he extracts a few gallons of the "liquor divine"—as the peons call it. Each plant yields, in the course of four months, at least one hundred to

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A PULQUE GATHERER IN ACTION

The maguey bulb soon fills with sap after the heart has been dug out. Then the sap-gatherer, by means of a rude siphon made of a gourd, empties the sap into a pigskin hanging over his shoulder.

one hundred and fifty gallons of pulque, which sells at eight cents per gallon. Assume that Juan the Peon owns two maguey bushes, the revenue therefrom will make him almost an independent man—as a peon goes.

Not that he is rich enough to freight his precious fluid to its selling place per train, as do the haciendas—far from it! Juan has a burro, stout, patient and long-suffering, which is gotten ready, duly bridled with a stout rope, and laden down with two large, strong pigskins filled with pulque. Juan girds himself for the journey, wearing a stout pair of guaraches, or sandals, and a shady sombrero; and then away trot Juan and his burro to sell their pulque, maybe as far as the city of Mexico. Or maybe the cantinas in the nearby villages will take it. Small matter, for it is sure to sell, and at eight cents per gallon. And the

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"HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!"

Pulque is the never-failing beverage of the middle and lower classes of Mexico. It is often adulterated with jimson-weed, but when not adulterated it is no more intoxicating than light beer.

burro carries at least twenty-four cents worth of pulque, if not more!

As thus shipped by the small peon grower and the large hacienda producer, pulque is no more harmful or intoxicating than the lightest of light beer; and is moreover of great value, as even physicians admit, in liver and stomach troubles. But no sooner does it reach the large cities than the work of adulterating it begins. Water is used sometimes, which merely weakens it. But in the majority of cases it is heavily "doped" with extract of jimson-weed, which of course renders it horribly intoxicating—anyone waxing as "drunk as a lord" on two glasses of it. And to this cause is traced very largely the terrible degradation and misery of the low peon classes in the City of Mexico—this comparatively small town having, until lately, the third largest death-rate in the world.

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JUAN THE PEON, READY TO MARKET HIS PULQUE

Proud owner of two or three maguey plants, he goes rejoicing to market, having a few gallons of pulque in pigskins on the back of his patient burro.

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In spite of many prohibitory attempts on the part of the Mexican government, this drugging continues. In point of fact, the Indians, acquiring a diseased taste for the intoxicating drink, refuse to drink the unadulterated product.

In the large cities pulque is vended at the various pulque-shops in both copas and copitas—large glassfuls and small ones. Also, it is well advertised by traveling pulque-wagons on wooden wheels, decorated with gay flags and flowers, and sometimes led by a band of wildly-tooting musicians. As for the pulque-shops, their name is Legion; you will find one on every corner; you may even consider yourself lucky if you are not obliged to live over one! And new pulque-shops are constantly being opened, when a large and flourishing band plays loudly in front of the shop, while numerous copas are ladled out to customers and passers-by. The interior of a pulque-shop is instructive and amusing. Back of the long, low bar you will invariably find a large and ornate painting of Mexico's favorite Saint, "La Virgen de Guadalupe." Flowers, real and artificial, adorn it, and candles burn devoutly underneath. The ceiling is always embellished with highly-colored pictures of saints, cherubim and seraphim. For, with all his faults, the peon is very religious—superstitious, if you like; he must carry his saints with him even while filling himself up, not wisely but too well, with the cheering and inebriating *copa de pulque*.

Pulque is the never-failing beverage of the servant-class of Mexico. Your cook, upon hiring to you, invariably stipulates that she must have so much extra "for the pulque." Any cargador, or porter, upon delivering a package, will give forth grievous sighs as if entirely worn-out, and wind up by requesting "unos centavos, Niña, para mi aguita?"—"a few cents, little one, for the little water." Your nurse is more than apt to feed it to the very smallest baby, if you happen to be looking the other way, and you may consider yourself more than usually blessed if your kitchen, at any hour of the day or night, is not the scene of a pulque-induced brawl.

This is one side of the picture, as regards pulque. The other—that of the owner of a big maguey plantation—is a very different one. He, happy man, is to be envied; for a pulque-growing farm is in most cases as lucrative as a gold mine, and ten times more certain.

An average hacienda will accommodate sixteen hundred plants to the hectare—two and a quarter acres. Each of these plants will give one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and sixty gallons of pulque, selling at about eight cents per gallon. Hence, allowing duly for waste and so forth, it will be seen that on an absolutely unfailing crop, as maguey cannot help being, such a hacienda will clear a profit of five hundred dollars per acre, year in and year out—one-tenth of the plantation producing each year. Something of an idea as to the use of pulque in Mexico can be obtained when it is stated that the internal revenue alone on the amount sold is seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

Pulque will never be an article for export from Mexico. For one reason, I doubt if anyone besides the peon and middle-class Mexican would care for it sufficiently to render exportation desirable. What is more to the point, however, is the fact that it is very perishable, and retains its freshness for only a very few days. It is not shipped even from the table-lands of Mexico to the coast towns, or "hot country" cities, for the reason that it does not keep sufficiently well. So that while we get gold, silver, copper, leather, tropical fruits of all sorts, dye-woods, sugar, coffee, and other things too numerous to mention, from our fascinating and incredibly rich sister republic of Mexico, we may be very sure that pulque is the one thing we will never import.

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IN THE COLOSSAL DOME

THE LARGEST SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN KNOWN

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THE COLOSSAL CAVERN

KENTUCKY'S NEW RIVAL TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE

Since the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky was discovered, in 1809, no less than ninety other caves have been explored within a radius of ten miles of it. Not until very recently, however, has any serious rival been discovered. But the Colossal Cavern, as it has been named, seems likely to surpass the Mammoth Cave in impressiveness as it does in size. It has been only partly explored, as yet; but experienced guides are at work opening passages, building stairways, and generally making the cavern safe for public inspection.

The Colossal Cavern of Kentucky, which has a pleasantly alliterative name, is a mile and a half from the Mammoth Cave. The general direction of the cavern is southeast. The entrance is on a hillside, and is only wide enough to admit one person at a time.

The uniform temperature of the cavern is 54° F., and in entering it, during the warm months, the visitor experiences quite a chill at first, but soon grows accustomed to it. Lighting his acetylene lamp—which is preferred on account of the fact that it is free from odor and smoke—the visitor upon entering, makes a descent of one hundred and twelve feet down a rugged stairway of stones which leads to what has been named the Chinese Room, fifty feet in diameter and with an eight-foot ceiling. The names already bestowed upon the different parts of the cavern are, it is to be hoped, merely provisional. Some will need revision. But the appropriateness of the name, the Chinese Room, is at once apparent. The roof is exquisitely decorated with stalactites of various shapes, many of them resembling Chinese lanterns, and is supported by great white columns and stalagmites. A miniature Chinese wall in the background serves as the bank of a tiny lake of clear, pure water.

Several hundred feet beyond the Chinese Room a narrow passage from the main cavern leads to what is known as Vaughan's Dome. This is an immense nave-like cavity, four hundred feet long, thirty feet wide, with a roughly carven roof one hundred and ten feet above, and needing but an opening at the end to complete the illusion that the visitor is in some vast cathedral. The walls are worn into great columns that stand regularly along the sides, their tops lost in the darkness of the vaulted dome. Nature teaches a lesson in dimensions in this underground cathedral, the acoustics being perfect, the slightest sound reverberating many times through the nave.

The greatest surprise, and the feature of the cave upon which its reputation as a wonder undoubtedly rests, is just beyond what has been fancifully named the Henry Clay Monument. It is the marvelous Colossal Dome, which has fittingly given the entire Cavern its name. It is the largest subterranean cavern as yet discovered in the world. It is indeed a temple of majestic grandeur, whose imposing size loses nothing by being but one of the many marvels of this underground wonderland. The Dome is cone-shaped, eighty feet in length, while the ceiling rises to the incredible height of one hundred and seventy-four feet, and is entirely lost in the darkness. A fire-basket has been rigged, and, when lit and raised on pul-

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leys, it reveals majestic walls draped with vari-colored strata, hanging like tapestries in graceful folds, while the dripping water, falling from the far-off ceiling, forms a string of liquid diamonds in the flaring light of the aerial torch.

But the most fascinating part of the Cavern is that which bears the prosaic title of the New Discovery—no name of adequate impressiveness or appropriateness having been found to describe its beauties. The New Discovery is an avenue eight feet wide and sixteen feet high, extending for a distance of six miles—a vast labyrinth of snowy incrustations and sculptured forms of every description. The alabaster columns have the transparency of icicles, the walls are frescoed with clusters of grapes, while the ceiling is covered by rosettes of every conceivable shape, and innumerable pendants of wire-like delicacy hang in mid-air. Altogether this avenue is a maze of kaleidoscopic wonders dazzling to the eye, with all the fascination and brilliancy of a winter morning.



THE CHINESE ROOM

There are many natural curiosities among the rocky formations of the Cavern. A gigantic lizard, three feet in length, composed of flint, and bronzed by the action of the water, slumbers peacefully by the side of a pool in a room known as the Saurian Dome. A fleecy formation of purest white, whose delicate tendrils of gypsum are so small as to resemble fur, has been called the Bear Robe. Ancient and modern tragedies are commemorated by formations known as Sampson's Pillar, the Ruins of Carthage, the Ruins of Martinique, and the Iroquois Curtain.

There is also the inevitable Register Hall, where Tom, Dick and Harry, and other lesser and greater celebrities will be permitted to inscribe their names upon the smooth limestone walls, and provoke posterity by their conspicuous commonplaces. The attractive Lovers' Lane,

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VAUGHAN'S DOME

FOUR HUNDRED FEET LONG, ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH

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A HINT OF THE "NEW DISCOVERY"

nearby, leads to the Arrow Head and Festival Hall, over Phosphate Mountain, seventy feet high—an appropriate place for cooling drinks—and right next to the Dining Room. Here is a formation which closely resembles the Full Dinner Pail of recent political notoriety. After having feasted in imagination, the traveler could, if the preceding pathways had permitted, take a spin in his auto or on a bicycle. A beautifully smooth, hard sandy road, called Bicycle Avenue, stretches invitingly several hundred feet from the Dining Room door. From a nearby cliff-top a miniature Niagara drops into a huge crater, disappearing mysteriously among the rocks, and ultimately emerging no one knows where. On the left is one of the most perfect specimens in existence of a synclinal arch, a typical illustration of underground cave formation. And so one might recount the almost endless array of curiosities, about which the nimble imagination could readily weave innumerable legends. And not only is the Colossal Cavern the largest cave in the world so far discovered, but it contains the largest single room in any known underground cave. This room is called the Great Bend. It is sixty feet high, one hundred and twenty feet wide, and half a mile long—a banqueting-hall fit for the gods in adornment, and large enough to seat the combined political conventions of all the parties in the country! The temperature would be ideal for midsummer gatherings of this character, while the tedium of business could be relieved by fascinating free trips to the various wonders of the Cavern.

After having traversed nearly fifteen miles in his inspection of this marvelous subterranean region, the visitor returns to the world of sunshine and green grass once more, loath to leave the land of enchantment, and feeling that half its beauty has not been revealed.

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LITTLE TRICKS OF OUR FOREIGN COUSINS

BY SIGMUND KRAUSZ

The Jesuitic maxim of the end justifying the means appears to be quite generally established among a certain class of small merchants, hotelkeepers, and even *soi-disant* artists in foreign countries, to whom, as in love and war, everything seems fair in getting the best of a business transaction.

In the code of their commercial honor these principles are applied to native competitors and customers as well as to foreigners; but the foreigners enjoy the questionable distinction of being favorite victims, mainly for the reason that the wiles employed to sell a customer something for double or tenfold its value are least known to them. The cunning displayed in this effort is so artful and—when you have not been personally affected—sometimes so amusing, that it may prove of interest to relate some of the ingenious tricks that I have observed in my travels.

In the Palazzo Pitti in Florence a host of male and female disciples of art are occupied in copying noted paintings of the collection. The majority of them—students who have given up all higher aims in art—do this less for the sake of study than for commercial purposes; and I have seen there many a dauber whose knowledge of painting was not even sufficient to make a halfway decent copy. I can class these "artists" only as merchants, who find it more profitable to sell their goods in that manner than by displaying them in stores. As soon as a visitor approaches one of these picture-sharks he is molested with an offer of a sale; and I am sorry to say that there are gullible and inexperienced American tourists who avail themselves there of the chance to buy "genuine free-hand oil paintings."

Frequently, however, the purchasers do not receive even that. Incredible as it seems, I have observed one of these "artists" daubing on the background of an evidently finished picture, which he offered to everyone coming near his easel. The painting was seemingly a good copy of an Andrea del Sarto hanging on the neighboring wall, but the price which the long-haired fellow asked for it was so small as to arouse my suspicion. Stepping nearer, and examining it closely, I then found it to be nothing more than a varnished chromo on canvas, some parts of the background of which had been given "broad" treatment with a thick brush. Had there been a doubt for me as to this, it would have been dispelled several days after when I saw the same fellow putting the finishing touches on another similar art work. He evidently had sold his "Andrea del Sarto."

In a semi-dark corridor of a hotel in Bologna I noticed once, hanging on the wall, an old painting which bore the appearance of an Italian master of the sixteenth century. The hotel had formerly been the palace of an ancient Bolognese family, and there was a possibility of the picture being an art treasure forgotten in the obscurity of the corridor. I casually inquired from the hotel proprietor as to whether it was for sale. He did not seem to know anything about the painting, and it was necessary for me to point it out to him.

"Oh," he said "you can have it. I guess it is some old picture that has been hanging here for a long time. I

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don't think I ever noticed it before."

"Well, what will you take for it?" I asked.

"I think five hundred liras will be about right," he replied. "You see, these old pictures are sometimes worth a good deal of money. You probably know more about it than I do."

The picture was taken from the wall and brought to my room for closer inspection. The fact that the back did not show an accumulation of dust and dirt seemed strange; but the dark tones and general appearance of the canvas evidently betrayed great age. Chance had favored me once with a lucky purchase of a valuable old book under similar circumstances. Why not again?

I was still considering the matter when a waiter, whose favor I had gained by liberal tipping, entered the room. He said: "I have come to warn you against buying this picture. They have several of them in the store-room. I know the fellow who makes them. It is a trick of the proprietor to hang the pictures in the dark corridor to be 'discovered,' and some guests have paid pretty good prices for them."

Needless to say that I abandoned any idea I might have had of purchasing the "old master," and left the honor of discovery to another hotel guest.

In Russia, the small merchants in the retail trade employ some sharp tricks in order to increase their profits. These tricks are well known among the natives of cities, and it is only the poorer class of strangers and the unsophisticated countrymen who fall victims to their wiles. This is one of the most notorious tricks: An overcoat is shown to a prospective buyer by the dealer, who swears by all that is sacred that, only the day before, it was bought by him from a real count, who had worn it but once. The buyer is induced to try on the garment. While doing so he feels a hard object in an inner pocket. In nine cases out of ten the native customer, who has no high conception of honesty himself, will, by a quick examination while the merchant apparently is busy selecting other coats from his stock, find that the negligent aristocrat had forgotten to remove his silver cigar-case from the garment. Under these circumstances the price demanded, which probably doubly exceeds the real value of the coat, does not appear to him too high, as the cigar-case alone is fully worth the money. He does not dicker, and declares that he will purchase the coat. Hardly has he done so, however, when the dealer "accidentally" discovers the silver case. Shaking his head in a dubious manner, he transfers it to his own pocket and hands the coat to the customer, who believing himself under suspicion, pays without a protest.

At the annual fair in Nijni-Novgorod I stepped with a German-Russian friend into a saddlery shop, where he wished to purchase a valise. He picked out one, for which the Tartar merchant named a price that was evidently much in excess of its real value. My friend was making the usual feint under such circumstances of leaving the store, when he noticed that the dealer, with a rapid movement, stuck a paper in the outside pocket of the valise. Not being a greenhorn in Russia, he knew immediately what the Tartar was up to.

"But, Barin," said the latter, calling him back, "come; look at the leather, and the lining—silk all through. Please examine it carefully." He handed the valise again to my friend and turned back to his stock, apparently looking for other satchels to show. With a sly wink my friend extracted a ten-rouble note from the outer pocket of the valise and hid it in his hand. Then he said: "Don't trouble yourself any longer. This valise seems to be what you say it is, and I will take it."

The Tartar grinned broadly as he turned around, satisfied that his little trick had succeeded. Then, while my friend pretended to count out the purchase price, he took hold once more

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of the valise in order to accidentally discover the banknote in it. I shall never forget his eyes, which bulged out of their sockets, or the petrified smile on his face when he found his money gone. He was so bewildered that he stammered like a drunken man.

"The fellow really ought to get a lesson," my friend said to me in German, while he kept the trickster in suspense for several minutes before handing him back the banknote together with the valise, which the dealer now offered for less than half of what he had demanded before.

About three years ago I was traveling in the South of Russia. Going from Odessa to Rostov-on-the-Don, I telegraphed to a Mr. C—— in the latter city, to whom I bore a letter of introduction, a request to secure for me rooms at the Hotel Europe. Arriving in Rostov in the evening, I met with an adventure which forcibly illustrates the extraordinary means sometimes resorted to in order to secure business by hook or crook.

Mounting a droshky at the depot, I ordered the isvostshik in my best Russian to drive me to the "Gostinitza Europa." He drove me about twenty minutes through poorly illuminated streets, before stopping in front of a two-story building. A man stepped from the entrance to the droshky, and spoke to the isvostshik in Russian. My inquiry in German, as to whether this was the Hotel Europe, was satisfactorily answered by a slight motion of the head; and, after having paid the driver, my baggage was taken inside.

Entering the hotel, my distrust was aroused by two things: the absence of the Russian hotel employees who generally crowd the entrance on the arrival of a guest, and the fact that the man who received me could speak only Russian. The building, too, seemed to be very small for a hotel. However, to my repeated question as to whether I surely was at the Hotel Europe, I again received an assuring "Da, da" (yes, yes) for an answer.

The man having shown me to a handsome room, at three roubles, I immediately changed my clothes and stepped out in the corridor to go to dinner. There my attention was attracted by several young ladies, and seeing no servant about, I asked one of them for the dining-room. The lady addressed did not understand French, but another one informed me that there was none in the house, adding, however, that a good restaurant could be found across the street.

This information again aroused my suspicion and, donning my overcoat, I stepped out on the street and asked the first decently dressed man, pointing to it, whether that was the Hotel Europe. He looked at me with an astonished expression, and gave a negative answer. I then related to him how I had come there, and he offered to take me to the real Hotel Europe, which he said was not far away. On the way there I was told that I had been taken to the Varshavski Numero, a small hostelry of questionable repute; and that it was quite common for isvostshiks to do this, as they had an understanding with hotelkeepers of that class regarding commissions for every guest they brought.

After relating my adventure to the "portier" at the Hotel Europe, he telephoned to Mr. C——, who is a well known citizen of Rostov, and a little later he called at the hotel. Meanwhile my baggage had been sent for, but the proprietor of the Varshavski Numero refused to give it up before the price of the room was paid for one night. To make the story short, I had to return with Mr. C—— to the Varshavski Numero, and received my luggage only after I had paid the three roubles demanded.

Strangers in Colombo, Ceylon, who stop at the Grand Oriental Hotel close by the harbor, are much pestered by the Mohammedan jewelers who have their

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shops in the arcades of the hotel. Immediately after the arrival of a steamer they appear on the front veranda—their pockets bulging with small jewel cases—remove their shoes, and offer their bijouterie with annoying persistency. The rings, brooches, and bracelets are tempting, and the cold glitter of the jewels has the effect of a snake-eye paralyzing a bird. Ceylon is the home of sapphires, rubies, and other precious and semi-precious stones; and the comparatively low prices asked by the wily dealers are, in view of this fact, not suspicious. The native workmanship of the jewelry is another inducement to buy; and few strangers can resist the temptation to acquire one or another piece.

If you, being thousands of miles from home, pretend not to have the money to spare, you are offered liberal credit by the dealer, who does not even ask for a reference. "You send me the money when you get home; I trust you," is what he will say if the money question is the pretended cause of your refusal to buy. After such a show of confidence it is hard to refuse a purchase, but you still resist. You are not an expert and do not know anything about the value of precious stones. This excuse is not valid either. If you do not trust the dealer, he will give you the address of one or two European experts—he lays special stress on the fact that they are not natives, and are therefore above suspicion—who, for one per cent. of the value, will appraise the stones. This allays your suspicions, if you harbor any.

The dealer entrusts you with the pieces you select, and you look up the European expert. This man will generally find that, in order to give an absolutely correct estimate, it is necessary to remove the stones from their settings, which would involve an extra expense. But he also intimates that a conservative appraisal can be made of the jewelry as it is. Ninety-nine out of a hundred travelers are satisfied with the latter proposition, and the result, as a rule, is an estimate which is somewhat higher than the price demanded by the unctuous native. Who would not buy under the circumstances? When you get back to Western civilization, and show your purchases to an American or European jeweler, you will generally find that you have bought parti-colored, chipped, or cracked stones in solid gold but unsafe settings, and that you have paid for them at least double their value.

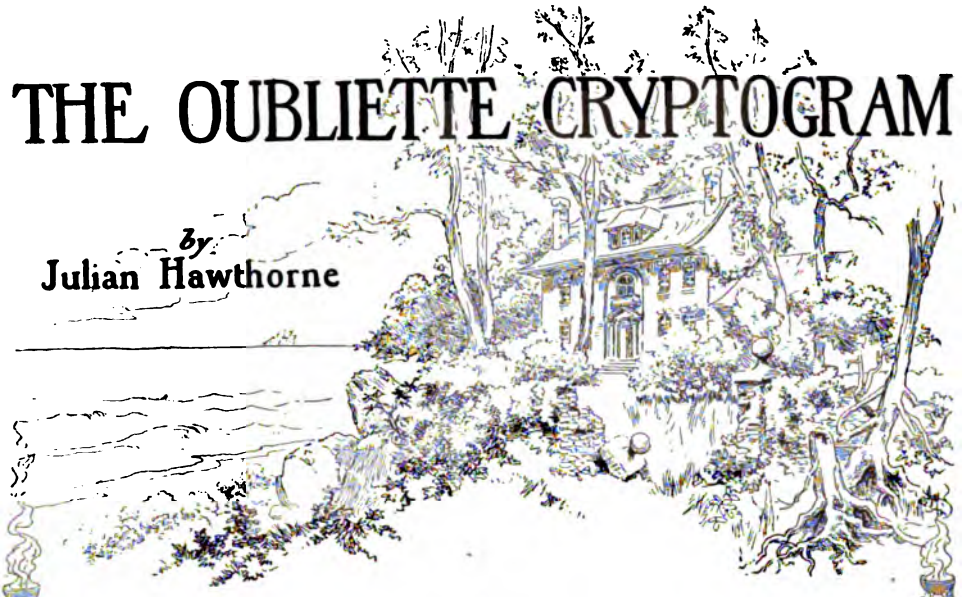
There are other questionable methods of increasing profits and getting the best of strangers or native customers in the Orient, but they are more or less similar, and would, in comparison with this trick, prove of minor interest. However, in concluding, I cannot forbear to mention one trick employed by a smart Hindoo priest in Calcutta, in competition with his brethren of the cloth. I was walking along the shore of the Hooghly River, an arm of the sacred Ganges, towards the Nimtollah Burning Ghats, when I stopped for a few minutes to watch the bathing place where the Hindoos perform their daily religious ablutions. The bathers were picturesque; but what interested me more were the groups of people drying themselves in the sun, and having their washed-off caste signs renewed by some priests. One of these priests seemed to be far more busy than the others, and this aroused my curiosity.

Stepping nearer to him, I noticed that the holy man used a set of modern rubber stamps, with various color-cushions, for painting the caste signs on the faces of his customers. This method was responsible for the rushing business he did. The Hindoos had evidently come to appreciate the value of time; and I wonder how long it took his competitors to find out where the enterprising priest got his outfit, which—as I understood from my native servant—they regarded as an unfair business contrivance.

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THE OUBLIETTE CRYPTOGRAM

By Julian Hawthorne



I

Surrounded by tall trees, with out-jutting eaves throwing a deep shadow over its front in the June afternoon, the house suggested the aspect of some ancient man of mystery meditating upon the magic of his youth, with his hat-brim pulled down over his introspective eyes.

Even in the broad daylight a certain duskiness invested the edifice, due in part to its faded and weatherbeaten hue, and partly to the gray texture of decay which centuries had imparted to its surface. It seemed to withdraw itself from the eye; and one would scarcely have been surprised, at a second glance, to find that it had melted quite out of sight, like a ghost before the investigations of modern science.

It stood on a cape of some twenty acres' area and of small elevation, round which, at a distance of a couple of hundred yards, the sea rolled in with a pleasant plunge and murmur. During more than two centuries the voice of the waves had caused the windows to vibrate in their sunken sockets; and in heavy storms the salt scud, flying from their crests, had whitened the small panes. Moss and lichens grew upon the ancient dwelling; birds had built nests in its crevices; and Nature, in all her widely-varying moods, had played with it so long that she had in a measure incorporated it with herself.

And yet it was, for all its loneliness and ghostliness, a very human dwelling; in its time it had been saturated with human life. In the seventeenth century one of its denizens had been accused of

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witchcraft. In the War of the Revolution, and in Indian disturbances before that, it had heard the sound of guns, and its rooms and corridors had been trodden by the feet of fighting men. During the period preceding the Civil War it had served as one of the stations of the Underground Railway. At one epoch, too, the representatives of the family which from the first had owned and occupied it had been rich ship-owners and merchants in the East India trade; their weddings had been celebrated here, their funerals solemnized, and the light footfalls and brisk voices of their children had filled the place with cheerfulness. Guests had come and gone, and the casements at night had glowed with the light of festival.

But these things had long since passed away; and, for many years before the summer day we speak of, the house had harbored but a single occupant, the last of his name, old Philip Carmichael. When, at a venerable age, he died, the dwelling with its furniture and surroundings had by his will passed into the possession of his nephew, a young artist, Thomas Sylvester. And today, for the first time since Carmichael's death, the heir, with Sybil Selwyn, whom he was soon to marry, and her mother, had come as a picnic party to visit the ancient homestead. They had driven hither in a carriage hired in the neighboring town, bringing with them Howard, the negro butler, who was the last remaining appanage of the Selwyn grandeur. Thus invaded, and its slumbers disturbed, the house had blinked its glimmering old eyes, yawned through its opened doors, and bestirred itself to perform, as best it might, the long-disused honors of hospitality.

II

Mrs. Selwyn was the recent widow of a minor New England millionaire, and had herself been a leader of the society elect. But, about a year before, while she and her beautiful daughter were in Europe, where the latter, having completed her school and college education, was receiving such finishing touches, in preparation for the brilliant society career that awaited her, as travel could bestow, news came to them that John Selwyn was dead, and that nearly all his fortune had been lost.

Sylvester had known and loved Sybil in her prosperity, but the discrepancy between their fortunes had prevented him from declaring himself. Her calamity was now his friend. He gave what aid he could in getting the remains of the estate in order; he met the two forlorn women at the dock on their arrival; he acted the part of a son to the widow; and in due time, when the changed current of the lives of the bereaved ones had become somewhat accustomed

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to its channel, he had asked Sybil to be his wife. Only then did he learn that she, too, had loved him from the first. Tom was still poorer than she was; but, under the circumstances, Mrs. Selwyn had no objection to offer against the match; no British lord or Continental prince could be her son-in-law now. So love, as has happened before, flourished, like a flower on a grave, from the ruin of what the world holds dear.

The two lovers were, at this moment, in Philip Carmichael's study, a wide, low-studded room at the front of the house. In that deep-toned and dusky environment their fresh young faces and figures had the vividness which, in medieval missals, the monastic artists were fond of bestowing upon the effigies that stand forth from the darksome background of the great initials. Sybil had seated herself in a leather-covered arm-chair, much too large for her; and Tom, the better to enjoy the lovely picture that she made, was perched upon the massive oaken table in front of her. They were a handsome couple—Tom, a hazel-eyed, athletic fellow, with masculine features and sensitive expression; Sybil, with the dark, level brows that give such effect to blue eyes, and slender oval of cheeks and chin. Their conversation was that of lovers, the charm of which, to the interlocutors, is derived less from the subject matter than from the delight which each feels in listening to the voice and observing the countenance of the other. In this they are more profound than we outsiders.

"It's the most delightful place I was ever in," said Sybil; "and I will live nowhere else, no matter what mother may say. Besides, she always ends with liking what I do; she even likes you! And what a perfect name—'Oubliette!' Was it always called that, or did your uncle give it?"

"He gave it," Tom replied. "I suppose the poor old chap felt like one of those fellows they used to sequestrate in the Middle Ages. There must have been imagination in him."

"I've felt all day as if he were following us about and watching us," said the girl. "I wonder if he likes us. Of course, he liked you."

"I think he disapproved of me. He wanted me to give up art and go into business. When I wouldn't, he gave me up. In fact, I suppose he wanted to make a vicarious atonement, in my person, for his own unproductiveness."

"Unproductive! My idea of him is he was a sort of Hermetic Philosopher."

"There must be an occult bond of sympathy between your spirit and his," said Tom, smiling. "The neighbors have said for years that he was searching for the philosopher's stone. That out-

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house full of jars and rubbish at the rear was his laboratory. He may have been a reincarnation of that Carmichael witch of two and a half centuries ago. Well, he may have made gold, but there's no record of his spending any."

"But surely he was rich?" said Sybil.

"The Carmichaels of long ago were rich enough; and he ought to have inherited something; but nobody knows much about him. The story is that the girl he was to have married died just before the wedding, when he was under thirty years old; and that he lived here as a hermit always afterward. It was thought he had a fortune laid up somewhere; but after he died I saw his will; and except for a few small things, this house and the furniture was all he left; and they wouldn't fetch much at an auction."

"Then, for all he disapproved of you, he left you all he had?"

"Well, there was something I never told you about that. He had stopped all communication with me for years; but when we were engaged, I wrote and told him. He wrote back the only really nice letter I ever got from him. There was something fine in the old fellow! I have always thought that he was pleased for the very reason one would have expected him not to be—because I asked you to marry me after your father had lost his money, instead of before."

"Then he was wrong; for if you had loved me as much as I did you, you would have asked me before instead of after; but you loved your pride better."

Tom got down from the table and kissed her, and then resumed his seat.

"I wish I'd known him," said Sybil; "I'm sure I should have liked him. Have you got that letter he wrote about me?"

"It's in the studio in town, vain girl! By the way, though," he added, beginning to search in his pockets, "there was something I meant to show you; it would suit you, for it's mysterious and medieval—a cipher, or something of that sort."

"Oh, Tom, a cipher!" exclaimed Sybil, sitting up. "Isn't that fine? Don't say you can't find it! I'm an expert; I used to make ciphers for the girls when I was at Vassar. What sort is it?"

"A sort I couldn't make head or tail of—not that I ever tried much," said Tom. "Oh, here it is! Quite in the romantic style, you see; written on parchment, in faded ink. Yes, uncle must have had imagination—that is, if he made it."

"What a curious one!" murmured the girl, examining the enigmatic document which Tom put in her hand. She placed it on the table and began to study it intently. "Either it's very abstruse or very simple—I can't tell which, yet. Did he say anything about it in his letter?"

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"Only that I was to keep it by me and look it over occasionally; it might prove useful, he said. But I suspect the old gentleman may have been a joker, in his way."

"No, Tom; this may be the secret of the philosopher's stone. Your uncle is here—I can feel it! And he has given us this so that we can make enough gold for you to build a splendid studio and go to Italy in the winter. Give me a paper and pencil, and sit here on the arm of the chair, and we'll work it out together."

"I haven't either the brains or the faith for it, and I should only make my uncle's ghost angry, and he would change the gold into cobblestones. You solve the cipher, and I'll make a sketch of you meanwhile; this light suits you. You have the regular features of the classic Greek, but with the American fire in them; and as you sit there, you look like a Cimabue saint as well. Heavens! what hair!"

"How can I work while you are going on like that?" protested Sybil, blushing, and looking more than ever adorable. "If you won't help me you must go out of the room. Go and sketch the stairway—you said it was pure Colonial. Come back in half an hour."

"Half an hour!" repeated Tom, his face falling. "I've lived twenty-eight years, and have been loving you for ten years already, rich and poor, in sickness and in health, at home and abroad; and now you ask for half an hour more. Besides, for aught I know, my uncle may be a real necromancer, and be waiting here to steal you away. Those big books in the bookcases look like books of magic; and no doubt this is the room in which he used to cast his spells and summon his familiar spirits. Can't you make it ten minutes?"

Sybil gave a little laugh.

"If your uncle is here, it's to tell me the secret of the philosopher's stone; and half an hour isn't too much for that. Think of all we can do with it! And though I like being poor, you need money to paint the kind of pictures you like, instead of pot-boilers to sell. And if you'd really wanted me, you might have had me any time the last five years, at least. Be good, Tom! The sooner you go, the quicker I shall be done."

"I wish I'd burned up the old cipher! It's a sinister omen that the first thing it does is to part us! I feel very doubtful if we shall ever meet again."

"I shall have made you a rich man before we next see each other, at any rate," returned Sybil, as he kissed her; "and then, perhaps, you won't care any more for a poor girl like me!"

At that he kissed her once more, and retired reluctantly, with

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a backward glance at the exquisite picture she made in the dark, mysterious old room. Then the door closed between them.

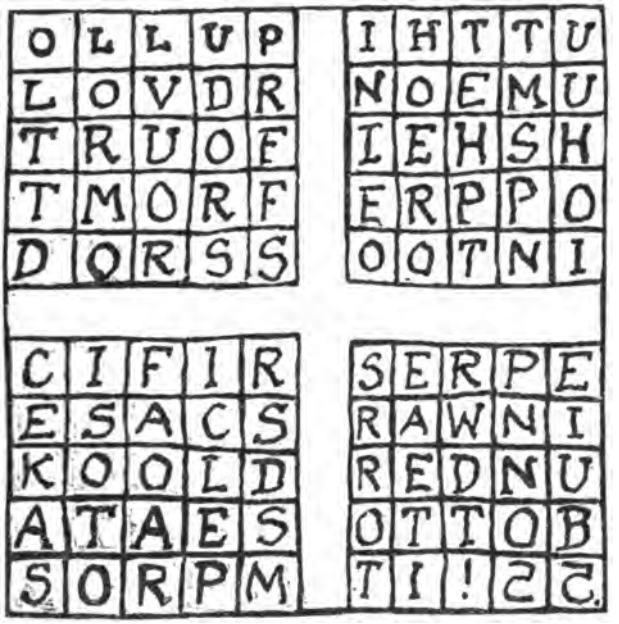
III

Tom did not care to sketch the pure Colonial stairway; but he sat himself down on the lower step, in full view of the study door, and, taking out his drawing pad, began to draw the image in his heart of what was on the other side of it. And then something induced him to add the suggestion of a tall, shadowy figure, with a gray beard, hook nose, and cavernous eyes, bending over her shoulder as she worked on the cipher. There was certainly something in the atmosphere of Oubliette that disposed the mind to such notions. The place was not only rich in picturesque legends, but, if you listened, you heard all manner of strange, soft sounds; sighings and whisperings; noises as of quiet crepitations in the walls; light footsteps along the floors; slight tremors of the ancient framework; a door would yawn silently open as you approached it; a murmur as of voices conversing in some remote quarter would steal along the passages, ceasing as you bent your ear to listen. Such phenomena are common in old houses which have been neglected, and are readily explained on a material basis; but if you yield to the suggestions of imagination, you may conjure up phantoms. Tom was not, in his own opinion, in the least inclined to a belief in the supernatural; but he was an artist to the ends of his fingers; and it was inevitable for him to seek to express his sensations. Thus he found himself drawing a ghost, as it were, involuntarily. And, having drawn it, he became uneasy, and wished to open the door to assure himself that all was well. Surely the half hour had passed!

Let us take advantage of our privilege to have a peep at what is going on behind that closed door. There sits Sybil, busy with the cipher and her notes, at the study-table. Is any one else there? A glance tells us that there is none. Against the wall stand the heavy bookcases with their serried volumes; at the back of the room is a deep fireplace, with its dusty hearth and capacious chimney filled with a drapery of cobwebs; to the left of it is a big ebony cabinet rich with curiosities from the East, collected by Carmichaels in ages gone by; the dusky and grim portraits of several of these worthies look down from the walls. The heavy curtains of the windows obscure the light; but we can see that they are secured, in the old-fashioned way, by a billet of wood jammed in between the frame and the sash. There is no other door to the room than that with which we have made acquaintance; no aperture in the wainscoting, or in the heavy planks of the floor, through which anything larger

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than a mouse could make its way. Doubtless, in the old days, many a witch had soared up on her broomstick through the wide funnel of the chimney; but those cobwebs have not been disturbed for a generation. No; no living creature except Sybil is present, and all seems well with her. She is absorbed in her problem; she concentrates her gaze on the queer old cipher, bending her dark brows together over it; anon, she jots down some characters with her pencil. Shall we, too, steal a look at the odd inscription displayed upon the bit of yellow parchment? Here it is:



Has it any meaning? Or is it, as Tom surmised, one of Uncle Carmichael's saturnine jests? If we may judge from Sybil's preoccupation, she inclines to the former hypothesis. But, as she sits there, bending over her task, one might almost fancy that the shadow of the partly-drawn window curtain, thrown upon the impalpable dust in the sunbeam, assumes a particular form—the vague adumbration of a figure, stooping near her shoulder. And having allowed ourselves to go so far, can we go a little further, and supply the semblance of a gray visage—a misty beard that almost sweeps against the girl's cheek? No, there is nothing; or it is but the recollection of Tom's drawing that has aroused within us some subjective faculty of vision? But, again, if

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there were such an apparition, would it forebode benefit or mischief? Observe her face once more. Has there not flashed into it an expression of sudden hope and anticipation? She turns her head abruptly, so that, had any one really been behind her chair, he would have met the immediate glance of her eyes. But there is nothing to be seen, further than the massive bookcase with its rows of tall volumes and the other objects we have indicated. Still she gazes in that direction, however, something as she might had she overheard a ghostly chuckle or the ghost of a voice addressing an inner sense, summoning her—whither? Now she rises to her feet, pushing back the heavy leather-covered chair in which the old magician had so often sat.

It was but a few moments after this that Tom also started to his feet, and his drawing-pad, escaping from his fingers, fell to the floor. An expression of acute attention, rapidly developing into one of alarm, overspread his countenance. Was that Sybil's voice that he had heard, raised as if in excitement or fear, and immediately followed by a heavy sound as of some ponderous object falling to the floor? He stood listening; there was no further noise. What had happened? After a few seconds, during which he held himself motionless, the voice of Mrs. Selwyn, with its composed, well-bred drawl, came from the head of the stairs:

"Oh, are you there, Tom? I thought I heard Sybil call. What is it?"

The young man pulled himself together and, controlling his voice, said: "She's in the study; I'll see what she wants." And stepping quickly across the intervening space, he opened the door.

IV

The first thing upon which his eager eyes rested was the leathern chair; it was pushed a little to one side, and it was empty. During the next instant he made the visual circuit of the room. Sybil was nowhere to be seen. Feeling as if he had received a heavy blow, his gaze reverted stupidly to the empty chair and to the table. The voice of the girl he loved had been in his ears not sixty seconds before; she had but just risen from that chair; the paper on which she had written, the pencil which she had used, lay on the table, fresh from her fingers; beside them was the cipher, which, to Tom's dismayed apprehension, was the evil cause of the astounding, the incomprehensible event that had taken place. He advanced mechanically to the table, and took up the bit of paper on which Sybil's notes for the solution of the cipher had been jotted down, as if he imagined that some occult hint would thus

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be conveyed to his mind as to what could have become of her. But neither from the occult nor from anything contained in the jottings themselves did any enlightenment visit him. He folded up the paper as if he were preserving a memento, and put it in his pocket. Then he once more looked round the room. Sybil was not there.

When we are abruptly brought face to face with a miracle—with something which nature declares to be impossible—the logical result is madness. The circumstance which saved Tom's sanity may have been the consideration that this miracle involved Sybil. Miracle or not, she must be found. The blood which had crowded to his heart, leaving him pale and shivering, leaped again to the surface. He felt that to find her he could conquer impossibility itself. But manly and lover-like though this feeling was, it did not tell him how the conquest was to be accomplished. He could not go anywhere to seek for her, because, despite the evidence of his senses, he could not believe that she was not still in the room. How, indeed, could she not be there? Yet how, in that case, could he not see her? He clenched his fists in a sort of rage, and groaned aloud.

At that juncture Mrs. Selwyn, with her dignified pose and with the broad sweep of her conventional skirts, entered the room. She was a calm and comely woman of five and forty, with the signet of Society stamped upon her contour and every movement; even her widow's weeds made one admire the art which could transmute grief into fashion. The habit of her face assured one that no stress of emotion could seriously disturb its conventional serenity; not so much that the emotion might not exist as that training had atrophied the physical means for its outward portrayal. There could be no impossibilities or miracles in the world in which she lived.

"I think, after all, daughter," she remarked, as she crossed the threshold, "that we might contrive to make the house habitable if——oh," she broke off, "I fancied Sybil was here."

"She was here a few minutes ago. Since I left her I've been sitting right opposite the only door of the room. She has not come out; but she doesn't seem to be here. I can't think what has become of her."

Mrs. Selwyn allowed this statement to sink into her mind, and then said, incontrovertibly: "But, then, she must be here."

"Well——" said Tom, inviting the lady, with a gesture, to see for herself.

Mrs. Selwyn let her eyes travel over the apartment, and then repeated, with polite tolerance: "She must be here; otherwise, it would be absurd, you know."

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"Just after she cried out, something heavy seemed to fall; but I can't see that anything is out of place. I don't understand it."

Mrs. Selwyn considered further. "You have been within sight of the door since leaving her?" she then said. "What were you doing? Perhaps you dropped into a nap, and she came out without your knowing it."

"Me take a nap when I was waiting for the half-hour to be up!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly. "Besides, I was making a sketch of her as I last saw her, and was in the midst of it when I heard her voice. That door wasn't opened till I opened it."

"There must be some mistake," remarked the lady, composedly. "Sybil is full of fun and spirits, of course; but she is always a lady!"

It was evidence of the acuteness of Tom's distress that he noticed nothing comical in this assertion, open though he ordinarily was to humorous impressions. He simply fixed a blank stare upon his interlocutor and muttered between his teeth: "There's some deviltry. She's gone!" And then he burst out in a sudden flame: "I'll tear the house down! I can't stand it! I must have her! Sybil! Sybil!" His voice, raised to its full compass, rang like a trumpet through the old building.

Mrs. Selwyn was startled and shocked; but her mind was unable either to understand or share the young man's apprehension.

"Why, my dear Tom, the child can't have been kidnapped, or vanished into thin air. And now it occurs to me that she is probably in the kitchen helping Howard with the lunch. Let us go there."

The futility of this proposition deprived the artist of words; but no words could avail in such a situation. He and Sybil had been jesting about ghosts; here was a mystery that made ordinary supernatural happenings seem tame. The bulwarks of scepticism crumbled before him. The persuasion seized upon him that Sybil was in the room, but had magically been rendered invisible. He stretched out his hands and grasped at empty space. His intended mother-in-law, fearing that she had a maniac on her hands, shrank back toward the doorway, and almost came into collision with the stalwart form of Howard, the butler, who was hurrying in from the hall.

"Was it me you was cawlin', Mis'r Sylvester?" he enquired, with the urbane grimace which was the token, as he conceived, of the high breeding which should mark a retainer of the aristocracy. "I tho't I heard you' vawce, sah. I just stepped up to the attic—tho't mebbe I fin' some dishes faw th' picnic. An'thin' wanted, sah?"

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"Have you seen Miss Sybil within the last half hour, Howard?" asked Mrs. Selwyn.

"Why, no, I ain't seen Miss Sibbul, Mis' Selwyn; but I did think, 'few minutes back, I heard her vawce, sort o' faint, like it come f'om fah off. Seem' like it come through the wall of the attic, Mis' Selwyn."

"Through the wall of the attic!" echoed Tom, in stupefaction. "Come and show me the place! What sort of a devil's house is this!"

Seizing the surprised negro by the arm, he started up the staircase, Mrs. Selwyn following in a somewhat scandalized state of mind. At the head of the first landing there was a panel let into the wall, on which were fastened four bells on springs, communicating by wires with various apartments of the house. Just as Tom reached the landing, the second from the right of these bells rang sharply within two feet of his face.

He stopped, with his eyes fixed upon it, his fingers gripping Howard's arm so hard that the big negro winced. After the sound had ceased, the bell continued to vibrate for a few moments on its rusty spring; then, at another impulse, it rang again; but the pull broke the corroded wire, and the bell fell rattling to the floor at the men's feet.

At this juncture, Mrs. Selwyn, in the course of her leisurely progress, came up with the others. Tom turned to her with a ghastly face.

"Who did that?" he faltered.

"There is no one in the house but ourselves here, and Sybil," was this imperturbable lady's rejoinder. "Naturally, Sybil must have rung it. She has got locked into one of the rooms, of course. All we have to do is to trace the course of the wire, and we shall find her. I was convinced from the first, you know, that there could be no mystery in the matter. These old houses have all sorts of odd corners—"

"You said you heard her up in the attic!" interrupted Tom, turning fiercely on Howard.

"I tho't somet'in' sounded like her vawce, Mis'r Sylvester; but so't o' distant—not like she was there herse'f, sah," said the butler, in a quavering voice, wiping the sweat from his brow with the cuff of his free arm.

"She may be in peril of her life, and we stand doddering here!" cried Tom in anguish. "Get me an axe, you jackass! I'll follow that wire if I lay the house in ruins!" The wires, in fact, entered the wall at a short distance from the panel, and their further course could be followed only by breaking the wall down.

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Howard sprang down the stairs with an agility that would have done credit to a man twenty years his junior, and disappeared toward the region of the kitchen. Tom, with dry lips and fiery eyes, forged back and forth on the landing like a tiger caged.

"I hope you will commit no unnecessary destruction, Tom," remarked Mrs. Selwyn. "There is no question of danger, I am sure—but you are so precipitate! I suppose I had better go down and look after the luncheon myself; Sybil may need some refreshment after she gets out; and we must be thinking of starting home again in an hour or so."

The conception of Sybil's mother tranquilly occupying herself with the luncheon, while her daughter might be undergoing nameless tortures from evil spirits, once more bankrupted her lover's resources of expression. But before the lady could depart on her errand Howard came panting up with an axe; and the relief which this implement of action afforded to the young man, hitherto suffering from the misery of enforced impotence, was so great as almost to restore him to his normal good humor. He seized it and swung it back over his left shoulder with the athletic vigor which had made him the most puissant oar of his day in the university.

"Oubliette, eh?" he growled, between his teeth. "I'll decipher his old Oubliette for him! Keep your eye on the wire!"

Crash! came down the axe upon the wood and plaster; and Mrs. Selwyn, with the pained expression of a lady to whom physical violence is distasteful, stepped back and withdrew her skirts from the flying splinters. Smash! it went again, and a big piece of the lath-work was driven in. Tom gathered himself up for the third blow, and delivered it with all his force. A considerable portion of the wall gave way, disclosing the hollow within its two sides; and the head of the axe flew off and went rattling down into the cavity.

"D———!" ejaculated the destroyer.

"Tom, is that necessary?" murmured Mrs. Selwyn, before he could finish the word.

"Ma goodness, sah, I guess yo' opened de do'!" exclaimed the negro, grinning excitedly, and thrusting his head through the opening. "Yo' sure have! Seems like dey struck a light down dah, too!"

"A light!" Tom whirled the butler away from the cavity, and craned his own neck through it. And, of a truth, from the inmost of the downward darkness appeared a yellow gleam, gilding the hollowness with an irregular ribbon of light. It had not the flicker of fire but the steadiness of the rays of a lamp. But how could a lamp be burning quietly in the interior of the wall of a

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building erected before the Revolution? The lamp itself—if such it were—was invisible in the depths; but, as Tom stared down toward it, with amazement crinkling the roots of his hair, a voice issued from the bowels of the unseen, remote, but unmistakable—

"Tom, is that you? Do stop; you nearly hit me with the axe-head!"

"Wow! Sybil!" yelled back the lover, in a hoarse tone that broke in the middle. Then his knees gave way and his strength went from him, so that he was obliged to hold on to the sides of the aperture with both hands to prevent himself from falling. But in that moment, his soul knew the very essence of joy. George Washington achieved immortality with his little hatchet; but Tom Sylvester had opened the gates of Heaven with a rusty old axe.

V

"Then she is in the kitchen after all?" said Mrs. Selwyn, in the slightly interrogative tone which seems to imply, politely, "What did I tell you!"

But the tumultuous tide of Tom's emotion carried him beyond the reach of innuendoes, and even of the recollection of his intended mother-in-law's existence. He presently applied himself once more to the mysterious abyss.

"Darling," he called down, "what happened to you?"

"I am well," came the reply, in the beloved voice; "but I shall have to stay here till you come and fetch me."

"Where is it? How shall I get there?"

"I'm in your Uncle Carmichael's secret room. He brought me down here. You must get here the same way I did."

"His secret room! How do you mean he brought you? Why can't I come to you down this hole? What way did you go?"

"I came the way the cipher said; and you must read the cipher—"

"I read the cipher!" cried out Tom, in consternation. "How can I read it, or anything, in the state of mind I'm in?"

"You will find the key to it in the notes I left on the table. Tom, dearest, don't be so headlong. This is a serious and wonderful thing. You must do as I tell you—or as your uncle wished, rather. He has the right to ask it. Go down in the study and read the cipher—you will find it very easy; and when you've done it, you will see that it was worth while. It would be ungrateful to him for me to tell you anything more."

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"But, Sybil," remonstrated the distracted lover, "to lose all this time! What has happened? If you knew how I felt!"

"Dearest, I'm safe, and I'm doing right. Do as I say; you won't be sorry!"

Tom had a struggle with himself. The fiery impatience of the artistic temperament battled for mastery; but love and reason, in unusual partnership, beat it down. Sybil was not in immediate danger; she was evidently much in earnest in her strange plea; and there was in her voice an intonation—the more effective coming from the mysterious remoteness of her unknown retreat—that admonished him to acquiesce. But to acquiesce was one thing; it would be quite another thing to decipher the cryptogram.

At this juncture, however, he recalled having put the paper of her notes in his pocket; he felt for them; they were there. He had not understood their purport at his former hurried inspection; but they might aid him after all. At any rate, if the task were to be attempted, the wise course was to set about it without delay. He turned to descend the stairs. Mrs. Selwyn made a movement as if to address him, but he passed her with the unseeing eyes of a somnambulist, and the next moment he had entered the study and closed the door after him. The lady and the butler were left confronting each other.

By the manner in which she rose superior to this inattention Mrs. Selwyn proved her right to society leadership.

"Howard," she said quietly to that bewildered individual, "while Mr. Sylvester is occupied with Miss Selwyn, we will prepare the luncheon. I will hull the strawberries; you may lay the cloth under the oak to the left of the porch. Don't make the ice-cream till everything else is ready; and be very careful about the salt."

The calm explicitness of these directions acted as a stimulus upon the disordered nerves of the servant, and restored him to his wonted cheerful alacrity. "Awll right, Mis' Selwyn! I wait on you, M'!" he responded; and, with the smirkings and bobbings of happy hereditary dependence, he followed that stately Serenity kitchenward and became absorbed in his proper industries.

Meanwhile, Tom had settled himself doggedly at the table, in the ancestral chair, and was bending every faculty upon the riddle of Oubliette. He would have preferred the axe; but he proudly yielded to superior orders. The affair represented itself to him as a life-and-death combat between himself and his Uncle Carmichael; the latter had made the interpretation of the cryptogram the condition of Tom's reunion with his mistress. So be it! The challenge was accepted. The advantage was with the ghost; but Tom set

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his teeth as in the last lap of the mile foot-race, and fixed his eyes upon the tape and away from that beloved figure that was sitting somewhere, so near and yet so remote, waiting to award him the palm of victory. The tape, of course, was the bit of parchment with the queer figures inscribed upon it, and the paper of notes bearing upon the same. "I'll do it!" said the young man sternly to himself; "I'll teach him that no ghost can beat Tom Sylvester! and when I've done it, I'll never forgive him—never!"

The notes were as perplexing, in their way, as the cipher; but after a while, Tom began to discern some method in them. Sybil's first effort had been to determine whether the characters of the cipher were to be regarded as standing for what they were or for something else, and had decided in favor of the former hypothesis. She had then proceeded to make trial arrangements of the letters, taking them vertically, horizontally, and diagonally; but no apparent success had attended any of these dispositions. As Tom pored over the page, however, his eye was attracted by a hitherto unconsidered memorandum in a corner, which read as follows:

"5's backward—5's reversed—yes, that's it!"

Was this a clue? He reverted to a study of the cipher itself. There were, as we have seen, four squares of letters, forming a larger square, separated by two lines of blanks at right angles. In the right-hand bottom corner of the lower right-hand square, he finally observed two odd-looking figures; they were not letters, like the rest; they seemed to be arbitrary marks. For a time, he contemplated them unintelligently; then, as if a word had been whispered in his ear, he suddenly made a discovery. It thrilled him like an electric shock.

The figure at the extreme right was a 5 turned wrong side before. The penultimate one, which resembled the other, was an S similarly treated. What did this mean? What could it signify—unless it were the key to the whole mystery!

With a tremulous breathing and sparkle of hope he returned to the cryptogram.

The squares contained twenty-five letters each—five on a line. Now, Fives Reversed—let us see!

The first line of the upper left-hand square read "Ollup." Read backward, this became "Pullo." Might not this be "Pull" and the first letter of another word? What was the next word? He tried the second line of the same square—"Lovdr." Reversed, this was "Rdvol." Connected with "Pullo," he got "Pullordvol." There was no possible sense in that; and yet he had followed the key. And yet, again, had it not succeeded with Sybil? Had she not written "Yes, that's it!" and nothing further? She must,

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then, have applied the key and worked the spell. Perhaps it was a purely magical spell—mystical—having no outward or literal meaning; and it would not work for him, though it had worked with her, because he did not possess the mystical genius. Perhaps its effect was to render the person invisible, or able to pass through solid matter—into the Fourth Dimension; and she was now in that Dimension, and he could never reach her!

He sprang up from his chair, and paced up and down in the room, aimlessly, in despair. In the old ebony cabinet there was, among other curious objects, a Burmese idol, squatting cross-legged, made of gilded wood; but the eyes were of some dark precious stone that had a peculiar, subtle gleam in them. At a certain point in Tom's disordered ramblings, this gleam intercepted his line of vision and brought him to a pause. He and the idol eyed each other, motionless, for some moments. Was it hypnotism? Was it the vibration of some occult intelligence? After the lapse of a due interval Tom came to himself, as it were, with a start, and walked quietly back to his chair. He resumed his pencil and paper with the manner of one who knows what he has to do. Instead of the second line of the first square, he added to the first five reversed letters the first five reversed of the second square. The result brought a sort of radiance into his face; he pursued the same method with the two next lines of the two squares. As he worked, disconnected mutterings escaped from him. "Uncle, you made a mistake there—but no matter." "Why, it's as simple—a child might do it!" "Sybil—Sybil—I'm coming!" "Too plain to be seen—that's all!" At last the work was done; he rose and approached the first bookcase with an assured step.

Reaching up to the fourth shelf from the top he removed from it the third volume from the left. Inserting a hand into the empty space he drew from it a small bar or rod of steel, over a foot in length, and half an inch in diameter. With this he prodded into the back of the bookcase till he felt the end of the rod enter a corresponding hole in the rear woodwork. He gave a shove, and an entire section of the bookcase yielded inward, like a door on its hinges; pressing against it, it gave way still further, though with a resistance as if from a hidden spring. But when the door was at right angles to its original position, there was a click, and it remained stationary. It flashed through his mind that Sybil had not done this, and that the door had consequently sprung closed behind her, preventing her return. But she must previously have replaced the book and the rod, and thus covered her trail.

He was now gazing into a recess, which at first seemed dark; but he presently was aware of an illumination proceeding from below,

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by which was revealed a flight of stone steps descending to the right. His heart was beating heavily as he went down the steps, and, again turning to the right, found himself on the threshold of a chamber about ten feet square and seven in height, though the ceiling had been partly removed, probably for ventilation.

The chamber was dry and clean. Against one wall was fixed a table on which burned an oil lamp; along the adjoining wall stood a settle with hair cushions on it; on the third side was a shelf; and beneath it a washstand. The place with its various little appliances for comfort, compactly arranged, reminded one of a ship's stateroom. The opening in the ceiling evidently ascended through the cavity of the house-walls, and accounted for the sound of Sybil's voice in the attic and for her conversation with Tom after he had broken in the panel on the stairs. Indeed, the head of the axe lay on the floor beside the table.

But Tom, at this time, was conscious of none of these details. His whole soul was aware only of the figure which had risen from the settle and confronted him with arms outstretched. The light of welcome in her eyes was deepened by an expression of mysterious exaltation. She was as one fresh from converse with things beyond the sphere of sense; and it was with awe as well as joy that her lover took her to his breast. But the lips that met his own were Sybil's; and she was only more than ever his because of the unnamable difference that had been wrought in her.

VI

That evening, in the city mansion, the lovers sat as was their wont in the little room which communicated, through curtained folding-doors, with the front sitting-room, in which Mrs. Selwyn was dozing with a book in her lap, decorously weary with the vicissitudes of that memorable day.

"It was a mere chance, after all—the discovery of all that wealth," Tom remarked, breaking one of the happy pauses of their conversation. "But for you, it would probably have remained there forever. I'm glad I owe it, as well as all other happiness, to you!"

"I have another feeling about it," Sybil answered thoughtfully. "Riches come and go, we don't know why; and they can bring trouble as well as joy. I think your uncle felt that, and meant to make his gift of them partly dependent upon the mystery we call chance. He wished us to feel that, if we received them, we must thank, not him only but——the same Goodness that gave us to each other!"

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"Uncle Carmichael had imagination," Tom responded; "and he was a good fellow, and I'm ashamed of my animosity against him. But no wonder they called him eccentric! To think of him, all these years, using that chamber—it was the hiding-place for the escaping slaves in the Underground Railway days, no doubt—for his treasure-vault! He must have intended the money for me; and yet he was willing to risk its getting into the hands of some real-estate speculator, in case I should decide to sell the house; as for the cipher, he must have known I would never solve it myself; I rather think he had a premonition of you—the *dea ex machina!*"

"It was wonderful—all that happened in Oubliette today," said Sybil, lowering her voice. "I'm sure—I know—that something was with me from the time I entered the house. Your uncle is a good man, Tom, and he wished you—us—to deserve our happiness. When I first opened that book-case, and it slammed shut behind me, I had called out to you just before, for I wanted you to come with me. At that first moment I felt afraid, imprisoned in that darkness; but then, the next moment, I was quiet and content; there was something with me that was good and kind; I was led down those steps as safely as if I could see them, and into the little room; and even before my hand touched the matchbox on the table, I was not afraid. I called up through the hole in the ceiling, and afterward rang the bell, because I wanted you to know that I was safe; but when you asked me how you could come to me, something held me back from telling you; I felt that you must find the way yourself. Something made me realize that it was right that you should make that little sacrifice to what he had planned and wished; and that you would be glad that you had done it, in return for all he has done for us. Dearest, it isn't the money we care for—it's the feeling that he cared for us, and meant to make our life comfortable and beautiful. And yet he was so modest—so unwilling to assume credit as a benefactor—that he arranged things so as to look like accident. After we have made our little wedding-journey about the world, let us come back and make our home in Oubliette, where he lived so many years forgotten."

"So we will, beloved! Oubliette is where I lost you, and where I found you again; there will never be another place so homelike for us. And we'll frame the old cryptogram and hang it on the wall."

"Daughter," said Mrs. Selwyn, disclosing herself through the curtains, like the world revealed to Eden, "It is time for you and me to retire. I have a number of things to say to you; your prospects are now so altered that—"

"The only prospect I care for isn't altered," said Tom, kissing his wife-to-be; "but all the same, I thank Uncle Carmichael!"

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Typewritten Music

Popular Mechanics

The latest thing in typewriters is a machine which will eliminate all the tedious labor of preparing music for publication, and will eventually reduce the cost of copies of music of limited circulation. The new machine is much like other typewriters, except that it forms the scale as the operator proceeds, besides registering the characters. It not only registers the notes, bars, and rests, but also marks the lines at the same time. A single machine sells for $300 at present, and a company with $200,000 capital will soon begin work. Probably the next improvement will be a means of attaching the typewriter to the piano so that, as the great musician improvises, the music will be typewritten simultaneously, and without intruding on the inspired moment.

A Born Strategist

From an Exchange

A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"T'ree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yessir, an' I've been t'inkin' so fer t'ree weeks, but I've been so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got the raise.

A Grain of Salt

Professor Charles W. Super in the Popular Science Monthly

The word *salt* has impressed itself on our language in a curious way in our term "salary." So necessary did the Romans consider salt to the efficiency of their armies that each soldier was provided with a special ration of it, or with the means of providing it. This stipend was called *salarium agentum*. Civil officials or military officers when traveling in a civil capacity were also provided with this ration of salt. In later times, when the commodity was no longer difficult to obtain, money was paid in lieu of salt, but still ostensibly for the purpose of providing the same article. Generally, however, the allowance was sufficiently liberal to purchase a good many things besides sodium chloride. In time salt-money in ancient Rome came to be as comprehensive as "stationery" in the phraseology of our home-grown legislators. The officials received no salary, yet the unfortunate provincials would generally have been glad to pay a definite amount rather than the presents (?) and perquisites which they were called upon to provide.

As indicated above, it is still a mooted

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Punch

"UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED"
Cartoon by Linley Sambourne

question whether the consumption of salt is essential to the maintenance of animal life. If, as is now generally held, marine fauna antedated all others, it is reasonable to suppose that the principle of atavism would never carry living beings beyond a natural fondness for and even the necessity of consuming saline matter. Those who insist that sufficient salt is taken into the animal

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body indirectly with the food are equally positive that the excessive fondness for it exhibited by most men and some other animals is the result of a perverted taste. They cite as a parallel case the eagerness with which dogs and other brutes, to say nothing of human beings, devour sweetmeats, as evidence of a vitiated taste that readily results in more or less serious harm.

Not a Soulless Corporation

John H. Patterson, of the National Cash Register Company

A great many persons ask us about our welfare work, and why we do it. We do it because it is right and because it pays. We believe that in doing good for our people we are raising the standard of workmanship and the standard of morals in the neighborhood surrounding our plant. Some persons ask: "What is welfare work?" Welfare work is capital and labor working together for the mutual benefit of each other, and when capital and labor get behind the wheel of progress, you can bet that it goes right straight ahead, but when they pull opposite to each other then both are the losers.

At a very small cost we are enabled to give our employees free baths, free reading-rooms, lunches at cost, provide suitable meeting-rooms for them, allow them to hear the best lecturers, provide recreation grounds for the men and women, and gardens for the boys to work in so as to keep them out of mischief. We have been able to beautify the entire surroundings of the factory, the homes, and the streets through teaching to our people the principles of landscape gardening. We have formed mothers' clubs, and taught them how to care for their young. We have kindergarten schools to teach the little ones. We have cooking, sewing, music, and dancing schools to teach the young women to become good housewives; and, through our welfare leagues, we intend to have manual training in the schools so that the boys may be taught to work with their hands, and so that we may be enabled to always have growing up an intelligent class of boys whom we can develop into mechanical experts. And we want the girls to know just as much as the boys, so that when they decide to marry they may be the equals of their husbands.

And you ask how this pays? Why, it makes our men work not only with their hands, but with their brains. It makes them aim higher, and, aiming higher, they produce better work; and in that way we are paid for what we do for our men and our women. They are with us, heart and soul. They work for our interests as well as their own, and in that you find capital and labor working together for the mutual benefit of each other.

The Day of the Young Man

Charles F. Lummis in Out West

There are dyspeptic persons who derive—though they may not be able to impart—a satisfactory gripe because of numerous changes in the Cabinet. There have been a good many changes, thank God; pray God there may be several more! For if the American Cabinet has ever yet existed which might not have been the least bit improved by the judicious tinkering of a competent carpenter, the fact is not of historic record. Cabinetmaking, at the outset, is a colossal grab-bag. The new President reaches in and collars the biggest article he can find within the inscrutable recesses; and when he Gets his Grab, he has to Use it. As a rule, he has not had in his first term that sufficient experience and touch with the largest men of affairs whereby he could judge definitely, even if he were free to judge without the strings of political promise. Having grabbed, it is also far easier to hold to your accidental prize than to change.

The accession of Paul Morton is a fair type of the extraordinary innovation the President is making. It is an administration notable for youth. It is young men for counsel as well as for war; and while we may reasonably expect that with youth shall come some of its pathologic errors, it looks, off hand, as though it were time for strong, unspoiled, highly trained youth to take the lead among affairs that had grown prematurely old. Not "kids," not sophomores, but men this side of middle age, trained in the handling of large affairs,

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and still young enough not to be blasé, nor dumb, nor lazy, but to double up their fists for their ideals, right or wrong, and fight them to a finish!

Morton is good bone of good blood. His father, J. Sterling Morton, Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture, was a rare and gallant type of the best tradi-

the thoughtful will remember, is what this stands for, of one man's example. A cabinet salary to Morton is something like giving Wanamaker the floorwalker's pay check. All of us feel, now and then, how little temptation American public life has had for the very class of men we most need there.



Courtesy of The Cleveland Leader

"BACK THE WHITE, NICHOLAS!"
Cartoon by W. L. Evans

tions of the old school. Paul, with the face and figure of an old Norse Viking, and heart and head and hand to match, is grown to executive stature as one of the real masters of the Santa Fé system.

And, perhaps, not the first thing one thinks of, but one of the last things that

Canon H. Hensley Henson

"I" in To-Day

Canon Hensley Henson, I am afraid, stands to many modern old women and gentlemen in the light of one who would belittle the Bible. Not long ago he contributed to a thoughtful

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To-Day

REV. H. HENSLEY HENSON, CANON OF WESTMINSTER, AND RECTOR OF ST. MARGARET'S

Drawn from Life by Paul Henry

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Brooklyn Life

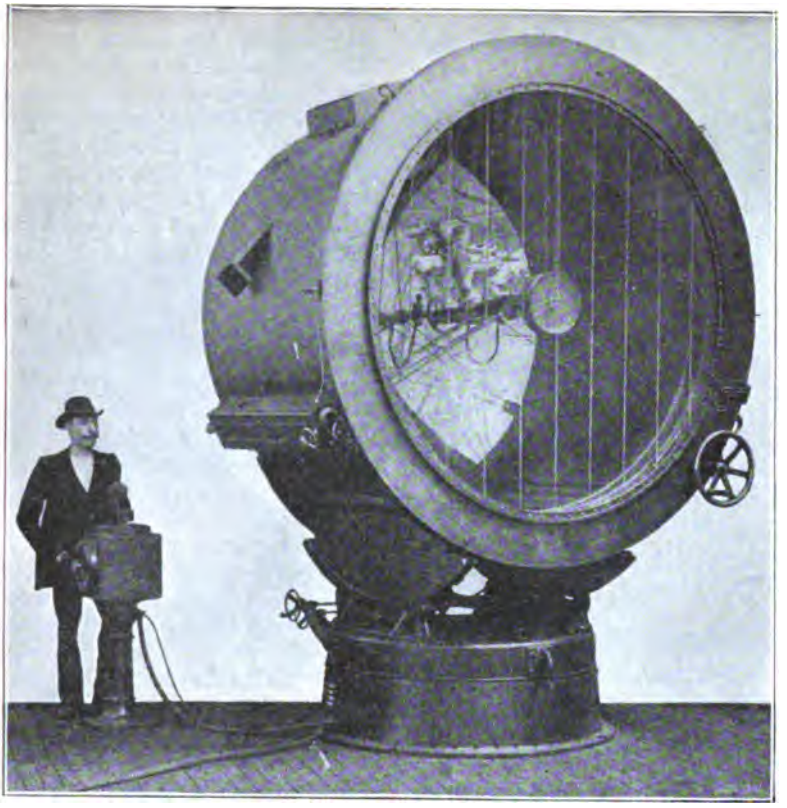
THE POLITICAL HAYING SEASON

What do yez want to vote in Philadelphia for? Don't yez git a good price for yer vote here in New York?

Sure; de price is all right, but de guys over here won't let yez vote more dan once.

magazine an article demanding that we should have an expurgated edition of the Bible for certain purposes, and now, I believe, there is a prosecution in store for him on the charge of heresy. "We want expurgated Bibles"—this is all Canon Henson demands—"for the use of children, for the use of converts from heathenism, for the public reading in the churches." Common sense will hardly quarrel with this proposition. There are few fathers, I imagine, who in the course of family worship would be willing to read every word of the Bible to their children. Our sense of the proprieties has altered since the canonical books were written, and so we omit passages in the presence of children just as naturally as we prune down Shakespeare for use in schools. Canon Henson, however, demands something more than a mild expurgation of the Bible. He holds that the Testaments, Old and New, must be subjected to the keenest and most unbiased criticism, and that in the light of such criticism the clergy shall teach Christian truth to their people. Thus, he regards the story of the barren fig-tree as a parable turned by tradition into a miracle, and he would never have quarreled with Huxley as to the historical accuracy of the account of the Gadarene swine. In the same way he would rationalize the story of Christ's temptation in the wilderness, making it symbolise the time in every man's life when he is tempted to put his powers to base uses for gain. There are, no doubt, many still living who will be

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The Tatler

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEARCHLIGHT

Built by the Schuckert Company, of Nuremburg, Germany. It is of 316,000,000 candle-power; has a diameter of 6ft. 6in., and gives a light visible 80 miles distant.

wounded by so human a method of interpretation, but, as Canon Henson sees, such persons, by clinging to the unessentials of Christianity, keep numberless thinking men from taking a right interest in the essential things.

The rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, is a man of spare and medium-sized figure, with a smallish head and closely-cropped hair. His face is pale and drawn, as though he suffered from neuralgia, and his attitude in the pulpit is that of a man hooded in thought. His sermons are for the most part quiet and unimpassioned; at times they are almost unimpressive, did one not feel what an ardor for truth burned in the man's exhausted frame. Later, however, he will rouse himself to a passion, and then he will light up with the saint's or the ascetic's joy. His talent for saying what he believes has more than once brought him into difficulties.

A New Wrinkle

The Washington Post

Orville Wright, the flying machine man, told a reporter this story:

"A little boy bustled into a grocery one day with a memorandum in his hand.

"'Hello, Mr. Smith,' he said. 'I want thirteen pounds of coffee at 32 cents.'

"'Very good,' said the grocer, and he noted down the sale, and put his clerk to packing the coffee. 'Anything else, Charlie?'

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"'Yes. Twenty-seven pounds of sugar at 9 cents.'

"'The loaf, eh? And what else?'

"'Seven and a half pounds of bacon at 20 cents.'

"'That's the Arrow brand. Go on.'

"'Five pounds of tea at 90 cents; eleven and a half quarts of molasses at 8 cents a pint; two eight pound hams at 21¼ cents, and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at 24 cents a jar.'

"The clerk bustled about, and the grocer made out the bill.

"'It's a big order,' he said. 'Did your mother tell you to pay for it, or is it to be charged?'

"'My mother,' said the boy, as he pocketed the neat and accurate bill, 'has nothing to do with this business. It is my arithmetic lesson and I had to get it done somehow.'"

How the Blood May Be Washed

La Révue Scientifique

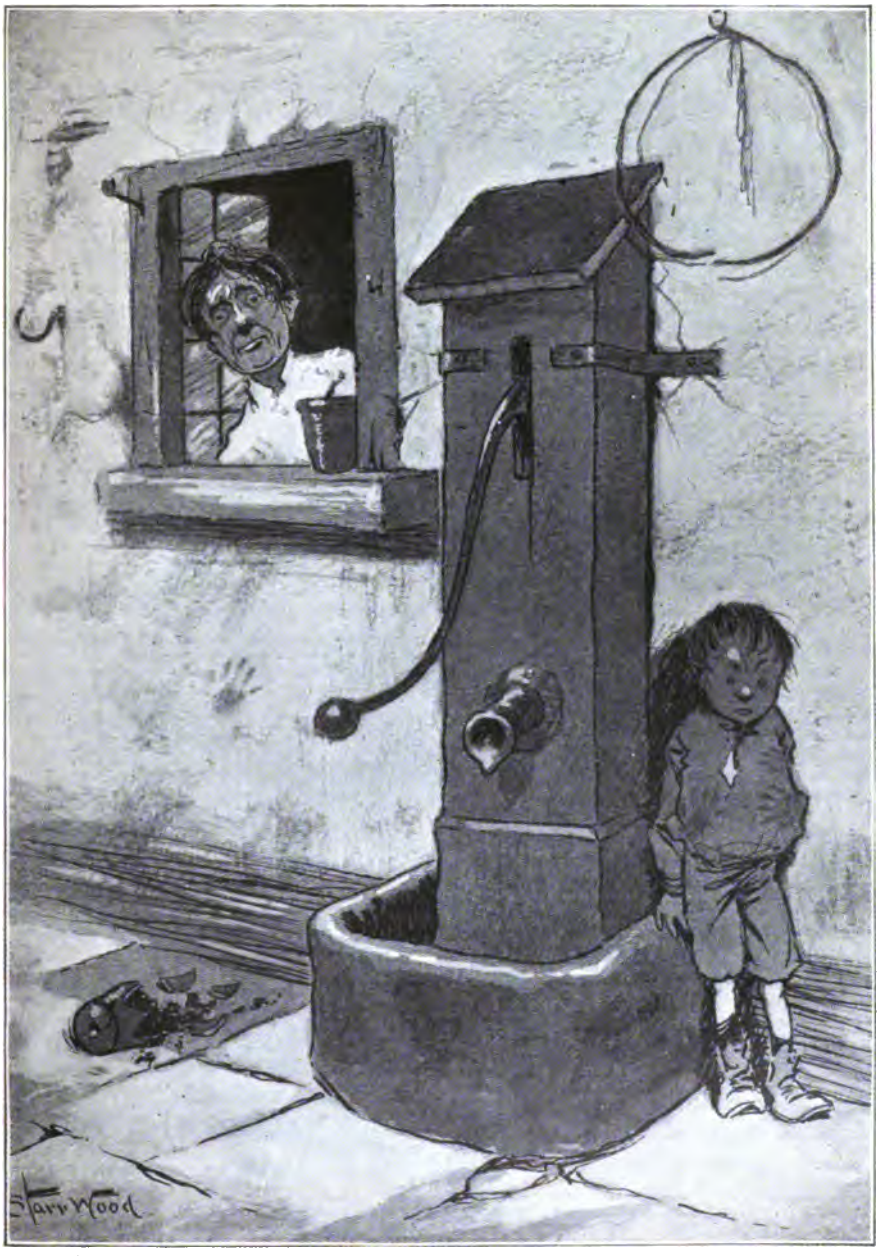
The search for a physical process which would act directly on the circulating blood in cases of intoxication in order to extract the poison which it may contain is not a new thing, two methods up to the present having been tried, transfusion of the blood and washing of the blood. The transfusion has given proofs of its worth, but the difficulties are such that the application of the method is necessarily restricted. There has been little success hitherto with the washing method on account of the difficulty of adjusting the speed of injection to the narrow limits of cardiac tolerance. The chief difficulty has been, however, that the simple dilution of the blood does not render the renal filter permeable to the poisonous substances. M. Ch. Repin has just constructed an apparatus with which he has experimented on animals, the method being to extract a large quantity of blood from the organism and to mix it with eight or ten times its volume of an isotonic saline solution. This mixture—sufficiently incoagulable for the needs of the experiment—is sent into a centrifugal separator, which is combined in such a way that all the blood globules are united almost instantly at a single point, where they are passed into a pump which injects them into the animal. The working of the apparatus is automatic and continuous, the result being to extract the plasma with all the matter dissolved therein, and to replace it with artificial serum; and this without injuring the blood globules, for which a short passage outside of the organism is not injurious.

A Tip to the Literary

Clara E. Laughlin in The Reader

What is the prospect of success for the individual who aspires to any part of a livelihood by writing for magazines? Well, for one thing, it is pretty safe to say that it is nearly useless for him to send to any magazine of good repute an article on any subject under the sun except one on which he is exceptionally informed, and even then the likelihood of its acceptance is pitifully small. It is doubtful if ten per cent. of the matter, outside of fiction, in any good magazine, is unsolicited. The main fiction is arranged for editorially, but there is always a chance, and a most excellent chance, for the casual comer in fiction and short poems; but the poems must be very short, and the fiction must compete with hundreds of other offerings of like sort. It would be disheartening to any writer trying to make his way as a magazine contributor if he could have opened before him the files of the magazines he unsuccessfully attacks, and have some one who could do so explain to him how the various things printed were obtained. He would see, then, that the man who sits in his corner and writes has the smallest possible chance; and if he could be an editor for a little while he would see that editing would be a heap easier job if an editor could tilt back in his chair and wait for the men in their corners to come forward with timely, well-chosen, well-written, and well-assorted stuff for his pages. It isn't the editors' fault that contributing to their magazines is so uncertain a business; and it isn't really the writers' fault. It is the fault of the conditions that obtain in the traffic between them. There is no quick route to the kind of public-

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Drawn by Starr Wood *The Sketch*

A PARADOX

"ALL RIGHT, MY PET, I'LL HIDE YOU WHEN I FIND YOU!"

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ity the writer must have. He must find out what he can do, and keep doing it, conscientiously and perseveringly, until the worth of his work discovers him to his purchasing public.

The Passionate Author to His Love

Puck

Come write to me and be my Love,
And we will all the profits prove
That furnace sighings, signed and sealed,
And vows epistolary yield.

Empty the coffers of thy heart;
Its every throb and thrill impart;
Search every secret, holy nook;
'T will make, sweetheart, a lovely book.

And I will make thee vow for vow,
And in my letters mention how
By thoughts of thee I'm sweetly harried,
Despite the fact that I am married.

Thou'lt write how to my arms thou'dst fly
If't were not for the legal tie;
And I, how straight I'd fly to thee
If from my fetters I were free.

These tender things we'll put in print.
Sweetheart, there may be millions in't.
The public simply can't resist
"Love Letters of a Socialist."

We'll turn our passion to account,
And realize a large amount.
If of the plan thou dost approve
Come write to me and be my Love.

Was Shakespeare a Cricketer?

Punch

Mr. Punch has noted with considerable interest the turmoil of public opinion raised by the connection between cricket and literature, and it is accordingly with some little pride that he finds himself able to make an important contribution to the discussion. The attention of scholars has long been drawn to the passage in *Macbeth* in which Lady Macbeth, talking in her sleep, remarks with reference to the murder which she and her husband have committed:

"Out, damned spot! out, I say!—one, two; why, then 'tis time to do't."

This sentence has always been a stumbling block to commentators because they have found it impossible to believe that Shakespeare was ignorant of the well-known fact that the words which a person may utter in his sleep can afford no reliable clue to his past actions. Obviously the passage has become corrupt, but hitherto no satisfactory emendation has been suggested. By a great stroke of luck, the true reading has come into Mr. Punch's hands. It runs thus:—

Umpire—Out!
First Player—Damned sport!
Umpire—Out, I say!
[*Exit* First Player.

Second Player—One for two. Why then, 'tis time to do't.

(Meaning, of course, that the rot must be stopped.)

In the Brave Days of Old

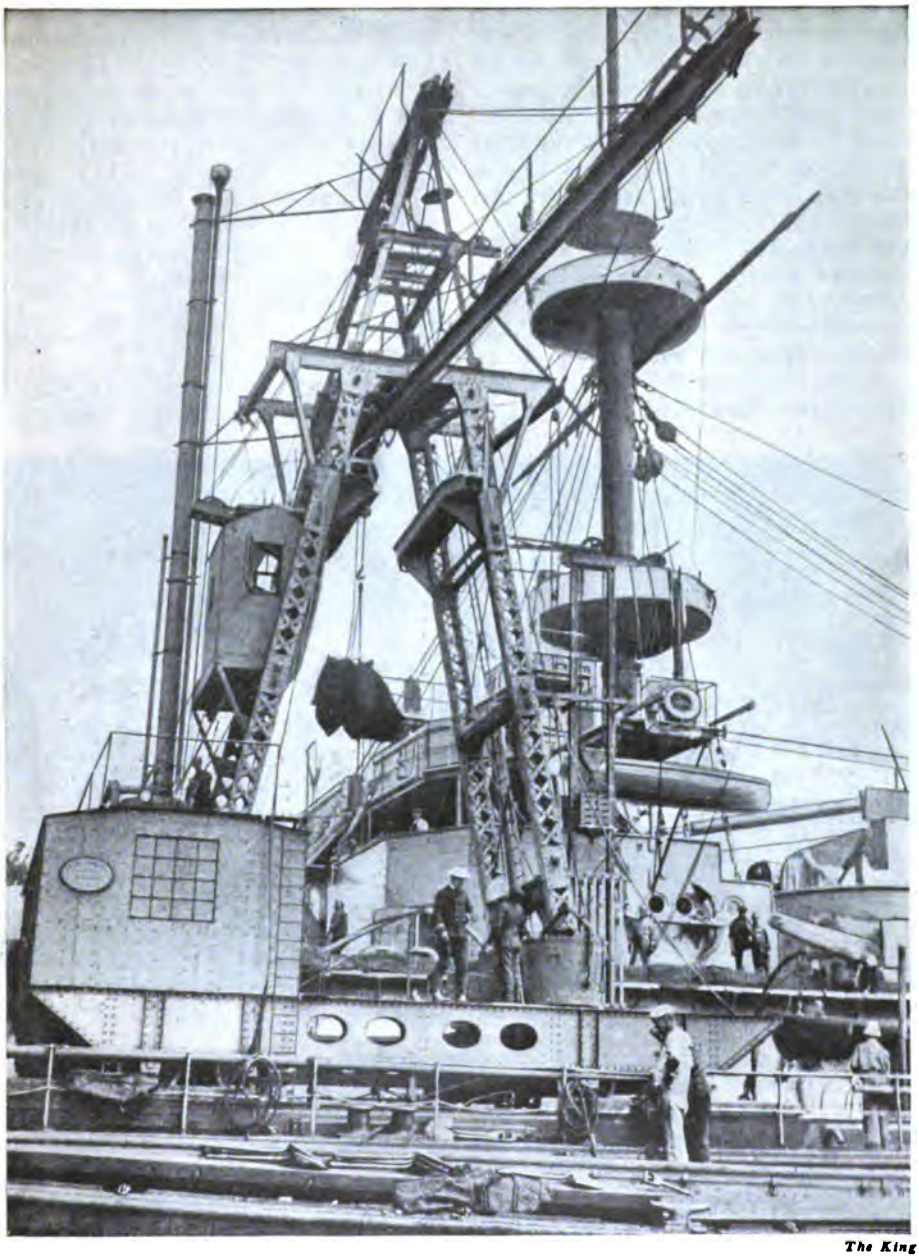
The Public

Professor Rudolfo Lanciani, writing in *The Youth's Companion*, says: "We may gather an idea of the activity which prevailed in an ancient farm from the following extract from the official gazette—Acta Diurna—published in Rome at the time of Caligula, and reproduced by Petronius Arbiter in his *Supper of Trimalchio*.

"On June 25, in Trimalchio's farm by Cumae, were born 70 children, of whom 30 were of the male sex. The same day 50,000 modii of wheat (about 100,000 gallons) were removed from the threshing floors to the granaries; 500 young oxen were broken. The same day one of the slaves, named Mithridates, was executed by crucifixion, because he had cursed the sacred name of the Emperor (Caligula), and lastly, 10,000,000 sesterces (about $400,000) were deposited in the safes.

"That was about eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, and what a population that farm must have supported! Seventy children born in one day! Think what herds of cattle there must have been, when five hundred young oxen were broken on a single day. A hundred thousand gallons of wheat put into the granaries, and four hundred thousand dollars put in the safe!"

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The King

COALING A BRITISH WARSHIP

To Abolish the English Channel

Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu in L'Economiste Française

A tunnel under the channel is perfectly practicable. The chalk formation between Folkestone and Dover corresponds exactly in composition and disposition of beds to the chalk mass which faces the English coast on the French side between Calais and the Cap Blanc Nez. On both sides the white chalk has for a base a thick bed of gray chalk, very regular in formation and exempt from fissures, which in its turn rests on

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men if we would bless them, and Whittier sings to me of human brotherhood and divine Fatherhood. Are not these Christian lessons?

A Physical Basis for Sleep?

Dr. Austin Flint in The New York Sun

The desire for sleep that follows the ordinary period of wakefulness with mental and physical activity is due to a mysterious agent, produced probably in the brain and circulating in the blood, although it may possibly have its origin in other parts, as the muscles. If the blood of a dog fatigued nearly to the point of exhaustion is injected into the vessels of an animal that has been at rest, the second animal immediately gives evidence of fatigue. Physiologists, however, know so little of this substance that they have not even given it a name.

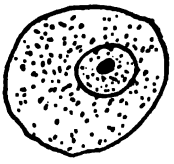


FIG. 1
Normal Cell



FIG. 2
Fatigued Cell

After repose the brain-cells have a certain size, configuration, and structure that may be called normal. Following severe and prolonged exercise or repeated stimulation of nerves, these cells are shrunken, and their borders become irregular. The nuclei especially are greatly reduced in size, sometimes as much as fifty per cent. But after a number of hours of repose the cells and nuclei will have returned to their original condition. In addition, fatigued cells show cavities emptied of nerve substance, that do not exist in resting cells. An idea of these changes may be obtained from Figures 1 and 2, although no attempt has been made to represent the exact form of the cells, the figures being simply diagrammatic. The cells here are rounded ganglionic cells.

It has long been known that nerve-cells are peculiarly sensitive to varying conditions of the system, especially blood changes. Within a few years it has been found that they contain little angular bodies that stain deeply with aniline dyes, particularly methylene blue. On account of this property these have been called chromophile granules, or, after their discoverer, Nissl bodies. Although but recently described for the first time (1902), the literature of these bodies is now enormous, and various theories have been advanced to account for the changes to which they are subject. One theory, which has many supporters, is that the Nissl bodies represent or contain stored-up energy, and that they undergo disintegration as the result of cell-activity. It is the fact, indeed, that, following massive discharges of nerve-impulses, such as occur in the violent convulsions of epilepsy, these bodies break down into exceedingly fine granules, but are restored by a proper period of rest. Figures 3 and 4 roughly illustrate this idea.



FIG. 3
Cell with Nissl bodies

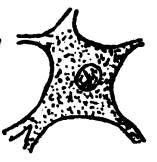


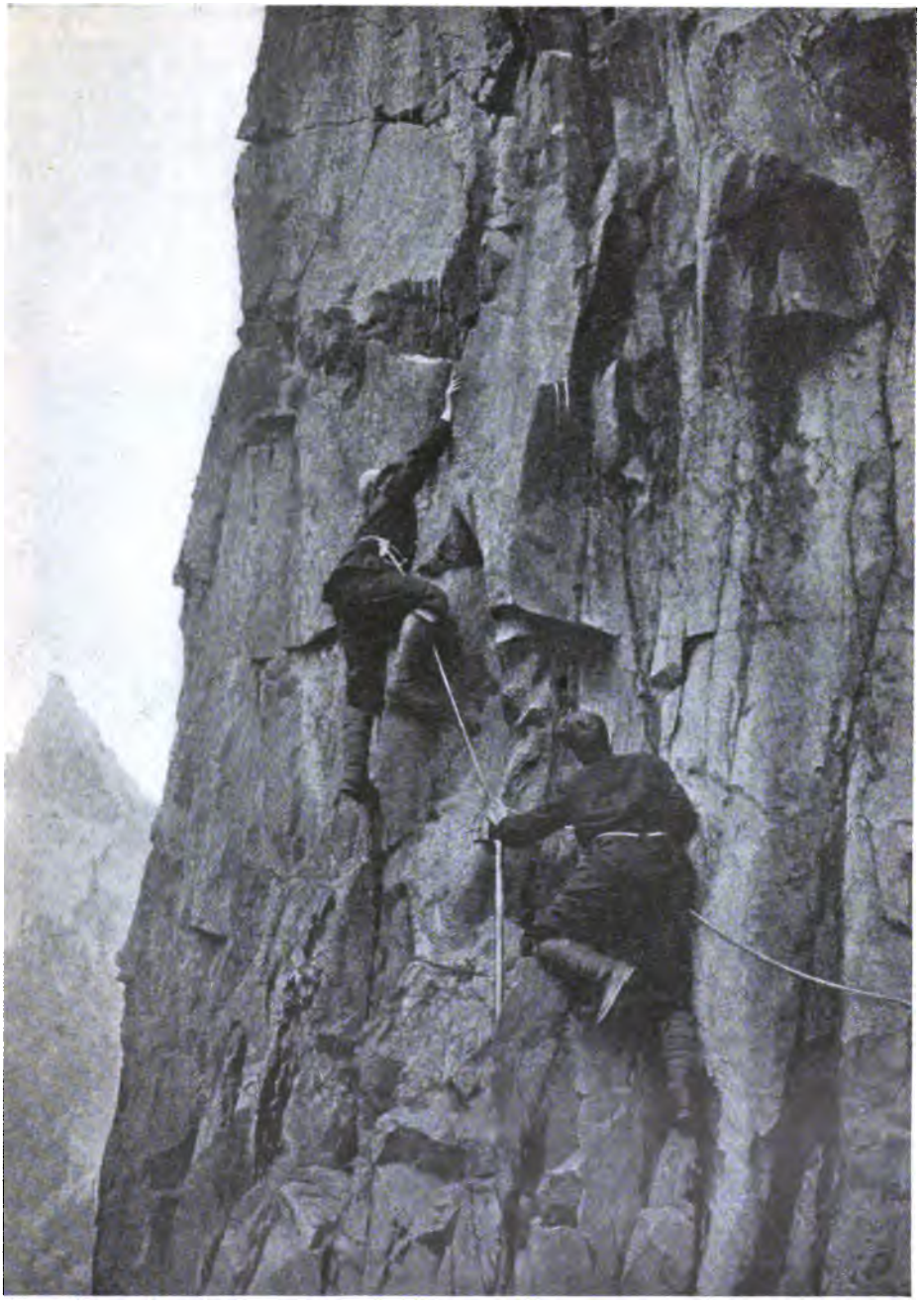
FIG. 4
Cell with Nissl bodies broken down into fine granules

The Pope as a Disciplinarian

Salvatore Cortesi in The Independent

In what Pius X differs from other Popes is the determination with which he insists on having the reforms he establishes really carried out, without making distinction if those who have to obey are humble priests or occupy high positions in the ranks of the Church. Take, for example, the Canons of the different basilicas. They are most prominent among the clergy of the Eternal City, and formerly obtained their lucrative appointments honorarily, being otherwise engaged in various often less ecclesiastical, but more profitable, employments. The Pope stopped all this at once with a *muto proprio* decreeing their daily attendance at divine service, insisting on the punctuality of

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The Graphic

THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC

On the traverse of the Aiguille de Grépon.

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each, forbidding substitutes, and emphasizing the necessity of a reverent attitude more fitted to their position and duties when in church. A prelate, who under Leo XIII had obtained a dispensation to absent himself from the daily attendance in his basilica, applied for a like favor to Pius X, which was refused. In a private audience later the Pope recommended assiduity in his duties as member of one of the congregations. The prelate replied: "But, Holy Father, I am also Canon of St. Peter's. What can I do? The service takes up almost the whole morning; I cannot be in two places at once, and your Holiness has not deigned to concede me a dispensation." "The Canons," replied the Pope severely, "must assist at the services. I will concede no dispensation on this point. For every service from which you are absent you must pay the fine."

However, to avoid a repetition of such instances the Pope has decided henceforth never to appoint any one Canon who already occupies a lucrative office which would prevent him from participating in the morning service.

In all these reforms, in that restoring the Gregorian chant, in religious teaching, etc., it is most remarkable to note how Pius X is constantly carrying out as Pope the ideas and principles which he professed and advocated as Bishop and Patriarch. The reports he then sent to the Congregation of the Council, proposing and supporting changes which he is now introducing, would make very interesting reading. Among other things he then asked the abolition of fasting on Saturday, considering two days' abstinence too long a period, and as Pontiff he immediately issued the dispensation for the Universal Church. He also insisted on the necessity of reducing the number of feast days, which are too numerous, and, he added, some very difficult to observe, they not being recognized by the civil authorities of the different countries; and as Pope he has set to work to decide which of them can be suppressed.



The Tatler

THE LATEST MUSICAL PRODIGY

MASTER FLORIZEL VON REUTER

Born in America, pupil of Ysaye; composer, conductor, violin and piano virtuoso.

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Old Age only "Chronic Disease"!

The London Spectator

Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, has recently given a lecture upon old age, which he declares to be merely a "chronic disease," for which he believes that science will shortly find a cure. We read that quite a sensation was produced in Paris by the Professor's words. We are not surprised. What a vista of change must open before the eyes of those who can bring themselves, even for a moment, to consider this statement in the light of a possibility! What, one wonders, would be the moral effect of the sudden recession of death? We think it would be both good and bad. When death comes very close to a large number of people in some alarming form, when some scourge of disease or war threatens a whole neighborhood, the moral effect upon the population is, historians tell us, exceedingly bad; a kind of desperation seizes upon men, and they become absolutely reckless. If death were to go farther off, the cause of civilization, of peace and order, might gain with the new stability of things. On the other hand, there is a vague sense of impending justice which has, we believe, a great moral force, and which is dependent upon the certainty that life will be over before long. This sense is independent of definite religious conviction, but it comforts those upon whom the cruelty and injustice of the world press, and it restrains those persons who are largely responsible for making it cruel and unjust. The wish to die innocent rather than guilty is inherent and strong in the human heart, and it has a salutary effect in forcing those persons who would quite as soon live guilty as innocent into decent behavior. Apart from all guilt or innocence, we believe that the thought of the shortness of life has a good deal to do in reconciling the laboring classes to an existence which must sometimes strike the most reasonable of them as singularly hard by contrast with that of their more fortunate brethren. This might, it is true, be counteracted by the



The King

OLD DRURY LANE

What theatre-goers had to put up with fifty years ago.

From a contemporary wood-cut

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extra length of time before them to improve their condition; but we think this factor would hardly make so strongly for class amity as does that odd idea of topsy-turvydom which enters into many simple conceptions of the life after death. Once make death an accident which is likely to happen some time, instead of an absolute certainty which must happen at the end of a given number of years, and differences of lot will seem more wide and bitter than they do at present.

When Bees Swarm

Country Life in America

One troublesome incident of bee-keeping is the annual swarming. Some fine morning in May or June there is a great hubbub in the garden, and the air is literally alive with thousands of flying bees, the hum of which can be heard a great distance. After a while, the bees gradually settle on a bush or branch, and hang there for several hours. This process is called "swarming," and the bees thus hanging are called a "swarm." These bees are not, as is popularly supposed, the young bees, but are the old bees and old queen, who have left the old home, as this has become too small to accommodate its rapidly increasing population. The bees are wise folk; and knowing that they will need food for their journey, and honey with which to build combs in their new home, they have, therefore, gorged themselves with honey before leaving the hive, and herein lies the secret why swarming bees are so docile and can be so easily handled. A bee cannot sting without bending the abdomen; and, at swarming time, the abdomen is so distended with honey that the little fellows simply cannot sting, however much they may wish to.

A Postal Pawn Shop

Public Opinion

It is rare that the pawn shop is a vital part of the national life of a people, but such is the case in Italy. This is true to such an extent that the government is now considering a plan by which the people may be relieved from the excessive rates of interest they are compelled to pay to private brokers. According to the *Tribuna*, the great curse of the Italian poorer classes is their vanity, the savings which they might put in the banks being devoted to the purchase of ornaments of gold or silver. When the time of need comes these articles go to the pawn shops, of which there is a great deficiency, the total number being 533 for 8,262 communes. The majority charge a rate which with the government tax amounts to fully fifteen per cent., many of the shops working on borrowed capital being compelled to charge this rate to make a profit. In 1896 there were 6,513,458 articles pawned, on which were raised 103,830,735 lire. Of this number of pledges 411,607 were abandoned. The government now proposes to utilize the money —some 900,000,000 lire—which has been accumulated by the poorer classes in the postal savings funds, for the purpose of making loans on precious metals. The loans will be made at a low rate of interest, and the entire postal system will be adapted to the use of the department. It will thus be possible to pawn an article in any portion of the kingdom, and take it out elsewhere.

Is the Sun Shirking its Duty?

Professor Langley in the Astrophysical Journal

The ease with which the sun's light and heat penetrated the earth's aerial envelope diminished perceptibly at some time between November 15, 1902, and February 19, 1903. It then maintained a lower level than that of the preceding year, rose nearly to the earlier standard by January, 1904, and then decreased again. The record ends with February 11. Inasmuch as the air is credited with absorbing from one-third to two-fifths of the solar radiation, a heightened obscuration, though not enough to be apparent to the ordinary observer, might well affect the welfare of plants and animals, and especially that of civilized man. The degree to which this supposed obstruction operated was not uniform for all parts of the spectrum. It was about 20 per cent. for the violet rays, which are believed to be particularly helpful to vegetation, and from 2.3

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Drawn by A. Popini *Black and White*

"LA FEMME AUX PERLES"

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to 6.5 per cent. in the invisible region beyond the red rays. The second set of figures indicate that outside of the atmosphere there was a falling off in the sun's output. On March 26, 1903, a reduction of fully 5 per cent. was detected, as compared with the average for six or eight earlier observations that year and in October, 1902; and by the close of April, 1903, the deficiency was fully 10 per cent. The amount of radiation underwent trifling variations, but remained about the same for ten months. A perceptible increase was recorded late last January, and on February 11, 1904, the radiation was apparently as large as ever.

Christianity and Modern Culture

From Professor Bousset's new book, "The Essence of Religion."

Christianity and modern culture represent opposite tendencies of thought. To insist upon the principles of traditional Christianity is to rob modern culture of its very life; it opposes a pessimism to the optimism of modern thought. And yet a reconciliation between the two is not absolutely impossible. It can take place, however, only as the result of a modification of the current view of Christianity. A new conception of religion must make itself felt, and this change can be readily effected. It must centre around the person of Jesus and abandon its dogmatic system. In the person and in the preaching of Christ, as an historical phenomenon, we have the basis for an understanding between Christianity and the culture of our day. Jesus himself never accepted the total corruption of man as the basis of his preaching. Rather it was an ideal of moral perfection that he held up to his hearers—of a life in God and activity according to His will. Such we find to be the kernel of the gospel proclamation. Deliverance from sin and forgiveness of sin were indeed emphasized in his preaching; but his prominent thought was that of struggle toward an ideal moral life. This is the idea that must take possession of modern Christianity, if it is to be reconciled with modern culture and civilization and to win for itself the educated classes. Not as a dogmatic system, but as a moral power, based on the powerful personality of Jesus, must Christianity be proclaimed to the thinking people of our times.

The Irish Nationalist Leader

The King

When Mr. John Redmond entered the British House of Commons in 1881 he had already considerable experience of the forms and procedure of Parliament, for he came straight from the Vote Office into the Chamber itself. His early training as a clerk in the House has stood him in great stead, and perhaps partly explains the fact that he is now the best Parliamentary general in the House. He knows when to strike and when to hold his hand, and he knows exactly how far he may stretch a rule without coming into contact with the Speaker. His friends have compared him to Napoleon and Cecil Rhodes, and since his election as leader of the Irish Party he has tried to combine the qualities of both. It is certain that no man, with the exception of Parnell, has exercised such a strong personal influence over the Irish Party.

There is, perhaps, no one in the House of Commons who is better fitted to lead an opposition. Mr. Redmond's readiness in debate, his self-control, and his keen appreciation of the vital points in Parliamentary strategy have made him a dangerous opponent. Both parties would rather have him as an ally than an enemy. But his maxim is that the true course for the Irish Party is to avoid an entangling alliance with any English Party. "The Irish votes," he once said, "will always be cast just as it suits the interests of Ireland, and my policy," he added, "is to make English government in Ireland difficult and dangerous." If, however, he fights with edged tools, he is careful to keep within constitutional bounds.

He himself believes that he is still on the threshold of his career. Looking into the future, he foresees the time when he will control the debates in another House—in the Parliament of

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JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P. FOR WATERFORD

THE MILITANT, BUT POPULAR LEADER OF THE IRISH NATIONALISTS, WHO IS VISITING THE UNITED STATES.

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from tuberculosis; yet even if the reaction was positive, nothing was known about the seat of the tuberculosis. Now only his new method of "lung infusion," as he calls it, needs to be employed to determine whether tuberculosis of the lungs exists. It is reported that the lecture was received with great applause.

No More Crisp Bank Notes

Geyer's Stationer

The days of the crisp bank note are numbered. Instead of being crisp, the money which the government Bureau of Engraving and Printing will hereafter turn out will be soft and velvety, if important experiments which are now being conducted in the presence of treasury officials for the purpose of demonstrating the advantages of a novel chemical treatment for paper prove satisfactory. The result of the adoption of the new secret process will be to revolutionize a portion of the work connected with the printing of the paper money of the United States. Under the new process it will take just sixty days less time to manufacture a bank-note than under the present method. The chemical solution not only renders the paper soft and velvety, but it also makes it non-shrinkable. By applying it to a Japanese napkin that article becomes as soft and pliable as a tissue of silk. The chemical preparation acts as an antiseptic and preservative. When applied to old documents it seems to knit the fiber together and prevent further decay. Under the present process of printing paper money the paper has to be thoroughly soaked in water. While it is in this soaked condition, one side of the paper is printed. The sheet is then placed in a steam-room and kept under a high temperature for thirty days, the time necessary for the ink to dry. The sheet is again soaked as in the first instance and the reverse side of the bill printed. The thirty-day drying process then has to be repeated. In cases where a third impression on the bill is necessary, which is required when the printing is done in two colors, the wetting and drying process has to be repeated for a third time, and another month is thus consumed in its production. Besides the delay of this process, the wetting and drying rot the fiber of the paper, and, although it is "starched" to give it the crisp appearance, the starch soon wears out and the bill becomes limp and worn. In printing bills on paper that has been treated by the new process no wetting is necessary. The ink loses none of its luster when applied to the paper, as under the old process, and is thoroughly dry within forty-eight hours after the printing is done.

When It Comes Hard

S. E. Kiser

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When your automobile's in trim,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When he has to go home on a rim.

A Promotion Engineer

Hrolf Wisby in The World's Work

I was once asked to estimate upon a proposition involving a yearly output of more than ten thousand machines of twelve varying sizes. The promoters wanted to know what the profit of this output would be.

I had to create imaginary buildings, with offices, machine and pattern shops, power-plant, etc., in fact, to conjure up a complete plant, equip it properly to the smallest detail, install all the machinery, and run it with an imaginary force of workmen and officers. This done, I could prove, by actual figures, that the equipment necessary for operating the plant would require precisely $1,922,000, and, partly on this basis, was figured the cost of building each machine. Thus, a machine of one size was found to cost 1.8 cents per pound in material and 6.3 cents per pound in productive labor.

I allowed a further charge of 5.7 cents per pound for interest on investment, depreciation of buildings and equipment, cost of power, manufacturing expense, the office salaries, etc. Understand, my system provides for getting into any kind of a job or operation every single item of expense that belongs to it. In this case, the cost of the fin-

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The Sphere

THE PEACEMAKER OF THIBET

PUNAKHA-JONGPEN VAKEEL OF BHUTAN

The Bhutanese Governor (The Tongsar Penlop—in centre) who may persuade the Dalai Lama to come to reasonable terms with the British Government.

ished machine footed up 13.8 cents a pound, or $124.20 for the whole machine. By adding to this the salesmen's expense, 15 per cent. on cost, office charges, etc., the combined manufacturing and selling cost was increased to $142.83, which subtracted from the net factory price of the machine—$250—showed a net profit of $107.17.

Well, by financial summary, I pointed out that a total investment of $2,642,000 would be necessary for buildings and equipment, and a working capital required of $1,250,000, aggregating a total of $3,892,000. My cost-and-profit analysis showed that there would be an apparent gross profit of good size. But I then set up my schedule of compara-

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tive selling prices, pointing out the figures obtained by other makers, and, by comparing the weight in pounds with the net selling prices per pound with those of ten competitors now operating, the promoters decided not to go into it.

"So you had all your conjuring for nothing?"

By no means. The promoters paid my fee cheerfully, and patted me on the shoulder into the bargain. You see, I saved those people the work of finding some four million dollars and probably five years' time fooling around and trying to do things that my advance estimate proved were not practicable at the margin of profit they insisted on.

Teetotal "Eye-openers"

London Truth

The latest drink cure, we hear from Chicago, is the wearing of a particular kind of *pince-nez* by the dipsomaniac. —*London Daily Chronicle.*

Few men who drink too much can see
Their fault, though long it has existed;
To make their vision clearer, then,
'Tis right their sight should be assisted.
So there's much reason in the plan,
Suggested by teetotal teachers,
That special glasses should be worn
By these inebriated creatures;
For all the victims thus indicted
Have proved most woefully short-sighted.

Inoculating the Earth

G. H. Grosvenor in The National Geographic Magazine

To inoculate sterile ground and make it bring forth in abundance is one of the latest achievements of American science. Some of man's most dread diseases—small-pox, diphtheria, plague, rabies—have been vanquished by inoculation, and now inoculation is to cure soil that has been worn out and make it fertile and productive again. The germs that bring fertility are mailed by the Department of Agriculture in a small package like an yeast cake. The cake contains millions of dried germs. The farmer who receives the cake drops it into a barrel of clean water; the germs are revived and soon turn the water to a milky white. Seeds of clover, peas, alfalfa, or other leguminous plants that are then soaked in this milky preparation are endowed with marvelous strength. Land on which, for instance, the farmer with constant toil had obtained alfalfa only a few inches high, when planted with these inoculated seeds will produce alfalfa several feet high and so rich that the farmer does not recognize his crop.

A Solution of the Negro Problem

Ulrich Bonnell Phillips in The Sewanee Review

The South has long been held in a false position of hostility to the negro, while in actual truth the conservative, thinking, God-fearing element among the Southern people have been and still remain the most substantial, practical, and valuable friends that their black neighbors have ever had. Before the war their families, dwelling in the midst of their negro quarters, did what we call, in the modern phrase, settlement work. In later years they have continued that work of guidance, instruction, and inspiration as best they could.

To secure the best results for all parties, a more sympathetic relationship must be established, which shall include larger numbers of both races. And no system for this purpose has yet been developed which compares in good results with that of the old patriarchal plantation. The patriarchal feature is necessary. The average negro has many of the characteristics of a child, and must be guided and governed, and often guarded against himself, by a sympathetic hand. Non-resident ownership and control of plantations will not do. The absentee system has no redeeming virtue for the purpose at hand. The presence of the planter and his wife and children and his neighbors is required for example and precept among the negroes.

Factory methods and purely business relations will not serve; the tie of personal sympathy and affection is essential to the successful working of the system. The average negro longs for this personal tie. Respect, affection, and obedience for those who earn and encourage his admiration are second nature with him. The negroes are disposed to do their part for securing the general welfare when the proper opportunity is given them. What they most need is

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friendly guidance and control for themselves, and peace and prosperity for the South as a whole; economic depression will always work to their discouragement and injury, and sectional and racial irritation must in every case check their progress.

"Tears, Idle Tears"

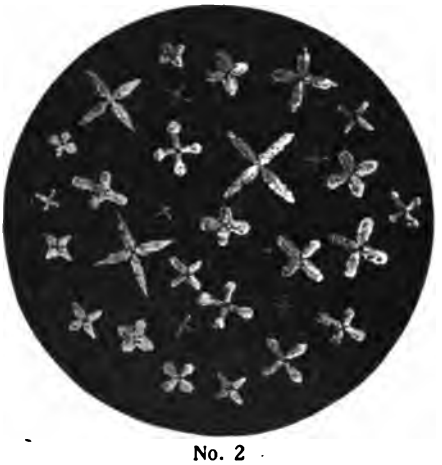
James Scott in The Young Man

Everyone is aware that tears are saltish, yet few would be able to guess the cause for this curious result. It is due to the impregnation of the liquid with common salt, phosphate of sodium, and



No. 1

A very small portion of a dried tear, crystallized into open-shaped fern fronds and crosses. The actual size of the above circle, prior to magnification, was one-tenth of an inch. The crystals are formed of common salt, phosphate of sodium, and other ingredients.



No. 2

The above depicts a circle one-twentieth of an inch in diameter, magnified, containing crosses of crystal found in a dried tear.

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS!"

What tears look like under the microscope.

other minor salts. Following my practice of always trying to obtain curious results from research, I have frequently experimented with tears coaxed from my eyes in response to the effects of cold weather; and in Nos. 1 and 2 (drawings which I believe I may claim to be unique) I represent the magnified appearances of *portions of dried tears*. My plan is to convey the apparently trivial drop of moisture on to a glass slide and allow the water to evaporate. After the course of a few hours the residue, which appears to the naked eye as a mere smudge, will really be a "frosted patch," and when magnified usually resembles No. 1, myriads of the invisible crystals collecting to form strange devices resembling ferns, and numerous others congregating to form a mass of interspersed crosses. The actual diameter of the circle depicted in No. 1 may be regarded as approximately one-tenth of an inch. If some of the crosses be subjected to a still more powerful magnification, the wonderful crystals are disclosed as being shaped according to No. 2, the real size of the disc observed being one-twentieth of an inch. A few hours later, however, unless the precaution be taken to use a preservative medium for the crystals, they will slowly melt, as it were, until they entirely disappear and leave a mere blotch behind.

How Official Letters Are Secretly Opened

Vance Thompson in Success

Although all the governments deny it, there is not a government under which a *cabinet noir* does not exist and has not existed since letters were written. At Washington, as at Berlin and London, no correspondence of import-

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It is easy

to make a breakfast of Cream of Wheat,
but it's hard to get a better breakfast.

CREAM *of* WHEAT

can also be served in a score of dainty ways
at luncheon and for dessert at dinner.

The oftener you eat it, the more
you will want of it.

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COLLECTION OF THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN

GRANDFATHER'S CONSOLATION

By JOSEF ISRAELS

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THE
BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

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A RADICAL EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

FOLLOWING THE LEAD OF THE CHILD

BY H. FOSTER BAIN

Among the various buildings of the University of Chicago which face the well-remembered Midway Plaisance there is none more striking than the home of the School of Education. Its size and monumental character, the promise of permanence given by thick stone walls and heavy tiled roof, the dignity and charming air of seclusion resulting from the screening terrace—all command attention and admiration. The very name quickens interest. Schools of medicine, of law, of science, of letters and arts there are a plenty; but a school devoted to education itself, which regards pedagogy as subject matter not only of instruction but of investigation, smacks of the novel; and the work of the school is unique, in keeping with the name.

A visitor is struck at once by the absence of the formal discipline of the public schools, and by the large place in the curriculum evidently given to occupations. He sees nowhere the large rooms crowded with erect little figures sitting at a strained attention while the teacher doles out knowledge from a high platform, nor does he see children working over what might be called the technique of education—dry problems in mental arithmetic, isolated facts of geography or history, and hard and fast rules of grammar. Instead, they are working at knowledge itself, learning things they want to know then and there, rather than memorizing material which may be of value at some indefinite time in the future.

Starting with the kindergarten in one of the wings of the building, one may pass through a series of rooms in which small groups of children are engaged in a most absorbing succession of pastimes. In the first perhaps they are playing at farming. On a large low table is a box filled with earth, and divided into plots where various grains are being grown. Each day the children come to observe their growth and mark the changes. In the warmer seasons out-door farms take the place of the indoor model. The latter is however complete, even to the bags of wheat and the barn to store

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THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
Facing on the Midway Plaisance

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them in. One small city-bred boy objected to the barn because it had no second story "for the coachman to sleep in," thereby revealing the pathetic necessity for even closer contact between home and school.

In another room a group of children may be found surrounding a blast lamp, one boy vigorously working the bellows, while each in turn uses a soldering-iron in making candle molds. Later real candles are made in these—a very practical way of securing light on colonial history. Another group may be seen grinding corn with primitive tools and by primitive methods. Another is mixing cement and sand, each carefully weighed and screened, for building a real furnace. The furnace completed, the boys build a fire in it and melt various metals, thereby learning many a lesson in the physics of drafts or the chemistry of minerals. It would take but one glance to assure a visitor that these children were at least vitally interested in what they were doing.

In the other rooms cooking, sewing, basket making, clay modeling from live rabbits, drawing, painting, and various other industries, might be seen carried on. The textile industries are represented, from washing the wool, and designing and making the loom, to spinning the yarn and weaving the cloth. The pottery work includes burning as well as making the pieces. In still another room perhaps an excited group of youngsters might be seen craning their necks in order not to miss a move on the part of a young blacksmith demonstrating some piece of work; or many saws and hammers would tell that the child's inherent desire "to make something" is finding an outlet. Everywhere the children are so busy at agreeable tasks that one says: This is their play; when do they work?

The distinction between play and work is an obscure one which has puzzled the wisest; and, in the face of Tom Sawyer's famous experience in whitewashing, all rules are apt to break down. The same occupation may be play or work according to the conditions under which it is performed and the attitude of the performer. Fröbel long since showed that systematic, well-directed play was of the highest educational value. All these occupations would be play, and play only, if left solely to the child. Rightly used, however, the cooking affords many simple lessons in physics and chemistry, the textile work introduces history, and the measurements necessary in carpentry open the doorway to mathematics.

"Learn to do by doing" is a good though narrow rule, since the mere doing is not the vital element. It is what the child learns while doing which counts, and it is for the sake of the learning that the doing is introduced. To one who might still urge that occupations are not fit matter for a curriculum, it may be pointed out that in post-graduate work in physics courses are sometimes given in manipulation, the bending and breaking of glass rods, and similar work. The occupations are after all but preparatory work for laboratory instructions in the college and graduate courses; and from the mother-play in the kindergarten to the highest instruction in chemistry and physics the method is the same though the instruments differ, and there is an increasing use of symbols and departure from concrete to abstract. Less and less time is devoted to mere doing, and more and more to the learning.

"But," it may be asked, "how do the children learn the old, the fundamental three R's, reading, writing and arithmetic?" Let the last be taken, as the type of all, and it may be said that they study mathematics from the first to the last day in school, though they study it always in connection with some immediate and pressing need. When the children begin the study of plant-growth they weigh out a quantity of some seed, soak it in water a certain

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PLAYING AT FARMING

In warm weather outdoor "farms" take the place, in the first grade, of indoor planting and cultivation.

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number of hours and then re-weigh. Out of these operations the beginnings of weights, liquid measure, time, addition, subtraction, and even of multiplication and division, come naturally, and in each case answer to some obvious need of the child. Fractions may happen to come first in cooking, if the young chef is confronted with the problem of mixing a cake for three people when the recipe calls for two cups of sugar in a cake for five. In such a case the two cups of sugar are usually first poured together and divided into five parts, of which three are taken. Here is a fine problem in fractions, and the teacher finds it easy to demonstrate the economy of using numbers in the usual way, in the place of actually measuring the sugar. Knowledge is worth nothing except as related to human need; but if the usefulness of knowledge be made real to the child, if the things taught answer questions which he himself is asking, the whole problem of securing attention, of inducing a healthy mental activity on the part of the child, disappears.

The large number of subjects not usually included in the course of study of elementary schools, for which here the children find time, is also striking. In addition to the occupations already mentioned, modern languages, music, drawing, and color-work run through all the grades. Something of dramatic art is taught; and the history course is enriched almost beyond recognition. Not only are all these subjects taught, but the teaching is from first-hand knowledge. Very large use is made of the well-equipped museum and library, while excursions are an almost daily phase of the work. The introduction of all this extra matter is made possible by the system of teaching to small groups, and by a very unusual arrangement of the course.

The common course of study in elementary schools may, perhaps, be not inaptly called the stratified course. The child must work from stratum to stratum; and he gets to thinking of his arithmetic, geography, and history as occurring in nature in a certain immutable vertical order. He works through successively thicker readers into and through a series of "primary," "intermediate," and "complete" geographies, finding in the appendix of the last the geography of his own State. From this he goes to United States history; and from that, if his courage lasts, proceeds finally to general history and the beginning of things—thus reversing, in part at least, the history of the race and the normal history of the individual. There is a time when all boys are primitive men. So, in this school, they play at barter; and finding the need of money, they design and cast it. It passes current by common consent, and they know it to be a medium of exchange because they designed it for such. In the meantime, under skilful tuition, they have learned of the actual beginnings of commerce, of the voyages of the Phœnicians, of the invention of the compass; and they have something of the knowledge regarding the ancient world which the ancients themselves had.

So geography and history are taught together; both are approached through the industries, and are accompanied by studies in art, literature, and music. When studying colonial history the children study the geography of the colonies, the characteristic household industries of the colonial period, the music and the literature of colonial days. In their work on the industries the children reinvent the simple forms of machinery, and from actual hand-picking of cotton and hand-weaving they realize the immense industrial changes which came with the invention of the cotton-gin and the power-loom. Everywhere knowledge is studied in its relations, and as nearly as possible in all its relations. The drawing and color-work go hand in hand with the history; dramatic art finds its place with literature, the chil-

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dren dramatizing simple stories and presenting them on the stage of the school theatre.

With such work in the grades it naturally follows that in the high-school work large space is given to laboratory instruction. The chemical and physical laboratories, the museum and the library come in for frequent use. In geography sand modeling, chalk modeling, and map drawing are carried on; and photographs and lantern slides are everywhere largely used. In the course in physiography meteorological observations are made daily, with weather forecasts of surprising accuracy.

It would, however, be a superficial view of the school which confined itself to the work of the children. There is also the large and active group of young people who are preparing themselves by formal studies, by observation and by practice, for the duties of teaching; and there is the larger study always going on of education itself. What the particular children now in school are learning is of relatively small importance; what even the prospective teacher may learn is not the chief concern; but what is being discovered about education itself, of what may and may not be profitably attempted, is of great import. Looked at from one point of view the school is a place to learn. From another it is a place where teachers are trained. From still a third it is a great laboratory where the problems of education are being studied, just as those of chemistry, physics, and botany are being studied in other laboratories nearby. It is this phase of the work which is unique, and it is the results obtained along this line which are of far-reaching importance. From either of the other.



A CLASS IN TEXTILE INDUSTRY

Children of the second grade practising all the steps—washing the wool, designing and making the loom, spinning the yarn, and weaving the cloth.

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THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

An adult grade in the cooking-school, in which lower grades also have a training.

standpoints the school has been criticised, and is open to criticism. Doubtless in individual cases too much is left to the child's initiative, and immediate economy would dictate less experimental work on his part and somewhat closer direction by the teacher.

It is to be remembered that the attitude of the investigator is not the ordinary attitude of everyday life. In general, one learns much from authority and acts much under authority. Unquestioning obedience on the part of many is a necessity of present conditions; and due economy would not, it is believed, dictate a complete abandonment of ordinary methods of discipline in favor of the slowly growing idea of individual responsibility.

And, on the other hand, from the standpoint of the teacher, of what avail is it to learn methods adapted only to small groups—and requiring a complex plant, with the hearty coöperation of a number of other teachers, each a specialist—when in the great majority of cases she must take her place as a unit in a system of schools run on an entirely different plan; when instead of six she may have sixty pupils; when the entire apparatus probably consists of a clean blackboard and a box of chalk; and when the pupils come to her already marked by a half-dozen years of training of one kind, and must go from her to more years of that same kind? She may carry away with her a new inspiration to work, and may be very much the richer in her knowledge of subject matter; but, in the nature of present conditions, the methods she has seen applied she can not take with her to any great extent.

All this is, however, beside the point

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MELTING METALS

The little furnaces, in which children of the third grade are melting metals, were made by themselves.

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and represents a superficial point of view. Let it be granted that the School of Education is ahead of the times, that it is impractical, and that the methods it uses can not be applied to the public schools; grant that it is "a place where children are taught to play and then go home to teach their parents"—if all this were entirely instead of partly true, as a laboratory of research it is worth more than all it cost; and the results already obtained point the way to the possibility of radical improvements in elementary education everywhere. To understand this it will be necessary to go somewhat into the history of the school.

The School of Education is the outgrowth of four distinct lines of effort directed toward the improvement of elementary education. It was constituted by the consolidation of an equal number of separate schools, each of which under separate impulse had been working at some distinctive phase of the general problem. The Chicago Manual Training School, the Chicago Institute, the South Side Academy, and the Laboratory School of the University of Chicago has each a history. Each had a distinctive field and methods, though they had in common the purpose of improving the common schools of this country. They represent a few of the centres of the protest which in the last quarter of a century has been rising against the older routine-work in the grades. Of these various schools the Chicago Institute was probably best known, because it represented the culmination of the work of Colonel Francis W. Parker. He will ever be remembered as one of the most active reformers at any time connected with the American public schools. His work, first at Quincy, Massachusetts, and later as principal of the Cook County Normal School, gave him a broad reputation. His death but a short time after organizing the new Institute—so magnificently equipped for the especial purpose of allowing him to work out his ideal unhampered—was a great loss to it and to elementary education as a whole. Colonel Parker was a big man, with the strength and the faults that are common to big men; tremendously in earnest and impatient of restraint. He was always in the midst of battle. He could brook no questioning, no half-hearted measures. Profoundly convinced of the necessity of change, he would have the change come at once and be complete. But his fight was ever for the children, and in his love of little children one may find the motive and the incentive for his years of struggle. It has been said of him that he effected the substitution of teacher for text-book; but probably his major contribution was the change of the teacher's point of view from that of teaching things to building character. He regarded knowledge as useful only in so far as it developed character; and under this ideal the curriculum became an ever-changing course of individual experiments rather than a fixed course of study.

The Chicago Manual Training School represents another of the pioneer movements of the new education. It is significant of the gap which had developed between educators and practical men of affairs that the initiative for this work came from a body of men no one of whom was a professional teacher or educator, while its success was due to the courage and activity of men who themselves had no technical school education. The school was founded in 1883 by the Commercial Club of Chicago, an organization composed of sixty of the foremost merchants and manufacturers of the city. At a meeting held in March, 1882, the desirability of such a school was discussed by the members and by Professor H. S. Peabody, of St. Louis, who was present by invitation. Subsequently the Club visited the Manual Training School connected with Washington University, and

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decided to establish a similar school in Chicago. This was the first independent training school in America, and one of the first anywhere. It is difficult to understand now the storm of protest and suspicion which the new school had to meet. When Professor H. H. Belfield left the North Division High School to become director, his friends commiserated him, and many of them asked if he expected to educate boys by having them saw wood. It was several years before the National Educational Institution could find room on its program for papers devoted to manual training.

The new director, however, was not discouraged, nor were the trustees—E. W. Blatchford, R. T. Crane, Marshall Field, William A. Fuller, John Crerar, John A. Doane, N. K. Fairbank, Edson Keith, and George M. Pullman. With such men back of it there could be no failure, and the success which the school has achieved might have been expected. This success has been not only in the training of a large number of young men, of whom nearly nine hundred have graduated, but also in the recognition which has been won of the essential soundness of the philosophy upon which manual training is founded. The advocates of this training believe that formal instruction is but the smaller part of education. The latter is a life-process, and everything which touches man, from childhood to death, ministers to his education. The form of instruction most appropriate during school years is, therefore, that which is most consistent with life as a whole, which puts the pupil most completely in touch with the



LABORATORY WORK IN ELECTRICITY

Much stress is laid on laboratory work throughout the entire course.

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LABORATORY WORK IN GEOGRAPHY

Map-modeling on a large scale proves to be a fascinating study.

normal environment of his after life. The introduction of shop-work and drawing are important aids in this. Manual training should not, however, be looked upon as the teaching of trades. Its value is dependent rather on the intellectual stimulus which comes from the training of the hand. A large portion of the human brain, the physiologists tell us, has a predominantly motor function. Its full development, therefore, requires motor training. Manual skill, after all, resides not in the hand but in the brain which directs the hand. The sawing of boards, when accompanied by no mental effort, has small educational value; but the careful sawing and fitting of material into a box, a stool, or other design may be made highly educative. There is, first, the planning of the work, the forming of a complete mental picture of it; next, the proper proportions must be determined and the plan drawn to scale; finally, the design must be executed in wood or iron as the case may be, without loss of material and with constant reference to the scale of the whole work. All this calls for mental effort; and when such a piece of work as the tower clock of the University is finished, many minds as well as hands have been trained.

It would be a one-sided education which reached the brain through the hands only; and from the first the Manual Training School has provided generous courses in mathematics, science, literature, and languages, not greatly different from those found in other schools. It has been the almost universal experience that the pupils did as much and as good work in these general studies as was done by those who did not do the shop-work. The power which the latter gives was strikingly shown not long ago when a number of manual-training boys, incited

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FILLING THE POTTERY-KILN

Children of the fifth grade getting the kiln ready for burning pottery made by their own hands.

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by some chance remarks of the teacher on the usefulness of a knowledge of cooking to surveyors and future engineers, elected a course in that work. The result was that these boys averaged better than the girls in the class, who had not had the same training in manipulation.

That manual training high-schools answer to a real need is shown by their rapid spread throughout America. The value of the training is now almost universally recognized, and the Chicago school has had much to do with winning this recognition. One of its graduates was, in fact, selected to introduce the system in the British schools of India. While much has been done, there remains much to do, and in its new relations the Chicago Manual Training School will find a sympathetic environment.

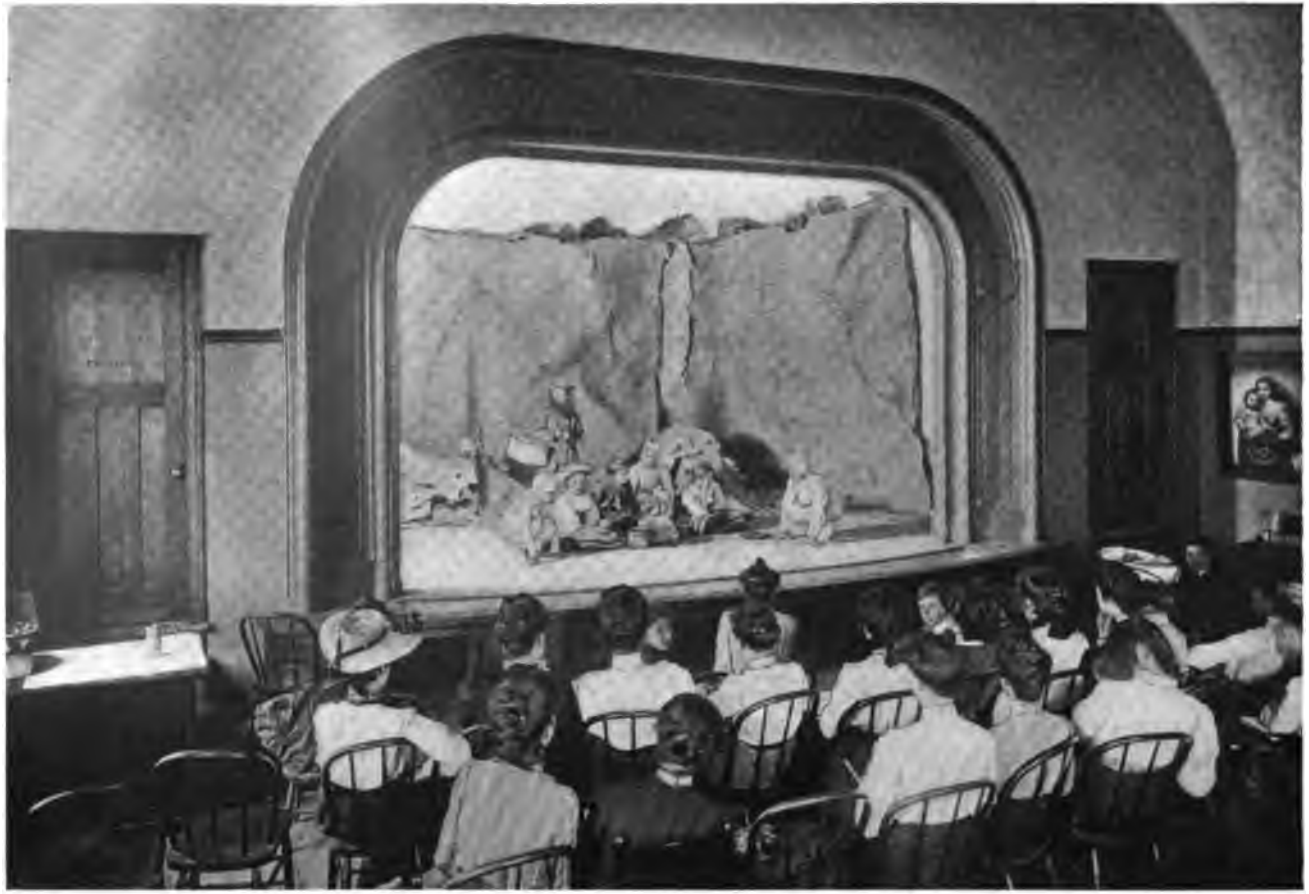
The work in manual training finds its complement in what was formerly the South Side Academy, but is now joined with it to form the University High School. The South Side Academy was founded as a university high-school in 1892 to create and maintain the cultural element in education. In it the scholastic instead of the practical studies are taken up, though the aim is the same and each subject is measured by its educational value.

The fourth school which entered into the constitution of the School of Education was the Laboratory School, founded in 1896 by Professor John Dewey in connection with the Department of Pedagogy of the University of Chicago. At the foundation of the University it was determined to make a complete university, one which should touch education at all points, one in which there should be room and opportunity for all, from the child in the kindergarten to the professional man preparing for practice. It was furthermore determined that, while the University should be a teaching force, investigation should be no less its function, and that the spirit of investigation should enter into all its departments. The preservation of knowledge is important; and merely as conservers of wisdom universities have been of large value; the training of professional men, of teachers, and of other members of society is also highly important; but beyond this a university should always stand for research. It should not only hold and use but should add to the store of knowledge.

With these ideals in mind the Department of Pedagogy early organized the Laboratory, or experimental school. It was not intended, primarily, for the training of teachers, but instead for the investigation of elementary education itself. It was felt that in many ways current elementary education fell short of its purposes. The lack of correlation between the school and the home, the school and society, and the immense waste in the work as commonly conducted were felt to demand serious attention. When barely five per cent. of the pupils of school age reach the high-school, something is wrong either with the school or society. When seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the first three years of a child in school are spent in mastering merely the symbols and forms of learning, it is time to inquire whether this is the best that the teacher can offer.

In earlier years, particularly in America, the school was complementary to home life, and in it was taught only what could not be learned at home. Few years were spent in school; and attention was concentrated upon reading, writing, arithmetic, and certain associated studies. At home, while taking part in the simple household arts of spinning, weaving, candle-making, gardening, harvesting, and the like, the child learned many valuable lessons and stored his mind with useful facts. With the rise of the factory system these household arts have disappeared, and with them have gone many of the child's opportunities. With the growing

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THE DRAMA IN PRACTICE

In their study of literature the children dramatize simple stories and present them on the stage.

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complexity of life and social organization there has been a corresponding decrease of opportunity for the child to get that basis of practical knowledge and that sturdy training which came to his parents and grandparents unconsciously. The environment, particularly in the case of a city-bred child, is so complex as to be largely beyond his comprehension. With these changes in industrial and social conditions the school has not kept pace, and instead of supplementing home life it now approaches the child from a wholly different and often antagonistic point of view. So, too, it is true that a boy leaving school to enter a factory, store, or office has frequently not only to unlearn much that he has been taught, but even to unlearn his very methods of learning.

In an effort to get at the causes underlying these defects in educational machinery, and in hope of pointing out remedies to at least some of them, the University Elementary School was founded. At its outset four fundamental problems were proposed for investigation. These were:

1. What can be done, and how can it be done, to bring school into closer relation with home and neighborhood life—instead of having the school a place where the child comes solely to learn certain lessons?

2. What can be done in the way of introducing subject-matter in history, science, and all that shall have a positive value and a real significance in the child's own life; that shall represent, even to the youngest children, something worthy of attainment in skill or knowledge, as much so to the little pupil as are the studies of the high-school or college student to him?

3. How can instruction in these formal symbolic branches—the mastering of the ability to read, write, and use figures intelligently—be carried on with everyday experience and occupation as their background and in definite relation to other studies of more inherent culture, and be carried on in such a way that the child shall feel their necessity through their connection with subjects which appeal to him on their own account?

4. What good effects may be obtained by the organization of the school in small groups and the giving of individual attention to each pupil?

In the work of the school these problems were kept steadily in view, and most encouraging progress was made. In studying them three main lines of work were regularly pursued: (*a*) Shop-work with wood and tools; (*b*) cooking; (*c*) work with textiles, sewing, and weaving. It was found that hand-work afforded the most easy and natural method of keeping up in school the attitude of the child out of it. Children learn most from their bodily activities. In the school these were systematized and directed. The various kinds of work involve different kinds of skill and demand different types of intellectual attitude. They also represent some of the most important activities of the everyday world, and hence put the pupil, through studying the simpler activities, into position to understand the complex ones.

Something of what has been found practicable in the enrichment of the course, and in the instruction of the formal symbolic branches in connection with a background of everyday experience and occupations, has been already suggested. It would require many pages to mark the progress along these lines. Gradually a systematic course is being perfected which, it is believed, will prove widely useful. In working out this course, which, it was hoped, would be the one best corresponding to the child's successive wants, the simple expedient has been adopted of following the lead of the child, trying to see what interested him most at each stage, and what steps were necessary in order for him to solve his own problems. It is not to be expected that exactly this course will be followed elsewhere. The work is frankly experimental; and the purpose of making any experiment is to gain knowledge, which makes it unnecessary to repeat the experiment. In work of this kind small groups of children only could be handled, but from it should come principles which may be used in teaching somewhat larger groups.

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With the consolidation of the various schools the methods and problems of the Experimental School became those of the School of Education as a whole, with Professor Dewey as Director, a position which he has recently resigned to take up work in Columbia University. This union brought up many problems, but a common factor upon which all could unite was found in the earnest purpose to treat education as a study rather than a fixed régime.

Such are the factors which have become grouped in the School of Education, and such are the purposes underlying its work. To the question of results a partial answer only can be made. The Manual Training School and the Normal, from which the Chicago Institute descended, can point to a large number of successful graduates. The other schools were younger and have trained fewer pupils. An experienced teacher, who had in his classes children from the old Experimental School, says that in reasoning powers they were fully the equal of the ordinary college freshman. If this be generally true, it is but fair to expect a shortening of the school period, with a corresponding saving of time and money.

With the union of so many promising educational agencies it is but fair to expect a much better correlation and a more systematic arrangement of educational work. There has been heretofore a sad overlapping and duplication of effort resulting from the differences in the origin and history of the kindergarten, elementary, intermediate, and high schools, the colleges, the universities, the normal and professional schools. Now there is an opportunity to determine what economy may result from the closest possible coöperation, what the university may do for the elementary school, and what sort of pupils the latter may send to the university when both are in full accord.

This close organization of a multitude of separate schools is a great experiment, and the outcome will be watched with interest. That the past is but the earnest of the future is the hope not only of the many who have contributed of time, of money, and of thought, but of the friends of secondary education everywhere.

THE LEADER

BY GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

The wind swept toward him, and the sunlight glanced
From his bright armor; but the smoke and dust
Hid all his comrades in a train august
Trailed from his, as in splendor he advanced.
We deemed him leader, yet he merely chanced
To be where all things round him could adjust
To his position wind and sun, and thrust
On him a prominence naught else enhanced.
O blame not wind or storm, nor envy him!
What though the world unwisely rate his worth?
Who, who for this would choose a rôle so mean,
So distant from the clouds that always dim
The central fight?—It is one law of earth
That godlike leaders work, like God, unseen.

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CHARACTERISTICS OF SENATOR HOAR

BY JOSEPH M. ROGERS

In the death of George Frisbie Hoar the Senate has lost its most marked personality, the country one of its purest and ablest statesmen, and the world one of its best citizens. It would be idle to impute to him all the virtues or to deny him his share of failings. He was a very human man. His passions were strong and his judgments positive. On some public measures he was unduly dogmatic. Often he indulged in personalities; his partizanship was bitter. On occasion he could even be waspish and distinctly disagreeable. Nevertheless the judgment of his peers has been for many years that his was not only one of the remarkable intellects of our time, but that in those fundamental qualities which go to make up a great character he had few equals in public life.

Descendant of a line of distinguished ancestors running back to Roger Sherman, he early showed capacity for high service. He died in harness after a service in Congress extending over thirty years, and was so poor that all this time he lived in a boarding-house in Washington and had only a modest cottage at his home in Worcester. Last February I overheard him say with the utmost frankness that he could not make a small purchase because he had found that his bank account was overdrawn, and he must send his salary to make it balance. It was just after he had buried his wife. He left a small legacy in worldly goods, but the nation has seldom had a richer heritage in character.

That he should have been maligned and misunderstood was inevitable. He gave hard blows and took them freely. He asked no consideration of anyone. He stood on his own feet. He feared no man, besought none, and believed in others as he believed in himself. This does not mean that he was austere; on the contrary, he was one of the kindliest of men. He was not ambitious in the ordinary sense of the word; he cared little for the things which most men look upon as prizes. Had he so desired, he might have made a fortune at the bar and retired with dignity to the bench, whose highest honors he frequently refused.

He might have entered public life in 1848 when he was urged to go to the Legislature; could have gone to Congress at barely the legal age; but aside from a few brief terms in the Legislature, he refused such honors until middle life. He was nominated for Congress while in Europe and against his expressed wishes, was re-elected three times, and was about to retire to the practice of his profession once more when he was elected to the Senate in 1877.

Senator Hoar boasted of being a Puritan. In no man was there ever more concentrated that wonderful wealth of imagination and sentiment united with a very practical way of viewing the thing at hand which characterizes the Puritan temperament. As a corporation manager or a preacher he would have been equally successful. His wealth of sentiment, which was the complement of sound business sense, found ready expression in his writings and in his speeches. The forum of the Senate is not the usual place for fine language, but he adorned his more important speeches with rare

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Drawing by Louis H. Ruyl

AN IMPRESSION OF SENATOR HOAR

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eloquence and beauty of literary form. His after-dinner speeches were marvels of wit, eloquence and felicity. It was one of the proudest nights in the life of the dead statesman when, at the request of the intelligence and social flower of South Carolina, he spoke at a dinner in Charleston whence his father had been expelled by force when he went to represent the State in connection with some litigation touching escaped slaves. The Senator's lips were touched as with a coal of fire from the altar as he spoke of the relations of North and South, past and present and yet to come.

Perhaps the one characteristic which makes Hoar shine conspicuously above all his fellows was that he was instinctively and fundamentally a literary man. There have been few such ripe scholars in Congress; none who ever remained long. His scholarship was more profound than that of Sumner because he loved and could read men as well as books. It was less formal than that of Everett, which was so largely classical. Hoar loved nature and mankind and literature, and the three were never to be totally differentiated in his mind. Shakespeare's works and the Bible were open books to him, and his unusual purity of diction was doubtless due to the fact that he knew them almost by heart. His library was not large; his shelves were filled not with rare bindings but with choice books which were much worn with reading. He was a transcendentalist as much as Hawthorne, a constructive statesman as much as Clay, a constitutionalist as much as Webster, and a hard-headed Yankee in addition.

Considering how rich were the stores of his mind it is remarkable that he wrote so little. As a busy man he relied constantly on stenographers; and when not many months ago he determined to prepare his autobiography, he dictated it all in a few weeks—about seven. Those two large volumes have been read with absorbing interest here and in England, not only for their humor and their fund of historical knowledge but because of their rare literary style. Yet he scarcely made any corrections either in manuscript or proof-sheets.

In Massachusetts he never had the slightest hesitancy in taking what seemed to be the unpopular side of any question, even when such action seemed to threaten his political existence. When others were timid he was bold. He denounced Butler when that wily politician controlled the federal patronage of the State. He denounced Grant at a time when the General was the popular idol of the State, and claimed with much truth to have been responsible for his defeat at Chicago in 1880.

With all his independent spirit Hoar was content to remain in his party. He pointed to the political orphans of prominence who had left the party and found no resting place or influence anywhere. There was always a substratum of good New England sense about his views on any topic. I once overheard someone complain to him that he was inconsistent because when a certain measure to which he was opposed was grinding through the Senate he succeeded in having it amended in many particulars—after which he voted against it. This excited him not a little. It was to him inexplicable that a man of any sense at all could not see that if a measure was bound to pass it was better to perfect it as far as possible.

When the break came with McKinley over the ratification of the Treaty of Paris ceding the Philippines, there were none in Washington to doubt Hoar's integrity, least of all the President, with whom he remained on friendly terms and whose premature death he mourned so sincerely. His speech on McKinley is unquestionably the finest tribute paid him or the nation. The fight against ratification was a bitter one and almost succeeded. When it was over Senator

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Hoar showed neither disappointment nor bitterness, merely remarking: "We have met the enemy and we are theirs." For though in the heat of debate he would become testy, his anger passed in a flash and he never cherished resentment.

Ordinarily he was not only affable but his courtesy was notable. Unlike many senators he was exceedingly approachable. He usually sat at the head of the long table in his committee room, meeting all comers with urbanity, treating the humblest with as much consideration as the mightiest.

He was a sterling patriot, and it would be idle to say that he did not feel aggrieved at the insinuation that he was a traitor in the Filipino matter. He declared that he had opposed his party many times and had always seen it come to his way of thinking, and he expected it would do so in this particular case. There was possibly something of arrogance in his manner of making such statements, but he believed in himself and his views.

What probably wounded Senator Hoar more than anything else in his career was the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the so-called Slaughter House cases, which practically nullified the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments so far as giving the negroes citizenship and the ballot. He considered that this blow to the negro race was almost irreparable, that it would bring many troubles in its train; and though he would not despair of the Republic he felt that it meant that much of the work would have to be done all over again. In this he seems to have been a prophet.

In his frequent travels abroad he was anxious to see the ancient fanes of historical interest, but aside from them he loved to be in the country. He remained up a whole night in England in the hope of hearing a nightingale sing, and was much disappointed at failure. He loved nature with an intensity of passion such as few men have exhibited. On his walks in the country he was a charming companion, bubbling over with humor, replete in anecdote, and particularly enjoying anything that put himself in a plight. Even Thoreau fell below him as an interpreter of nature because Hoar could find more than sermons in stones or books in the running brooks; he could find that joyous uplifting of the soul which made him love God and man better. In religion he was a Unitarian, and one of the last and most graceful acts of his life was to secure as chaplain of the Senate his life-long friend, the beloved Edward Everett Hale. His religion was not of the demonstrative kind, but his convictions were deep, his sympathies broad, and his charity for beliefs of others unfailing. He believed in the joyous life, the intellectual life, and the spiritual life in harmony with the teachings of nature and reason and of revelation as he understood it.

Great as was his intellectual calibre, large as were his services to the country, posterity will remember the man longer than the senator. His was a mighty heart, a lofty mind, a noble soul—the more admirable because of his human weaknesses which brought him into close touch with all mankind.

The value of such a force in politics, in literature, and in society at large can never be fully appreciated until after death. It may take years to fix his rank as a statesman, but the real man is known as well today as he will be in generations to come. He was no preacher; but he consciously sought to inspire others to loftier aims, to a higher life, and to greater achievements. That he succeeded will be the testimony of many who have come within the spell of his influence.



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GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

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Photograph by Alice Boughton

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON

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THE CAREER OF A GREAT ACTRESS

THE ART AND PERSONALITY OF MISS MATTHISON

Two years ago, in October of 1902, those persons who were wise enough to go to the initial performance of *Everyman*, given at Mendelssohn Hall in New York, had as reward for their wisdom the pleasure of a distinctly novel sensation.

They saw a play given without any of the accessories which have for long been considered indispensable to the success of even the most modest dramatic production; with no scenery, no stage furniture, no footlights, no curtain; a play with little action, with scanty dialogue, and with a *motif* as solemn as the most earnest sermon ever preached. Unheralded by the press-agent who usually runs before a new theatrical venture, *Everyman* was in our midst before the majority of us had heard of the play.

What was it like? we queried. Would it "take" with a public which was sated with the best and with the worst of dramatic art? With countless rival plays, appealing both to the highest and the lowest sides of humanity, to "the lust of the eye" and to "the pride of life," it was natural to ask: how would this innovation fare?

At first unknown, unappreciated save by the few who are always on the alert for what is best and finest in art, *Everyman* slowly but very surely won its way to the front rank of success. Much was due to the intrinsic beauty of the old morality play, much to its quaint setting, much to the exquisite pictures of its *ensemble;* but unquestionably the chief thing which appealed to the theatre-going public was the marvelous acting of Miss Matthison in the title rôle. As Everyman she portrays almost all the human emotions, from light-hearted indifference and a full-blooded enjoyment of life and its good things, through incredulity, fear, anger, rebelliousness, supplication, despair, repentance, confession, pain, resignation, and submission, to final peace. That one woman should be able to express all these phases of feeling, and to sustain the part for almost two hours of uninterrupted effort, would be marvel enough; but Miss Matthison *is* Everyman for those two hours, and her tears are as genuine at the one hundredth performance as they were at the first. Therein lies her power; in her absolute sincerity, and in her absorption in her part. And how beautiful she is! Eloquent eyes, mobile mouth, and hands so full of expression and of feeling, that they alone tell the story, without any need of words!

Establishing her reputation with this one *tour de force*, she has, during the past year, endeared herself to us also as Rosalind, Viola, Portia, Adriana, and other heroines. And now we want to know more about her; more about the woman behind the artist. People are asking how long she has been upon the stage, what she means to do in the future, and countless other questions about her career and character.

Edith Wynne Matthison was born in Birmingham, Warwickshire, England—in Shakespeare's own county. Surely that was a fitting birthplace for the child who was to become one of the subtlest interpreters of the Master's art. Her mother—as Miss Kate Wynne—had been well known as a Welsh singer,

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though we hear more frequently of her sister, Madame Edith Wynne, after whom the future actress was named. Her father's brother, Arthur Matthison, dramatist and actor, played with Sir Henry Irving and with Booth; and the child therefore came naturally by her histrionic gifts.

She is the only daughter of her father's house, and on his side her blood is Scotch, so that in her we have another result of that blending of the varied strains of Anglo-Saxon and Celt that has given the world so many of its famous men and women.

In December of 1896 Miss Matthison essayed musical comedy, at Blackpool; entering, twelve months afterward, upon emotional drama, as exemplified in *A New Magdalen* and *The Sorrows of Satan*. In December of the following year, 1897, she joined Mr. Ben Greet's company, with which she has remained ever since, save for a short season during which she played the leading part of Violet Oglander in Henry Arthur Jones' modern comedy, *The Lackey's Carnival*, under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman, at the Duke of York's Theatre, London.

She made her début as a member of Mr. Greet's forces, as Miladi in *The Three Musketeers*, at Woolwich, early in 1898, and in the six years since then she has appeared in twenty-two Shakespearean parts, as well as Peg Woffington, Lady Teazle, Kate Hardcastle, Lydia Languish, Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, Clara Douglas in *Money*, Angela in *The Royal Family*, and many other characters.

Her first appearance in this country was, as I have already stated, at Mendelssohn Hall, New York, in the autumn of 1902, and she acted exclusively in *Everyman* during the following winter. In May, 1903, she played Rosalind in two out-door performances of the forest scenes from *As You Like It*, given at Columbia University; and no one who saw that most lovely presentation will ever forget the charm of her acting as she flashed in and out among the trees, as elusive and as bright as the sunbeams that followed her every movement.

During the latter part of May and the early part of June the company gave open-air performances of *As You Like It*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Sad Shepherd* at most of the leading colleges of the country. Miss Matthison then went home to England for three months, returning to this country last autumn, when she appeared in Boston in *Twelfth Night*, *The Star of Bethlehem*, *Everyman*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. She also played the part of Peg Woffington in two performances of *Masks and Faces*, given for the benefit of Hampton Institute; and with the aid of several other members of Mr. Greet's company she gave an exquisite performance, at a private entertainment, of *King René's Daughter*, in which her acting of the blind Iolanthe was one of the artistic events of the winter. In New York *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, *Everyman*, and *She Stoops to Conquer* were given, and during May and June the company repeated its last year's tour among the colleges and principal cities.

The one adverse criticism that has been made of Miss Matthison's acting is that she lacks humor. Is it not possible, rather, that we as a nation lack the deepest appreciation of humor? We are clamorous, usually, to have our fun so palpable that there shall be no mistaking it; like children, we want our jokes to be so apparent that the answering laugh may be quick and loud; and so we miss, very often, the finer *nuances* of wit which are so striking in foreign literary art, and which arise from the almost invariable intermingling of humor and pathos. Rosalind, for all her gay spirits, cannot always forget that she is a banished woman; Viola, despite her brave light-heartedness, remembers that she is alone in a strange country, with small hope of having her love returned.

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Photograph by Alice Boughton

"ROSALIND"

So why should these two be always mirth-provoking?

Miss Matthison, in accenting the sadness as well as the gladness of her different parts, may simply be proving that she has a keener insight into Shakespeare's real meaning than the critics have. We do not accuse Dusé of being all sombre merely because she is so in *La Citta Morta;* therefore, before we condemn Miss Matthison as lacking in humor, let us consider her Beatrice.

In July, 1898, Miss Matthison was married to Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, who has acted with her ever since that time. To those who know them it is impossible to think of them apart—so charming are they in their utter simplicity and their singleness of purpose.

Mrs. Kennedy turns instinctively to her husband for criticism and advice, and he holds her unswervingly and loyally to her highest ideals, even while he is enthusiastic in his pride and joy in her achievements. Therefore it may not be out of place to say a word about the husband as well as the wife.

Charles Rann Kennedy comes of a long line of distinguished scholars. His great-grandfather, Dr. Rann Kennedy, was Head Master of King Edward's Grammar School in Birmingham, and had the training of such men as Lightfoot, Westcott, and others of their type. His father was Edmund Hall Kennedy, and oddly enough the family name of Hall is derived from the same original stock as that to which Shakespeare's son-in-law, Mr. John Hall, belonged; as also the other family name of Rann comes from the celebrated Shakespearean scholar, Dr. Rann, formerly Vicar of Coventry, who officiated at the marriage of Mrs. Siddons. He was a great Shakespearean scholar as well as a classicist, and the present Rann Kennedy

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Photograph by Alice Boughton

"EVERYMAN"

inherits both his love for Shakespeare and his love for the classics, and is a widely-read man.

Mr. Kennedy's grandfather, Judge Charles Rann Kennedy, who edited the standard *Demosthenes*, was one of the four "Kennedy brothers," all of them famous as classical scholars—one of them being Benjamin Hall Kennedy, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, and the compiler of the Latin Grammar which bears his name.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy have known each other from childhood, and their love story was the natural unfolding of their growth. It is a pretty fancy to imagine the two children playing together in the very woods and fields where had roamed the boy Will Shakespeare, whose genius has proved so large a factor in their united lives.

Mr. Kennedy studied for the church;

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Photograph by Alice Boughton

"LADY MACBETH"

but becoming an uncompromising Socialist he decided to abandon a clerical career. A long suppressed desire to act, coupled with the opportunity of working hand in hand with his wife, led him to choose his present profession. He is, however, more of a student than an actor; and he now purposes to retire from the stage, and devote himself to writing and producing plays for his wife. It has meant much to Miss Matthison's artistic development that she has had the constant companionship of such a nature as her husband's. She is most insistent upon the fact that, while she owes most of her actual stage opportunities and her knowledge of the traditional stage "business" to Mr. Greet, it is to Mr. Kennedy that she is indebted for the larger conception, the deeper appreciation, the intellectual insight, and the spiritual grasp. In a word, while it is

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Mr. Greet who has made it possible for her to develop her natural talents by providing her with the right parts and giving her the unfettered opportunity of expressing herself, it is Mr. Kennedy who has always worked out with her the strictly creative aspect of her art.

She has many interesting plans for the future, one of which is a production of *Hamlet* upon which she and Mr. Kennedy have been at work for years. Admirers of Miss Matthison's art will look forward with keen interest to her conception of the many-sided Dane; to them she seems well suited to the part, both physically and mentally. The complex character of the heart-broken Prince of Denmark is one that appeals strongly to her subtle and sympathetic temperament.

Miss Matthison will have an unusual opportunity of showing her ability and versatility as the leading lady of Sir Henry Irving's company during the next two seasons, and the American public will have the pleasure of seeing her here in important rôles during the great English actor's tour in 1905.

This sketch aims simply to give some slight impression of Miss Matthison's personality. Those who have seen the spiritual beauty of her Everyman, the brilliant witchery of her Rosalind, the pathos of her lonely, loving Viola, the sweet abandon of her Portia, the outraged dignity of her Adriana, the exquisite poise of her Gabriel—"Heaven-sent Messenger"—the infinite variety of her Peg Woffington, and the impassioned grief of her Æglamour the Sad realize that the future must hold wide recognition for this young actress, scarcely more than on the threshold of her career.



Photograph by Alice Boughton

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

Antoinette C. Burgess

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THE WAGGAMAN ART GALLERIES

A RARE COLLECTION IN DANGER OF DISPERSION

About twenty-five years ago Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington, began to get together the paintings and Oriental art objects which now constitute one of the most interesting and valuable private collections in this country. From the Morgan sale he obtained a single little vase of Chinese porcelain. When the Brinkley collection was dispersed he was fortunate enough to secure quite a number of rare specimens. A few years later he commissioned Mr. Richard N. Brooke, the president of the Society of Washington Artists and an able critic, to purchase for him paintings of worth from the artists' studios and current exhibitions abroad. To the nucleus thus formed Mr. Waggaman has added year by year as opportunity offered, wisely availing himself at all times of the best expert assistance and raising by elimination as well as acquisition the standard of his collection.

The catalogue of the Oriental art objects—compiled by Mr. H. Shugio, art commissioner from Japan to the Paris, Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis Expositions—is considered one of the few reliable sources of information on the subject of Japanese pottery and porcelains, and in French and German translations is to be found in the leading museum libraries of Europe and America.

Mr. Waggaman has housed his collection in two well-appointed galleries adjoining his residence in Georgetown. In one he has arranged with peculiar fitness the oil paintings, potteries, and porcelains; and in the other with good effect the Dutch water-colors, Eastern bronzes, lacquers and the like.

The Oriental art objects, which are of extraordinary beauty and value, outnumber many times the paintings; but upon entering the first gallery it is the double row of masterly canvases rather than the cabinets of ceramics which first attracts attention.

Here, for example, is a large panel-shaped picture showing amid deep gloom a wonderful concentration of golden light, which is the study made by Sir Joshua Reynolds for a portion of the famous window in New College Chapel, London; beyond is a *Madonna and Angels*, beautiful in color and composition, which was painted by Van Dyke while under the Italian influence; and hanging between is a powerful interpretation of a shipwreck by Eugene Isabey. Turning to the west wall the interest is focused by a genre of Israels flanked by a Mauve and a Maris; and glancing toward the east the attention is caught by a Richard Wilson placed between two of Constable's characteristic landscapes.

The Barbizon school is represented by Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Troyon, and Jacques; the French realists by Dagnan-Bouveret, Fromentin, and Doucet; the Dutch by such painters as Israels, Kever, Neuhuys, Mauve, and Maris; the English by David Cox as well as Constable and Wilson; and the American very inadequately by Wyant and Gay. There is variety, yet continuity; diversity in subject and technique, but extreme evenness in merit. No two works could be farther apart than are Corot's realistic interpretations of nature and Richard Wilson's classical landscape compositions; but each

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has a related place in this collection as in the broad field of art—the one charming with its gentle, poetic sentiment, the other decorating by its strong, well-arranged masses of color.

The Richard Wilson is an uncommonly good canvas, conventional in composition but extremely characteristic, full of air and light, and showing clever brush-work. The Constables too are considerably above the average, and the David Cox is likewise worthy of special note.

Should an explanation be sought of the present popularity of the modern Dutch school one could not do better than to point to the paintings by Israels, Neuhuys, and Kever which are included in this collection. *Grandfather's Consolation*, by Israels—here reproduced in color—shows an old man seated in a straight-backed arm-chair with his little grandchild on his knee, in a dimly lighted room; the Neuhuys portrays a humble family assembled round a frugal board; and the Kever shows two children happily occupied in amusing a baby. All are literal transcriptions reflecting with evident truth the simple, unaffected life of the peasants. In color and tone as well as in composition they suggest harmony and sober happiness. They are full of humanity and touch that chord which makes all mankind akin—the fundamental love of home and childhood. Were they, however, less well-painted their charm would be lost. It takes a master brush to tell a simple story. But the same quiet dignity which marks their composition is evident in their rendering, and the skill of the painter is only forgotten in the excellence of his achievement. Some of this same gentle, unobtrusive sentiment finds its way even into the work of the less personal Dutch painters. Mauve manifests it to a great degree; and his picture of sheep coming out of a forest, which hangs to the right of the Israels, is of the kind with which one would gladly live.

From the works of these men it is natural to turn to those of the Barbizon painters, the men who were the pioneers of simple art, the mediators of the brush between man and nature. Millet, with his appeal of the laborer, his message of hardship and toil, of strength and endurance, is well represented by a picture of a peasant farmer slipping on his coat at the close of day in the field where he has been hoeing. There are three Corots—two gray, springlike, tentative; one a study showing in bold relief a dark, rugged group of trees against a sunset sky. There is a single original Rousseau, a small canvas entitled *Evening;* and a copy of another, *Heath at Fontainebleau*, made by Jean Baptiste Millet, the brother of the great painter. Daubigny is represented by three canvases, one of which, *Le Lac*, is peculiarly interesting.

Turning from these interpreters to the literalists, three pictures in particular will attract attention: *The Duet in the Studio*, by Dagnan-Bouveret; *After the Ball*, by Henri Lucien Doucet; and *A Provincial Asylum*, by Walter Gay. The two latter are here represented in color reproductions. In all three technique is paramount. *The Duet in the Studio* is painted with an unusual fidelity of detail, and the accessories in *After the Ball* are rendered in a manner really marvelous. The Gay is perhaps a trifle freer in handling than the others, but it is none the less finished in effect. It is the realist versus the idealist, the letter rather than the spirit, the imitator rather than the creator; but still in the end a wonderful manifestation of inimitable skill, of faithful study, and of careful training. *The Flag of Truce*, by de Neuville—also reproduced in this color group—hangs nearby, and cannot be passed without notice. It is a comparatively large canvas picturing an incident of the Franco-Prussian war. A detail of German officers is being escorted by a guard of French soldiers, under a flag of truce, through a French

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town. They are seen passing down a snow-covered, devastated street; and in spite of the protest of the standers-by the distraught widow of a French soldier, bareheaded and with her baby clasped to her bosom, is calling down maledictions upon the heads of the hated enemies. The desolate aspect of the town, the solemn dignity of the blindfolded officers and their guardsmen, and the frenzied expression of the agonized woman combine to make a scene vividly dramatic.

that such a one as this was ever permitted to pass the gates of the Old World. This painting—of which a suggestion is here given in halftone — is in an excellent state of preservation, and authentic beyond a suspicion of doubt. The central panel is occupied by a picture of the Virgin holding the Infant Christ on her lap. On the doors are painted the figures of a man and a woman kneeling before prayer desks in attitudes of adoration. These are likenesses of William



A FIFTEENTH CENTURY TRIPTYCH

In this sanctuary picture, painted on wood, the kneeling figures are portraits of the donors.

But the gem of the whole collection has as yet not been considered. On an ebony easel at the rear of the room is a quaintly shaped triptych of dark, time-worn wood, painted by Hans Memling who, living between the years 1425 and 1495, was one of the leaders of the early Flemish school. There are today but few of Memling's works in existence, and the majority of these are in the Museum at Brussels and the Bruges Academy; so it is more than wonderful

Moreel, a prosperous fifteenth century merchant, and one of his many daughters, and indicate that the painting was originally intended as a gift for some church. For in those far-off days it was the custom for laymen when ordering a religious picture for a sanctuary to have their own portraits and those of members of their families painted in it. Were the theme a "Crucifixion," they would appear among the mourners; or a "Madonna," as in this case, among

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the worshipers. Studying this painting it is easy to comprehend why the Pre-Raphaelites were dissatisfied with modern methods, and what it was they strove to reclaim; for with its remarkable technique there is evinced a sincerity of feeling and a purity of religious thought which in a later day were smothered, if not entirely lost. In the Madonna's face and attitude there is an access of tenderness, and on the face of both the subordinate figures is an expression of true devotion. Much of the beauty of the work is derived from its color-scheme. The robe of the Virgin is a soft rose-red, modulated by falling into many cross folds, and brought into contrast at the neck with a vest of blue; William Moreel's cloak is a gray cloth with a collar of brown fur; and his daughter is pictured in a gown of blue with a vest of red. The floor is a regular mosaic of red and white marble; and behind the figures is seen a dado of blue-green tapestry embroidered in old gold thread, beyond which is set a city on a hill-background, against a clear, blue sky. The technical rendering of this tapestry is one of the most interesting and remarkable features of the painting. So minutely is it done that the weave of the cloth is discernible, yet so well are its values related that it assumes merely a subordinate place in the general composition.

In this article emphasis has been laid upon Mr. Waggaman's gallery of oil paintings. The other equally remarkable features of his collection must receive only passing mention. The exhibit of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean ceramics in the upper gallery contains, for instance, rare vases of the early Christian era, an invaluable tea-bowl of the sixth century, groups of Raven-wing and Black Hawthorn ware, an amphora-shaped vase with mottled sang-de-bœuf glaze whose only rival is in the British Museum, a dozen large celadon plates of the Ming dynasty, choice specimens of the peachblow faience, many varieties of Satsuma, and thousands more, each having individual interest and a special reason for being included in the collection. And in the basement gallery is a no less fascinating display of jades, crystals, and bronzes; of lacquers in all the varied forms of figures, boxes, panels, and screens; and an especially valuable collection of swords and daggers, some of them of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The collection of Dutch water-colors which has been hung in this lower gallery includes works by a majority of the foremost modern painters and though numbering but a scant half hundred exhibits, represents the best output of the Lowland school.

Though Mr. Waggaman has delegated the purchasing of many of the objects in his galleries to more experienced buyers than himself, he has by no means relinquished the special joy of collecting, and each acquisition has brought with it keen delight. He is not unconscious of the commercial value of his possessions but their first appeal to him has been on the side of pure estheticism. Possibly it is for this reason that he has been so ready to share them, opening his gallery once a week during Lent with a nominal admission fee—paid into the Poor Fund—and freely every Sunday afternoon to artists and others specially interested.

That this collection should be involved in Mr. Waggaman's recent failure, and that on account of his present financial embarrassment it must be dispersed, is the source of deep regret. As one of the finest Oriental art collections in the world, and because of the character and value of the paintings, its dispersal will prove one of the most notable art sales of recent years; but that the collection cannot be kept together in the possession of one of our great public institutions seems more than unfortunate.

Lilian Mechlin

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COLLECTION OF THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN

AFTER THE BALL

By LUCIEN DOUCET

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COLLECTION OF THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN

A PROVINCIAL ASYLUM

By WALTER GAY

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COLLECTION OF THOMAS E. WAGGAMAN

THE FLAG OF TRUCE

By ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE

As a detail of blindfolded German officers passes through the devastated street of a French town, the distracted widow of a French soldier calls down maledictions upon them.

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MOUNTAIN CABINS

Photographs by

PHEBE
WESTCOTT
HUMPHREYS





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This picturesque double-octagon cabin, looking more like a pioneer block house, has a commanding view of the river valley.

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A bark cabin with a picturesque chimney over-run with vines. The hammock nooks above the veranda are built to catch the breeze from every quarter.

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A massive chimney made of boulders collected from the mountain side.

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An octagonal shaped cabin with a wide porch overlooking a broad valley.



A trim conventional cottage nestling among the trees. The big chimney suggests a deep ingle nook.

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A cabin that is essentially rustic, even the frames of the windows and doors being made of short pieces of saplings. The whole effect is very artistic.

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A simple bark cabin in the woods. An unusual effect is obtained by the use of short slabs of bark, arranged vertically and horizontally in squares.



A square cabin of stout logs whose straight lines are broken by a deep bay-window. The rough stone chimney is an attractive feature.

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ON THE WAY TO MARKET

A TYPICAL OX-CART OF HAMPTON

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IN AND ABOUT OLD HAMPTON

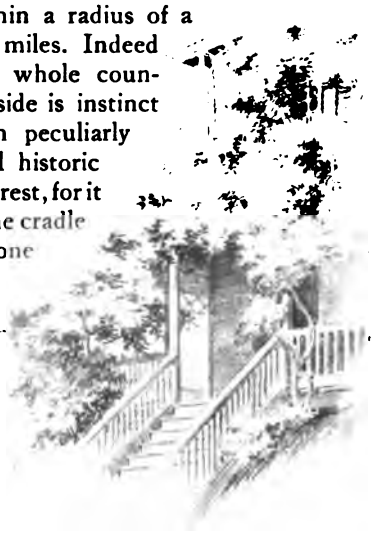
ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. DESCH

A pleasant suggestion of the mingled pursuits of peace and war salutes the tourist as his vessel steams in from the Atlantic up the broad waters of the lower Chesapeake, and lets go its anchor in Hampton Roads off Old Point Comfort. There are few finer panoramas in the world. Fancy a wide reach of waters that, touching three-fourths of the horizon, extends eastward toward the Atlantic and meets the sky-line in miles of tossing waters with white-capped waves to vary the changing hues. Then as one turns to the right, a low, light line of sand appears, marking the southern limit of Chesapeake Bay and gradually bringing on to this wonderful marine canvas all the varied features of a coast relieved here and there by quiet bays, river mouths, and protecting islands.

A large island lying midway between Old Point Comfort and the southern mainland is occupied by the famous "Rip-raps Fort," now being remodeled by the government to assist effectually in guarding the entrance to the westward waters. This part of the picture contrasts sharply with the eastern and southern views, where the active commercial spirit of the times is reflected through the distant glimpses of the busy cities of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Newport News. The Roads are sure to be dotted with vessels of all classes, from the tiny one-sail lugger and light torpedo boat to the greatest schooners, steamers, and warships that float. This remarkable assemblage of sea craft is always an astonishing revelation to the visitor, but it is understood when the size of Hampton Roads is considered with the natural advantages of harbor, quiet maneuvering water, and shores alive with agricultural and manufacturing enterprises.

Ashore at the Point, the civilian mingles with the warrior quite as picturesquely as upon the waters of the unique harbor-strait. In the sun parlors of the roomy hotel, adjacent to the somewhat ramshackle old landing-place, the jaunty young officers who are being trained in the arts of war at grim old Fortress Monroe — whose extended ramparts mark the shore line—hobnob with plain citizens as both look out across the lively Roads.

The old town of Hampton—a quaint and historic village—lies a few miles away on the extreme right of the circling view. From farther up the channel drift distant suggestions and reminiscences of a score of historic spots within a radius of a few miles. Indeed this whole country-side is instinct with peculiarly vital historic interest, for it is the cradle of one



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of the most romantic types of civilization ever given by colonists to a new world.

Hampton with its some four thousand inhabitants lies close to the mouth of Hampton River. Its quaint white houses are lost in a veritable maze of willows and pines and mimosas and magnolias. Floral growth is most luxuriant, and not infrequently one may see a house with its broad portico running along the upper story, garlanded and smothered with a tangle of wistaria and creepers. There is little to disturb the peace and tranquility of the town. The jar and rattle of commerce are seldom heard. While there are few houses of historic interest, on account of the almost total destruction of the town during the Civil War, the country-side is well sprinkled with houses of the old style, recalling the early days of the Commonwealth. Just outside the town is the home of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States. It is an odd brick structure placed well back in a beautiful lawn and is partly hidden in the foliage of the old trees surrounding it. "Westover," the famous two-century old home of Colonel William Byrd, and "Berkeley," the country seat of President William H. Harrison, have commanding situations on the banks of the James.

Although Hampton has been robbed by war of most of its heritages, it boasts several institutions of national



WAITING TO BE MUSTERED OUT

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OUT ON THE OYSTER BEDS

importance. The Normal and Industrial Institute for negroes and Indians was founded in 1868, and has done an invaluable service in educating Uncle Sam's wards into intelligent, responsible citizens. When the Institute was first founded it occupied an old barracks used in the Civil War, but now it covers over two hundred acres of land, laid out with picturesque effect, and containing more than fifty-five buildings. Booker T. Washington graduated here in 1875. The National Soldiers' Home, where the old veterans on perpetual furlough have pitched their camp awaiting the final mustering-out, lies on a little bluff overlooking the harbor, and houses something like three thousand souls. Close by is the National Cemetery with its more than three thousand dead.

The poorer section of the town is given over largely to the negroes. The cabins, in many instances, are patched and rickety; fences are left in dilapidated condition; and all over the yards there is a wild growth of hollyhocks and weeds.

As the visitor watches the strange assortment of vessels moving in and out through the Roads he half-wishes that by some caprice time could turn back and permit him to pass in review all

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THE OLD FORT GATE

those vessels whose keels at some time glided through the channel. What an imposing and inspiring spectacle it would be for the eye of a patriotic American observer! First would come the Spanish galleons of the adventurer Ayllon, who in 1526 beheld this wondrous stretch of waters with the appreciative eyes of civilization. Four score years pass, and a little fleet of intrepid English colonists comes up the Bay, to found the first permanent English settlement in America. This very neck of land, beside which their vessels found a sheltering bight, they name Point Comfort. But fair Virginia proves inhospitable, and a June day in 1610 sees a company of sixty haggard men drift out with the tide to seek again the shores of England. Hardly have they ceased looking back on the land that had brought them nothing but misery when a cry draws their eyes seaward. There, as if conjured up to baffle an adverse fate, are three great ships of England, bringing good tidings and provisions. Courage is revived, and the settlers turn back to their arduous task of winning the wilderness. Presently appears the black-hulled slave ship of 1619, with its wide wake of blood and ruin; and then follow intermittently fleets of trading vessels. As the historic panorama slowly unrolls, British blockading squadrons of two wars hover about; murderous looking pirate ships slink along the coast; the ever-increasing line is obscured by the smoke of the first steam-propelled vessels; the fighting ships of the Civil War prowl about; the Monitor and Merrimac fight their memorable duel for naval supremacy; and last in line come the imposing ships of today.

It is expected that here in 1907, at the time of the tercentennial celebration of Jamestown, will be brought together the greatest assembly of vessels of war and peace the world has ever seen, and the event is looked forward to with quickened interest. The United States is not alone in taking a hand; already the greatest naval European nations have assured their cordial support. Every type of war vessel as well as those of the merchant marine now afloat will be represented, and in addition an

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"SPOTS! GIT YUH FRESH SPOTS!"

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THE FISHING FLEET

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A GLIMPSE OF THE BEACH

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THE STEAMER-LANDING AT THE POINT

effort will be made to get together vessels representing all the steps of development from the most primitive periods.

In the town of Hampton today there is little that holds identity with the days of the cavaliers of old Virginia, but St. John's Church, half-buried in the shade of venerable mimosa and willow trees, gathers its mute congregation of broken and weather-stained gravestones about it, holding the faith through the centuries. The church bears evidence of the wreckage wrought by three wars. During the Revolution it was partly destroyed



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN HOUSE

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9 BAITING THE CRAB LINES

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THE OLD CABIN HOME

by British shells. The good people of Hampton today are proud of the fact that here the first shot of Virginia was fired in the Revolutionary War, when George Nicholas, the sturdy leader of a motley band of Virginia musketeers drove off an attacking force bent on looting and destroying the town. In 1813, Hampton was subjected to another ordeal when Admiral Warren sent a force of over three thousand English troops to destroy it. The defense was weak, the town fell and was sacked and burned. In the Civil War the town bowed to the sword of the Confederate forces. Out of the smoke and ruin, the Court House, the desolated walls of the church and seven or eight buildings alone remained. For several years the space between the charred walls of the church was used as a public thoroughfare, but in 1867 it was restored. It is now the third oldest church in America. A pretty story is told that when the church was built in 1660 the royal arms were carved upon the steeple, but shortly after the signing of the Declaration of Independence the steeple was shattered by lightning and the royal insignia hurled to the ground.

Much of the present day homely life of Hampton is of picturesque interest to the visitor, whether this life is typified in the good-natured old mammy driving her ox-cart to market, or the brown-skinned, barefooted little fellows, carrying strings of fresh, shining fish, and crying out in a high monotone, "Spots, git yuh fresh spots," or by others of the many characters who eke out a humble living in the old town. At all hours of the day the wharves at the foot of King Street, shady and cool and off the main thoroughfare, are alive with watermen busied with their work. Anchored off the shore, up and down the stream, are craft of every imaginable type; the little flat-bottomed crab boats; long, nar-

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row canoes, with their rakish masts; sail-boats and yachts of graceful lines; odd looking oyster boats; and the larger vessels engaged in the coasting trade.

The canoe, or as the darkey who sails it says, "kin-nuh," seems the prevailing type. At the peep-o'-day dozens of these little fishing boats, with their leg-o'-mutton sails spread, make their way out into the Roads for the daily haul. Then at nightfall as the canoes one by one, or in small fleets, sail in and drop anchor off the wharves, or are fastened to the stakes sunk in the stream, the scene becomes one of great animation. While the fishermen have been watching their lines out in the Roads, an army of clam-gatherers has been at work along the shore. With buckets or baskets tied over their shoulders, they grope about knee-deep in the water when the tide is out, quick to spy out the clams half-imbedded in the sand. When the day's work is over, with a snatch of song they come



IN THE MOONLIT WOODS

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MAMMY

in to add their share to the general hubbub.

The crab-gatherers constitute a special and interesting class of fishers. Half reclining all day in the bows of their little bateaux, they pull to and fro along the crab lines, watching for the first sign of a bite, and ready for a quick, dexterous dip with the hand-net as the crab nears the surface. After their cargoes are transferred to the steam chests of the neighboring crab factory, they rebait their long lines and coil them in loose piles, liberally sprinkled with salt and carefully covered, ready for the morrow's casting. Canoes are then scrubbed, oil-skins, nets, and lines are gathered together, and everything is made snug and tight for the night.

The oyster beds in the shallow parts of the river and out in the Roads are marked out by thousands of little stakes. In late summer the season opens, and the fleet of oyster boats tied up near

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the wharves energetically take up the profitable traffic on a large scale. But often you see a lone figure in an open boat puttering about and groping with a pair of long-handled tongs for enough oysters to supply his family's needs.

Groves of tall, gaunt pines skirt the shore of the harbor in many places and add a dash of sombre color to an otherwise gleaming white beach. The sand piles up in dunes of considerable elevation, sometimes overgrown with scrubby bushes and creeping vines. Fishing quarters here and there are grouped into little camps of half-a-dozen shacks, occupied during the entire year. Before the primitive huts, acres of nets are spread out to dry or are festooned on long poles driven into the sand. The swarthy fishermen, sitting on fish boxes or sea-worn logs, go over the nets carefully to find any weakness or tears. On every hand lie fish-baskets, broken pieces of oars, tar-pots, coils of rope, and stacks of long poles.

There is much of storied interest about Hampton and the Point, but after all is said, its great charm is not in its historic associations nor the picturesque character of its simple industries, but in its broad blue waters and its wide reaches of sandy beach. It is this, summer and winter, that draws thousands of tourists to its borders; tourists who breathe its brisk, invigorating air, sharpened with a touch of salt; who lie on its glistening beach and look up into the blue of a cloudless sky, or out over the bluish-green expanse of the bay. At night they see the blinding white of the beach soften into a mysterious gray, while in the depths of the pines lurk sombre shadows. The gleam of the lightship is reflected from afar over the darkening waters. Out on the still air floats the bugle call of "taps" from the ramparts of the Fort. Under the spell of the hour the visitor is quite sure that the first English settlers of America chose their new home wisely.



OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BUILT IN 1660

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THE IMPOSING CONSULATE AT PALERMO, ITALY

Courtesy of the Department of State

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THE AMERICAN CONSUL: A NEW TYPE

BY JAMES C. MONAGHAN

CHIEF OF THE DIVISION OF CONSULAR REPORTS

It has long been the aim of the national administration, as expressed in words and deeds of the Department of State and the committees of Congress charged with our foreign affairs, to use every means to increase the efficiency of the American consular service. Much was accomplished in the past and is being accomplished in the present. A typically good consular officer is being evolved by the elimination of the objectionable and a refusal to appoint the unfit. This, too, in spite of the heavy handicaps which had to be overcome in the form of political influences in the selection of appointees, niggardliness in salaries and expense allowances, and general lack of comprehension as to possibilities for direct and practical usefulness to trade which the consular service presents when properly conducted. It is beyond question that the evolution now going on is bound to result in real reform. The new type of consul, men like some of those at work in Germany, France, England, Russia, Scandinavia, and the East, are to dominate the entire service.

How many of our manufacturers or merchants know that the American consular service has been thus far, and is now, practically a self-sustaining institution? Where the systems of England and continental Europe cost millions, the American consular service seldom takes more than a few hundred thousands at most out of the national treasury. Quite a number of the consulates pay much more than their running expenses.

The ways in which a consular officer can be of assistance to our merchants and manufacturers are so numerous that one is at a loss to know just which line leads to the largest and best results. I remember a case in which a European pump maker, on his way back from Chicago, visited an important American firm of pump makers, representing himself as an agent; got them to build him half a dozen pumps; put his name on them; sold several of them in four different parts of the German Empire, north, south, east, and west; used one as a model from which to make others; greased the sixth and held it in reserve against accident—and secured the entire continental trade in that class of pumps, practically excluding the American manufacturers. The firm, after waiting in vain for their "agent" to order, asked an American consul to investigate the matter. The agent was one of the biggest pump makers in the German Empire. He regarded his work as a great joke. He boasted of his success; laughed at the efforts of his discomfited clients to make capital out of his very questionable methods. The investigations of the consul led not only to the exposure of the facts, but they were the beginnings upon which was based an excellent series of consular reports dealing with the patent laws of Germany and other European countries. How helpful all these reports and other consular work of this kind have been is known only to men like the victimized pump makers and the hundreds of American manufacturers and merchants who have had correspondence now and then, on the general subject, with consular officers.

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Courtesy of the Department of State

CONSULAR OFFICE AT CADIZ, SPAIN

General Dubois, during his term of service as Consul General at St. Gall, Switzerland, made undervaluing so unpopular that foreign merchants and manufacturers found it much more profitable to be honest than to be dishonest. His work was worth the best part of a million a year to the United States Treasury. He was followed by T. W. Peters, who was successful in breaking up a plot to "hold up" American importers of woolens. On one occasion, in Germany, when undervaluations by European merchants and manufacturers were little less than highway robbery—when the very largest importers of woolens and dry-goods in the United States were unable to buy a dollar's worth of all-wool Henriettas in the open markets; when a big combination of merchants, manufacturers, and jobbers had organized to defraud the American government, selling only on consignment and then only to New York agents in the deal—our consuls secured accurate estimates of the production prices of all-wool Henriettas. These estimates were made the basis of standards for American appraisers all over the country. This work broke up one of the worst nests of corrupt undervaluation with which our customs officers have ever had to deal.

From the hour the consulate opens, usually at nine or ten A.M., to the hour of closing, usually at two, three or four P.M., it is visited by a stream of people as variegated as that to be seen at a country fair. Some consuls, to keep away what they call "the contagious disease" of too much familiarity, cause their secretaries to sift out all objectionable visitors. Into the public office come the merchants, manufacturers, or their agents, to sign invoices covering goods going to the United States. The invoices are made out in triplicate or quadruplicate.

While a consul's work is largely with invoices, its limitations are far less narrow than is popularly known or supposed. It is in his report work, whether

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in regard to undervaluations connected with the invoices or in connection with commerce, that the consul's real efficiency is tested. As fact-gatherers our consuls have had phenomenal success. Their record reads like romance. Their reports are among the world's very best. In gathering the facts our consuls have shown a degree of intelligence, energy, and ripeness of judgment as remarkable as it was unexpected. The methods employed in gathering facts have been severely criticised, here and abroad. They are often the subject of irony, sarcasm, and ridicule. I remember a circular letter that came out when I was in the service, calling for facts which experts alone could furnish and then only if allowed to enter European factories for the purpose of making personal, pertinent examinations. This particular circular letter was submitted by the secretary of a national industrial organization to the parties having charge of the consular work. An American manufacturer, who happened to be in my office, read it, and expressed a willingness to pay any person who could fill its requirements from $15,000 to $20,000 a year. The strange thing about it all is the fact that business men will prepare and send out to consuls a series of technical questions which leading experts could never answer except under impossibly favorable conditions. By bribing, perhaps, results might be arrived at; but bribery is hardly the best way to build up a model consular service.

The consul's duties include all kinds of varied and difficult problems. Take an example: One night I was awakened by a violent ringing of my night-bell. I went to the door and was handed a telegram that read:

"*For God's sake come to Baden-Baden at once.*"



Courtesy of the Department of State

THE MODEST CONSULATE AT ALEXANDRETTA, SYRIA

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Courtesy of the Department of State

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT JERUSALEM

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Then followed the address and signature. I went to Baden-Baden, and found an American family in the direst distress. A daughter—who had been educated abroad, who was as beautiful as a Grecian goddess, who spoke several languages, sang and played—was working out a brilliant scheme, assisted by her brother and sister-in-law, to land her mother in a mild form of insane asylum, a *maison santé* it is called euphemistically. They wanted to get her money. I had to keep her out. I believe they succeeded later in landing the good lady in Bloomingdale, New York. The mother was afflicted with the well-known disease of kalomania; in other words, she was unable to resist the desire to buy beautiful things. The disease may be called first cousin to kleptomania.

On one occasion, because the American minister at Rome refused to help her, this same woman had to pay a pair of swindlers $6,000 for two pictures that were worth from $50 to $100. They were sold for a Titian and a Rubens. They were neither. One was a poor Titian imitation, the other the production of an inferior artist in Munich. I was able to save the good lady large sums by accepting power of attorney to represent her, and by telling the people who had sold her diamonds and pictures at outrageously exorbitant prices that they would have to collect in the courts. All were glad to get back their goods. Not one of them went to law. The prices asked were, in cases in which I was able to procure correct estimates, five, six, and even ten times what would have been fine prices. As a rule, European merchants —certainly reputable houses—will not overcharge.

Upon my return to my office I found the case of a young man who had wantonly torn up some young trees by the roots, and done other depredations. He was to be subjected to exemplary punishment. He was to pay a fine of $375, and go to jail. My first step was to secure bail and an interview. He was the son of a clergyman in New Jersey, and had been sent to Germany because he was a bit "wild." His people wanted to wash their hands of the responsibility of continuing to take care of him. He was only seventeen or eighteen years old. He was to be disciplined. Before he was allowed to enter my office I had to give guarantee to secure penalties on my part, in case he did not appear in court when wanted. Pitying his parents, I put every bit of leverage I could lay hands on into operation. I learned a lesson that was well worth the learning—that the influence of "leading citizens" has absolutely nothing to do with cases of that kind over there. Indeed, manufacturers and merchants can never be prevailed upon to approach the courts. I had to do all the work myself. The result was that the lad was let off with a warning, and was told to go his way and sin no more.

He was not worthy of the intervention? No, of course not; but he had a mother, a father, and a grandfather who were worthy of all I was able to do. For their sakes I worked as I never worked before or since.

One day a party of students came in from Heidelberg to have me decide a bet. I was to define the difference, if there was any, between the two great political parties—the Republicans and Democrats.

Another day an Episcopal society in Philadelphia wrote to know what prospects Europe offered for the opening of Episcopal chapels. I gathered statistics of fifty cities, sent them, and had the satisfaction later of entertaining some Episcopal clergymen and their wives, and of seeing chapels erected in various parts of Europe.

A question that comes up by mail and is asked by hundreds of visitors is this: "Can the son of an American citizen, born abroad, become President

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of the United States?" The answer is: "Yes, if care has been taken to register, so as to secure absolute evidence of the fact of birth and parentage—and the boy can later get the nomination and votes!"

These are some of the questions with which a consular officer has to deal. From them one gets a fairly good idea, and only that, of the long lines of curious cases that come up for consideration and settlement in an American consulate.

As the work of the consular officers is brought more and more to the attention of merchants, manufacturers, and educators, the desire for permanency is sure to grow into an irresistible demand. Inch by inch, the reform movement has been growing. Permanency in office during good behavior is one of the cardinal principles of its advocates, one of the strongest planks in its platform, one of the things that commend it most to sensible men. Its ultimate success is as inevitable as is the progress of American ideas and the prosperity of the country. Both are much more closely joined together than appears to those unaccustomed to dive or to look deeper than the surface.

Could I convince Congress, I would establish a school. I would have it do for the consular service what Annapolis does for the navy and what West Point does for the army.

In a school scientific methods can be applied in a year or two years, or even in six months, that could come to a consul or be acquired by him, under ordinary circumstances, only in a series of years. To obviate the difficulties that are now met with by all those seeking to reform the service, including the fondness of senators for these, the last plums on the tree of political patronage—the candidates could be assigned, as are those of Annapolis and West Point, to the various states of the Union or to Congressional districts.

The courses should embrace eco-



EDITORIAL OFFICE OF "UNCLE SAM'S DAILY PAPER"
Mr. James C. Monaghan, Editor of *Daily Consular Reports*, at his desk

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nomics and languages — particularly French, German, Spanish, and Oriental; law—Roman, civil, canon, common, maritime, and international. It should also embrace commerce—its history, the raw materials of commerce, their sources and distribution; commercial geography; the world's markets; transportation—marine and overland; insurance — marine, fire, and life. After graduating from the consular school, the candidate for consular honors should pass a few months in the Department of State and in a United States Customs office in a large city. Thus he would enter upon his work with the finest possible kind of equipment. Nothing in the system should preclude the appointment of men from newspaper offices, boards of trade, and chambers of commerce. Like the volunteers in army and navy, these men might go in on recognized and well known merit.

The British consular service and those of continental Europe are based on education. Indeed, the public services of the world, now being studied by our consuls and soon to be made the subject of a special report, are far ahead of ours in the element of education. No man is appointed to a foreign customs office, or into a foreign consular service, who has not had an education especially adapted to the line of life to be followed. Almost all European countries have consular schools. Indeed, Germany has a school in which her expert appraisers and higher customs officials give several hours a day in courses calculated to instruct officials and to encourage expert research.

It may not be out of place just here to say a word about consular salaries. As a rule they are far inferior to those paid by American business houses to the thousands of agents who call annually or semi-annually at our consulates; and they are much smaller than those paid by European governments. A man capable of doing the work demanded of some American consuls would be worth four, five, or six times his salary to American importers. The system of salaries is in every way incongruous, anomalous, and inane. Some men are paid too much; many, very many, too little. No consul should have less than $3500; and no secretary or clerk should be offered less than a thousand a year. Experience has taught me the futility of trying to live, as an American consul ought to live, on less than $3500; indeed, $5000 would be even closer to what is the essential income. Consuls ought also to be furnished with an ample fund from which to pay for expert information. They have now to pay for this out of their salaries. I remember a case in which some expert foresters furnished page after page of facts for a report I was making at the request of the Department of State. When I came to pay for the service, money was refused. They did the work gratis because they loved it. Their salaries were enough. It was all based on a pretty sentiment. I had to find a way of paying, by means of a box of Havana cigars and a case of champagne. Payment for both came out of my pocket.

Another need is lofty ideals in regard to a consul's duties and in regard to the type of men by whom we want to be represented abroad. When a consul is sent out of the country, it must be really and truly for his country's good, and not, as was formerly too often the case, to get rid of an objectionable and pestiferous political "heeler." What commerce was to Greece during the time just preceding the glorious era of Pericles, what it was to Rome and Carthage and Phœnicia, what it was to Venice, Pisa, Florence, Genoa, and the Hansa cities, it is bound to be again to us. We are to have our renaissance, and if the present conditions prevail in the nation and in the executive departments of the government, the new type of American consul is destined to play a very important part.

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A JAPANESE MAGAZINE COVER

A war-number cover in colors, drawn by the artist Matsuya for *The Vogue*, a new illustrated periodical issued semi-monthly. At the top of the anchor is the Medal of Kinshi, corresponding to England's Victoria Cross, and below it the special title of the number, "Punishing Russia."

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WHAT THE JAPANESE ARE READING

THE LITERATURE OF A SERIOUS-MINDED NATION

BY HAROLD BOLCE

Japan is a nation of readers. More than a thousand newspapers and magazines are published in the empire. The Imperial Public Library at Tokio has half a million volumes, nearly one thousand of which are printed in the languages of Europe.

Centuries before Commodore Perry with the compulsion of Christian guns forced the emissaries of the Shogunate to listen to his marines sing Keith's version of the Hundredth Psalm, Japan had its own poems, songs, and stories. Since the advent of the modern era the literature of all nations has been translated into Japanese. Even Shakespeare, Carlyle, and Emerson have been done into the vernacular; and although the result sends shudders through the sensorium of Western scholars, the little brown polyglots will tell you complacently that they have improved upon the original, modifying the Anglo-Saxon context to suit the more subtle understanding of the Oriental.

Great freedom is frequently taken in the translation of novels. The imported plot is changed to conform to Sunrise standards, and characters are rechristened with Japanese names. The work becomes an adaptation. *Ernest Maltravers*, by Bulwer Lytton, the first Western novel translated into Japanese, appeared in that country in 1879 under a title which meant *A Spring Story of Flowers and Willows*.

Nor is plagiarism considered a literary offense in Japan. On the contrary, it is looked upon as an indication of extensive reading and tenacious memory. The more a writer can interlard his story or essay with ideas, phrases, and even paragraphs from the works of masters, foreign or domestic, the greater the proof of his scholarship. To advertise a borrowed extract by the parade of quotation marks or their equivalents would be an exhibition of questionable taste; it would serve to indicate that the writer had recourse to this vulgar expedient to announce an erudition which he feared might otherwise escape attention.

And while this literary larceny, under the guise of modesty and art, is an offense to the more scrupulous writers of the Occident, it serves the useful purpose of widening the horizon of the Japanese reader. Instead of the mere thoughts of the single author, there are merged into his novel or homily the fancy and wisdom of the dreamers and sages of various lands and many generations. If a song gave pleasure five centuries ago, why not borrow its beauty to adorn a poem of today? And why cumber a shelf with an unread philosopher when his maxims can be appropriated to illumine a contemporary essay?

It is impossible for the West to comprehend the logic of the East. To incorporate, unacknowledged, another's rhyme or reason is no more of an offense in the Island Kingdom than to seize upon an American or British trademark. It all contributes to the glory of the Mikado, and has the sanction of imperial law. It is evident that it requires the Oriental squint to see these things in their Far Eastern light!

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In spite of a Japanese author's slavery to his literary shelves, his productions are peculiarly entertaining. With the modern era has come in a new school of writers whose members are duplicating the career of popular novelists of the United States. A few years ago a Japanese named Murai Gensai published a novel entitled *Asahi-Zakura*, which made a great hit. The story is the dream of a possible conquest of England by Japan. Hong-Kong first falls before the heroes of the ambitious volume, and in turn India, Malta, and Gibraltar acknowledge the power and sovereignty of the Mikado. Finally a Japanese armada sails triumphantly up the Thames and collects a great war indemnity from the vanquished and suppliant millions of Great Britain. However much the leaders of Japan may deprecate the deductions of spectators that the ambition of the empire is to absorb additional domain and rise to political and commercial supremacy in Asia, it is worthy of note that instant literary success attended this jingoistic extravaganza foretelling the downfall of a great modern empire before the advance of the Mikado's squadrons.

America is not the only country where authors build country seats and buy yachts out of the proceeds of popular novels. In a former article I mentioned Mr. Fumio Yano, of Tokio. He had written a number of historic and economic works, incidental to his career as a diplomatist, but while these volumes met the approval of the cultivated they fell short of taking the public by storm. Japanese writers frequently liken the civilization of their empire, especially as to its artistic achievements, to that of ancient Greece. One day it occurred to Mr. Yano that a novel with Theban politics in the plot and Epaminondas for the hero might appeal with peculiar force to his countrymen. So he wrote a romance along that line, and it succeeded beyond his most extravagant hopes. Thousands of readers to whom, theretofore, the name of Epaminondas would have meant less than a word in a cable code, suddenly began to rave about that ancient general and statesman as a prototype of the manhood of Japan. The result was that Mr. Yano with the help of Epaminondas built himself a charming home, and also bought tickets to Europe and America.

Few of the contemporaneous American writers of fiction are popular, or even known in Japan. Several American scientists, however, are widely read. Professor Ira Remsen, in chemistry, and Professors Newcomb and Holden, in astronomy, are accorded much honor by the Japanese. Japan is the greatest fisherman among the nations. Fish-literature has a great vogue; and it is worthy of note that specialists in that line regard Dr. Hugh M. Smith, Deputy Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries at Washington, and President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford, as eminent authorities in ichthyology. Emerson has a large following among the cultivated people of Japan, and Longfellow and Whittier are enjoyed. The long and lengthening roster of our current celebrities in letters would be almost meaningless, even in the most highly educated circles of Tokio. Even Mark Twain has not succeeded in laughing his way into Japan, a fact in singular contrast to the popularity enjoyed by this humorist in Russia. It was my fortune to meet an educated Russian gentlemen in the secret service of the Czar. This man had been in every city, hamlet, and corner of the Russian Empire.

"Tell me," I said, "what American is considered the greatest by the inhabitants of Russia."

"There are two Americans," he replied, "who enjoy equal honor in Russia; who stand, in fact, apart as unique and splendid types of manhood in the United States."

"And who are they?" I interrupted.

"Grover Cleveland and Mark Twain," was the reply.

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A PAGE OF CORRECTED PRINTER'S "COPY"

This sheet of the Japanese manuscript of Mr. Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" was obtained from the composing-room of the publisher in Tokio.

There is one American writer of today who has succeeded in impressing his work upon the mind of commercial Japan. Every clerk in the stores, banks, commission houses, railway and steamship offices, and godowns of the Mikado's empire is familiarly acquainted with "Old Gorgon Graham," oracle of the Chicago stockyards. When Baron Shibusawa visited America he was impressed with the thoroughness of methods employed in the big packing houses, department stores, and other large institutions of this country, and it became one of his ambitions to metamorphose, if possible, the whole commercial procedure of Japan. He realized that one of the indispensable preliminaries in the achievement of the needed reform was the education of the thousands of young men employed as clerks and in other capacities in the large business institutions of the empire. The Baron, who is called the J. Pierpont Morgan of Japan, saw in Mr. Lorimer's *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son* just the kind of admonition needed by the youth of the Sunrise Kingdom, who, because of the great strides of their country, are peculiarly disposed to reject the counsel of age and experience. He recommended the distribution of the *Letters* in a Japanese translation.

Heads of big houses all over the empire therefore bought the books wholesale and distributed copies among their employees. Published in paper covers, and selling for forty sen, the book reached a circulation of over two hundred thousand, but with no profit to the author, as there was no international copyright. In the Japanese appraisement of the book its humor was entirely overlooked. The production was accepted solely as a serious gospel to over-confident young man-

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hood. The Oriental failure to detect the humor of the work is not to be wondered at when it is recalled that one of the soberest statistical annuals published in America included Old Gorgon Graham's quaint volume among the financial books of the year.

It is when one glances at the strangely assorted books that enjoy popularity side by side in Japan that wonder is expressed at the unexpected preferences of these peculiar people. The same merchant, or manufacturer, or transportation magnate in Japan who read with great seriousness Mr. Lorimer's book, and distributed it by the armful among his clerks and agents, will confess that when he wants to experience a genuine joy in reading he spreads himself out on a mat, robes himself in a loose kimono, warms a bottle of saké over a charcoal fire, and then proceeds to revel in the absorbing delights of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. To determine with some accuracy to what extent that work enjoys its reputed popularity in the empire, a leading publisher in Tokio sent thousands of blank votes to professors, students, merchants, bankers, and others throughout Japan, asking them to name their favorite foreign author. Darwin was found to be the people's choice by a large plurality. Carlyle is also widely read in Japan. A work which has entranced the Japanese mind is the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The Mikado's subjects devour these ponderous volumes with as much relish as Americans display in reading the leading novel of the week.

Some of the Western journals have been likening Japan to the Transvaal in war matters. However that may be, in the matter of reading there is an utter absence of similarity between the Jap and the Boer. I happened to be in the Transvaal in 1895-6 when the revolution planned by the leading citizens of Johannesburg gave promise of success. A committee called at the American consular headquarters and asked me to prepare a charter designed to set forth the reasons for the overthrow of Oom Paul's rule and the establishment of a more democratic form of government. My first thought by way of preparation was to re-read our own *Declaration of Independence*. To that end I entered



THE JAPANESE EDITOR IN WAR-TIME

One of a series of typical cartoons in a Japanese magazine, running successively through the middle of the pages.

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a bookstore kept by an Anglicised Boer, who was looked up to by his countrymen as a man of learning.

"Have you a copy of the *Declaration of Independence?*" I asked.

"No," replied the Transvaal book dealer, "I regret to state I have not, but we have a very alert agent in London who keeps posted on all the popular books, and if it is having any sale in England it will undoubtedly be here by the next steamer's mail."

Assuring him that the work in question had never been popular in England, I continued my search elsewhere. An observation such as this made by the bookseller of Johannesburg could not issue from a Japanese. Thousands of students and clerks and business men in that empire can repeat without faltering the Oriental translation of the American Magna Charta. In fact, one of the most popular of the recent novels in Japan introduces its characters at Washington, D. C., where a Japanese hero unctuously reads to a comrade the *Declaration of Independence*. The principles of liberty breathed into the plot at its inception quicken the action of the story from beginning to end. Nearly all the modern popular fiction of Japan has a serious purpose. Books that are written solely to entertain have a limited circulation. It may surprise Western readers to learn that Nuttall's *Classical Dictionary* has reached a circulation of half a million copies in Japan.

In the Imperial Public Library at Tokio the greatest demand of readers is for works of history, biography, geography, and travel. Next in popularity come books devoted to mathematics, medicine, and natural philosophy. Literature and languages comprise the



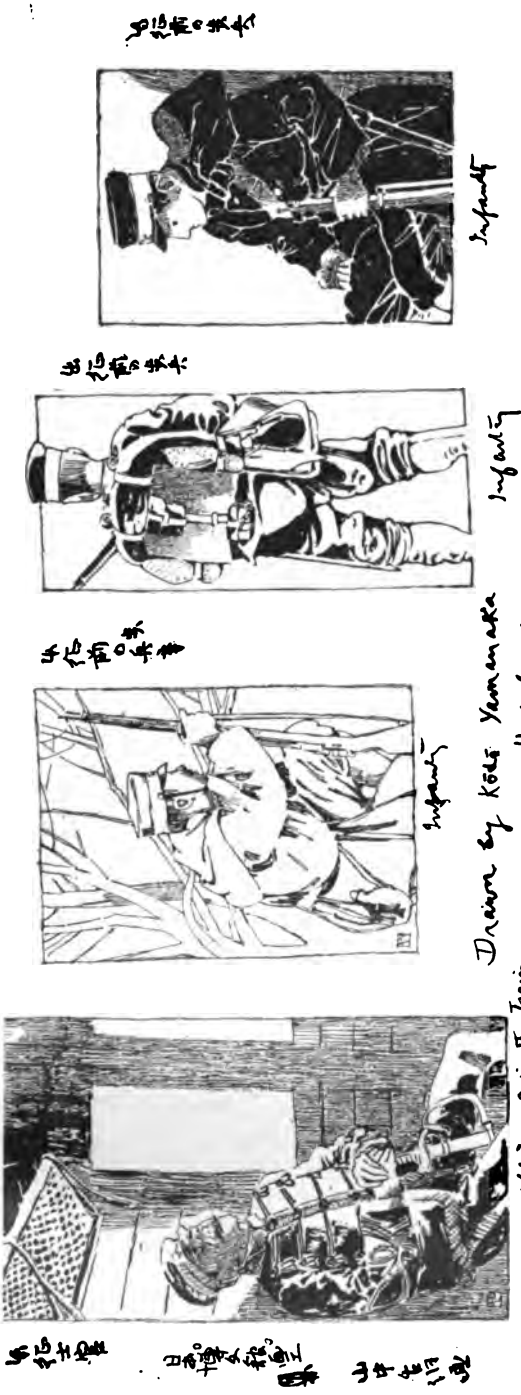
THE JAPANESE COMPOSITOR UNDER PRESSURE

The second of this series of cartoons, humorously representing that journalism is about the only rushing business in Japan in war-time.

topic third in demand, while next on the list are works on law, politics, sociology, and statistics. Following that group come books on engineering, military tactics, and manufacturing industries. Volumes least in demand are those devoted to theology and religion.

Many of the most valuable literary productions in Japan are as Greek to the ordinary native, being written in classical Chinese whose ideographs are meaningless to all except sinologues. One reason why the modern reformer and philosopher, Fukuzawa, was enabled

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DRAWINGS BY A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER ARTIST, ILLUSTRATING A POPULAR SERIAL ROMANCE OF THE WAR

to exert a revolutionary influence over Japan was that he wrote his many books in the colloquial.

The histories of Japan have been potent factors in molding the thought of the people; and to an alien this is remarkable, as many of these annals scarcely rise above the dignity of chronological tables. The *Nihon Gwaishu*, before the fall of Shogunate, which it did much to bring about, was read diligently by every Japanese with any pretense to education; and many of its interminable pages of births, marriages, wars, and deaths were committed faithfully to memory. This huge historic Japanese catalogue, so exasperatingly uninteresting to a Western reader who expects a history to be more than a chronological tabulation, succeeded in arousing the millions of the Mikado's empire to enthusiastic, tumultuous, revolutionary patriotism.

The histories of Japan, which without a break solemnly trace the lineage of the Emperor back to Oriental gods, have succeeded in impressing that pleasing fiction as an auspicious fact upon the mind of the race. Even university professors and poets in that land will, without a quiver of historic conscience, recite the unbroken genealogy of the imperial household, notwithstanding the fact that many of the emperors died without issue.

The historian's manipulation of facts in Japan—this

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interfusion of things that should have been into the record of things that were — is not regarded as a departure from the functions of a chronicler of events. A curious and altogether convenient idealism has been developed in Mikado-land which gives both the man of letters and the ordinary citizen great latitude in many phases of their activities. It is a system which provides for the substitution of the fanciful for the real whenever the happiness and general welfare of the individual, family, or community concerned can be promoted by the exchange. The practice, which has exerted a decided influence upon Japanese character and has permeated the empire's literature, transforming its seemingly dry histories into works of imagination, is called *yumei-mujitsu*, which means: "Having the Name, but Not the Reality."

The interpretation of events through this happy medium makes it possible to ignore the unpleasant record of centuries of puppet emperors forced to abdicate in favor of infants selected by the usurping houses of Fujiwara, Taira, and Minamoto. And it is a handier thing still for the historian when confronted by the story of how retainers in these families became as much greater than the head of the household as that aristocratic pretender was superior in power to the nominal emperor. These puzzling ages of intrigues within conspiracies, when imperial dynasties were made to appear and vanish like moving pictures thrown by a biograph upon a screen, are readily straightened out into orderly succession by invoking the literary magic of *yumei-mujitsu*. Mikados who in their day wielded no more power than a ventriloquist's manikins are made to flourish as august potentates, wielding undisputed sovereignty over a loyal empire, and seated upon a throne graced by an unbroken succession of their imperial ancestors.

Such fanciful presentations of history form a conspicuous part of what is read by the people of Japan. The work of the modern historians in the Sunrise Kingdom has been thorough, and the conviction that their Mikado is the lineal descendant of that emperor who in remote ages descended to Japan from the heavens now permeates the empire, and is a leading source of the patriotism that animates the nation and stimulates the valor of the fighting thousands beating back the might of Russia.

It is not alone in the so-called histories of Japan that this principle of *yumei-mujitsu* is invoked to dignify and splendor a dynasty which, in reality, has encountered as many breaks and other vicissitudes as some of the reigning houses of Europe. The poetry and romance of the empire are full of allusions to the unparalleled antiquity of the imperial line, and this manufactured succession of rulers provides a favorite and popular editorial theme in the daily press. Every native reader in Japan is glad to encounter the topic. Even if he knows it to be simply a dignified fiction it thrills him none the less, and he glories in the record as if it were an unassailable fact.

So thoroughly has the idea of *yumei-mujitsu* diffused itself among the people through the medium of the widely-read books of Japan, that the principle has become indispensable in the perpetuation of family honors and traditions. Whatever the West, with its franker ethics, may think of a system that tolerates and even encourages the pruning and grafting of genealogical trees into a beauty and symmetry pleasing to the living, it has this value in Japan—that it makes immortal in domestic annals every commendable deed. For example, when an unmarried youth or a husband without issue dies on the field of battle fighting for his emperor, the fallen hero becomes the founder of an honorable house. It is accomplished in the following manner: his sacrifice for his country is

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rewarded by certain honors bestowed by the Emperor upon his memory. To perpetuate these, relatives apply for registration in his name, and from generation to generation his glorious death is cherished in the family circle. It not infrequently happens that a Japanese is registered and legally recognized as the son of his own brother. No good deed is permitted to die in Japan. Even the rickshaw man who trots in front of you between the shafts of his vehicle is likely to have a family crest on the back of his blouse. In all probability he enjoys only vague collateral descent from the ancestor who won the right to this emblem, but the coolie or his forebears managed to secure registration in the name of some worthier man who died leaving no children or immediate relatives to reap the benefit of his achievements.

Let us suppose that Washington Irving had been a Japanese author. At his death, his relatives would have applied for legal inheritance of his fame, and thus the House of the Author of Rip Van Winkle, or of some similar title, would have been founded. In the course of a generation or two, scores of proud Japanese men and women would have claimed direct descent from the renowned man of letters, the trivial circumstance of his having lived and died a bachelor in no wise interfering with the boast of unbroken lineage.

While the West, therefore, may inveigh against a nation's histories, poems and polemics that commend and even glorify all evasion of commonplace and undesirable realities, the splendoring of genealogies from the cottager's family to the household in the imperial palace, and the general literary illumination which lends brilliancy to the dullest chapters of Japanese life, have given to the people of that empire, both in war and peace, an incentive to diligence and aspiration, unrivaled among the inhabitants of other lands. Every home in Japan is in some degree a temple of fame. If an ambitious man is handicapped by the absence of an illustrious ancestor, he simply adopts one. The humblest citizen, by keeping track of death-notices, can manage sooner or later to seize upon the name of some man who has accomplished enough to make him desirable as a household god. It is all, of course, a colossal farce, and the whole structure of Japanese life, with its borrowed plumes and appropriated traditions, offers an unrivaled opportunity for an Oriental Cervantes. A Japanese *Don Quixote* may some day be able to bring down upon the fantastic ideals and theatrical annals of the land a ridicule that will laugh them out of existence.

One of the wonders of literary Japan is the universal tendency to write poetry. Nearly every person in the empire, from rickshaw-men and geisha-girls up to the Emperor and members of the cabinet, is a poet—from a Japanese standpoint. The present Mikado has written nearly fifty thousand odes. He dedicates a portion of every evening to the production of poetry. While the spectacle of the ruler of nearly fifty million people solemnly writing verse every night is unique, the number of his creations is not so remarkable when it is realized that a Japanese ode rarely exceeds thirty-one syllables in length, and more often consists of two lines containing altogether seventeen syllables. The latter style is called *hokku*. Anything in the heavens or on the earth or in the waters under the earth is a proper subject for a Japanese *hokku*. Rhyme, reason, and metre are alike ignored. No rule of grammar need be obeyed. It is not even necessary to complete a sentence.

"November, with a butcher bird
Perched on a post in the open moor"

is a complete poem in Japan. The idea frequently is to suggest a picture, rather than to tell a story or to express deep and complicated emotions. A curious thing is that two lines which do not

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THE JAPANESE EAGERNESS FOR WAR-LITHOGRAPHS

measure up to the requirements even of a distich will, when published in Japan, incite hundreds of literary analysts into penning elaborate reviews of the couplet, pointing out with categorical completeness the many marvelous things the poet must have kept in mental reservation, since he managed to express so little in his ode! The following commonplace *hokku*, for example, has been the topic of many explanatory essays:

"She wraps up rice-cakes, while one hand
Restrains the hair upon her brow."

Japanese critics of penetration see in that the romance of a high-born dame, forced by harsh circumstances to earn her bread behind a baker's counter, or perhaps at some fair, but ever mindful of her tresses truantly straying from an all too hastily arranged coiffure. It seems incredible that scholars, equipped with knowledge of the literature of all nations, could dignify mediocre lines like those in the rice-cake stanza as a great poem.

With such canons of poetic art it is not strange that Japan is an empire of poets. The writing of verse is an absorbing passion of multitudes. Cultivated Japanese women have poetry days, similar to reception days of their Occidental sisters. Themes are sent out to the ladies on their calling lists, and everybody comes with a poem on the subject. Sometimes the topic selected is poetical enough, such as "Thoughts of Love on Waking," "The Moon Setting Behind the Mountains," or "A Nightingale in a Village." But more substantial matters have recently asserted themselves as worthy of poetic treatment. "Lucifer Matches," "Annual House Cleaning," and other affairs of domestic importance are now being worked into the social minstrelsy of Japan.

The Emperor himself sets the example

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followed by Japanese society in dedicating certain days to poetry. Every January the people of the empire are invited by the Mikado to participate in a poetical competition. The theme is chosen and advertised by the imperial household, and the efforts of the thousands of ambitious competitors must be written on a certain kind of paper, the quality, color, and size being fixed by royal decree. Here are some of the topics selected by the monarch and his counselors in recent years: "The Stork on the Pine-Tree," "Pine-Trees Reflected in Water," "Bamboos in the Snow." None of the poems, or *tankas*, submitted must exceed thirty-one syllables in length, and the unwritten exaction is that the authors must embody in the diminutive ode some subtle laudation of the dynasty, and if possible suggest the unbroken succession. Obviously a poem of two lines with a stork and a pine-tree for a text, and the eulogium of the Emperor and his more or less imaginary ancestors as the underlying *motif*, must assume literary contortions to accomplish its bizarre purpose. The most highly-cultivated people in the empire take part in these peculiar contests.

Although extreme contempt for syntax is displayed, there are certain classical standards that must not be departed from; and so seriously do the Japanese take their compositions that teachers are employed to give instruction in the art of writing verse, long lectures are delivered to students on the subject, an appalling list of technical niceties must be mastered, and the pedagogical nomenclature of all these forms of expression committed to memory. After the students have taken a thorough course, they are required to spend an additional term in writing poems; and when the amateur poet has acquired sufficient dexterity to put into two lines enough picturesque ambiguity to render it impossible for the astutest critics to agree upon his meaning, he is awarded the diploma which he has striven for.

Thus the poet of Japan is made, not born. Much of the verse produced is merely involved paraphrase of accepted models. But while the over-mastering idea that diligent gleaning from the lines of other poets is a distinguishing mark of ability, the racial daintiness of the people frequently finds commendable expression in their little odes. Some of these creations are as exquisite as their pictorial art. It is sublimity that is lacking. Japan is a land without an epic. Its greatest poems seldom rise above the dignity of clever epigrams.

A number of undeniably pretty poems have been molded into a household game, and are known by heart by every man, woman and child in the empire. It is not altogether unlike the American parlor pastime known as the game of authors. Inasmuch as the beauty of these abbreviated odes has impressed itself deeply upon the Japanese mind throughout many centuries, and continues to the present to be a daily inspiration to the multitudes, the verses are well worth the study and attention of other races. One of the favorite selections from the game of poets reads like this:

> "But for its voice, the heron were
> A line of snow, and nothing more."

And much Japanese philosophy is crowded into these lines:

> "Did it but sing, the butterfly
> Might have to suffer in a cage."

Perhaps the most important couplet in the unique Japanese game is this:

> "If but the wheel be diligent,
> The water hath no time to freeze."

In all their industries the Japanese repeat this to themselves as an incentive to labor.

It should be kept in mind that these couplets, which have been instrumental in molding the Japanese character, are not lines from one long poem or from any one author. They are the choice selections of anthologies many centuries old. Few Japanese poets are able to

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launch their productions in their own volumes. In nearly all cases books of poems are collections. A volume containing as many lines as there are in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* would represent about fifteen hundred poems in Japan, and as many poets.

Turning from poetry to every-day prose—since the beginning of the war with Russia the commonest sights on the streets of Japanese cities are men carrying armfuls of newspaper extras and running at full speed, sleigh-bells suspended from a cord at the waist warning pedestrians of their riotous approach. And as these *yomi-uri* dash ahead they cry out: "*Gowai, gowai,*" which is the Japanese equivalent for "extra." Every now and then some intrepid citizen manages to plant himself in the path of the headlong news-vender and stops that frantic individual long enough to secure a copy of the *gowai*. Instantly the fortunate purchaser is surrounded by an eager crowd, to whom he must perforce read the news, if indeed the sheet contains any, which it rarely does. I learned that these extras are little more than advertisements of what the newspaper soon to be issued will contain. The *gowai* is about the size of one sheet of an American theatrical program, and is printed on one side of the paper only. Before the war they were usually distributed gratuitously, but now they are sold. Why the crier rushes at a breakneck speed, heedless of the many opportunities he might have of disposing of the extras if he got down to a gait favorable to commercial transaction, neither he nor his publishers managed to explain farther than to say this, that the province of the *yomi-uri* was not so much to sell the dodgers as to provoke a curious public into buying the daily journal he represents.

Many of the Japanese dailies have large circulations, the *Jiji Shimpo* of Tokio and the *Osaki Asahi Shimbun* having passed beyond the one hundred thousand mark. Every party and faction has its organ; and prominent men, like Marquis Ito and Count Okuma, have their personal newspapers which are more or less "inspired." Most of the Japanese newspapers printed in the vernacular are largely unintelligible to the foreigner, even when ably translated; for the press censorship is so severe that native journalists have cultivated the art of saying one thing and conveying to their countrymen a meaning totally different from the one seemingly expressed. The Minister of War, the Minister of the Navy, or the Minister of Foreign Affairs can, without taking counsel of his colleagues, suppress a newspaper



A YOMI-URI CRYING "EXTRA"

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and confiscate the entire plant. Yet this is seldom done. The editors are sufficiently astute, however caustic they may be in condemnation of policies, to avoid utterances that would bring upon them and their establishment extreme penalties.

Moreover they have a "prison editor" on every newspaper staff in Japan, whose duties consist in going to jail and standing trial for any offense committed by the journal. This representative of some of the more independent papers spends a large portion of his time in prison, either awaiting the hearing of his case or in serving out the term of his sentence. Even when out of the toils, he has no editorial duties to perform. His salary is larger than that of most of his colleagues, and his position is in demand. He enjoys the sonorous title of Editor-in-Chief, and when he is behind the bars the actual editor is classed by the journal in question as merely a contributor. Everybody, including the authorities, is fully aware of the subterfuge, but nevertheless the trial proceeds of the imprisoned editorial dummy, who perhaps is incapable of writing a news paragraph.

Quite a number of dailies in Japan are published in English. Most of these are edited by Britishers, but I was assured that the larger part of the circulation is among the educated Japanese. Although America started Japan on its modern career, it was an Englishman who established the first real newspaper in the country. Today in the empire there is but one journal conducted by an American. It is the *Japanese Advertiser* of Yokohama.

It is almost impossible in Japan to buy a copy of any of these English-printed newspapers without going to the place of publication for it. There are no news-stands in Japan like those in the United States. At a few of the bookstores Japanese newspapers may be obtained, but none of these establishments handle papers printed in English. And there are no newsboys in Japan. The nearest approach to that product of the strenuous civilization of the West is the full-grown *yomi-uri*, tearing down the street like a runaway horse. And that man of flight, jingling bells, and raucous shouts has no time nor inclination to handle sheets printed in foreign characters.

Nor are these English journals usually to be had at the desk of Europeanized hotels. Morning after morning in various hotels of the empire I tried to buy the *Japan Times*, the *Japan Mail*, the *Advertiser*, and the *Kobe Chronicle and Herald*. On rare occasions the Japanese clerk would dig down behind the counter and exhume a copy of one of the papers in question, dated the day before.

"Where can I get a copy of today's issue?" I asked.

"Take a rickshaw and ride to the publication office," was the reply.

I marveled at the lack of enterprise of the business managers of these English-printed papers, particularly in Yokohama, where steamers crowded with passengers, denied the world's news for many days, are constantly arriving. In San Francisco Bay tugs piled with the morning papers meet every incoming steamer from the Orient, and the supply is devoured by the passengers. The same demand exists at the Japanese end, but there is seemingly no American or Britisher in the empire enterprising enough to take advantage of it.

"If I were in your place," I remarked to a Yokohama editor of an Anglo-Saxon sheet, "I would get boys and sell copies of the paper to the great crowds of visitors arriving daily."

"You think so now," he replied languidly, "but if you had lived twenty years here, as I have, you'd have that Yokohama feeling just like all the rest of us."

I made inquiries of other editors in regard to the subject, and the explanation, or rather the lack of explanation

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vouchsafed was of the same character. Why Anglo-Saxon men, who have sufficient spirit of adventure to set up in the publication business fifteen thousand miles from home, should sink into such an editorial and commercial indifference is beyond comprehension.

Of course these publications have their regular subscribers and advertising patrons. The news they print is of the briefest and most unsatisfactory character. In this respect they are little better than the vernacular sheets. Cable interruption creates small disturbance in Japanese newspaper offices. In fact, I have among my collection of things Japanese a number of dailies whose leading news stories are articles taken from London and New York journals. Bill Nye used to say that the *Boomerang*, when he edited it at Laramie, never failed to come out with the news except when the freight train was late. The American and European papers carried across the oceans to Japan are indispensable to the journalism of that empire.

All the papers published in English, even the *Advertiser* with its American management, are made up like British journals. The vernacular sheets are modeled on the French style, including the feuilletons containing serial romances. The Japanese, committed to brevity in their poems and to daintiness in most of their artistic achievements, are incredibly long-winded in their tales. The most popular of all the modern romancers in Japan is Bakin, and the work from his pen most rapturously read is a story that fills one hundred and six volumes. So, to the Japanese, the almost everlasting serials that trail through the vernacular dailies are alone more than worth the price of subscription. These stories, which are usually illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings, are eagerly read by all classes. Leave your rickshaw coolie, who is virtually a human horse, in the street, and when you emerge to resume your ride you will in all probability find him reading a soiled collection of papers containing instalments of a serial novel.

The magazines of Japan are many, and devoted to every conceivable branch of letters, art, and industry. The Hakubunkan Publishing Company, of Tokio, alone issues a dozen weeklies and monthlies, largely patterned on American magazines, and in some instances even partly adopting their names. One of the most interesting of the magazines of the empire is the *Japanese Graphic*, published at Tokio. Although printed in the vernacular, the pictures have underlines in English.

To Americans and Britons the most valuable magazine in Japan is the *Sun Trade Journal*, half of it being published in English. It is edited, owned, and entirely conducted by Japanese. While one of its purposes is to encourage exchange of trade between America and Japan, it bristles with forecasts of Japan's "inevitable supremacy of the Pacific."



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VAUCLUSE, THE POET'S RETREAT

In his chateau there—the ruins of which are seen on the hill at the right—practically all of Petrarch's literary work was done, including the immortal sonnets to Laura.

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A Poetic Festival

THE GREAT PETRARCH FÊTES OF 1904

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

In a letter to a friend of his childhood, the aged Petrarch, reviewing his life, recalls a visit they made together as school boys to "the beautiful fountain of the Sorgues, which, formerly famous for its own sake,"—I quote freely from his own words—"has become more famous, if it is allowable to boast a little to a friend like you, by the long sojourn which I made there later, and by my verses. When we arrived at the fountain—I remember as if it were but yesterday—struck by the extraordinary beauty of the place, I said, among other childish things after my childish fashion: 'This is the spot which suits my nature best, and, if one day it should be possible for me to come here, I should prefer it to a great city.' . . I passed there subsequently several years interrupted by worldly affairs and by severe trials which often distracted me. Yet I found there a peace so profound and so seductive a charm, that, since I have known what the life of man is, I have scarcely *lived* anywhere but there; all the rest of my life has been for me a torture."

"No place in all the universe is more agreeable to me than Vaucluse," says Petrarch in a letter to its seigneur, the Bishop of Cavaillon; "no spot is better adapted to my studies. A child, I visited Vaucluse; a young man, I returned to it, and this charming valley warmed and coddled me in its sun-exposed bosom. In ripe manhood, I passed sweetly at Vaucluse my best years and the happiest moments of my life. An old man, it is at Vaucluse I desire to eke out my last days, it is at Vaucluse I would die in your arms."

As cordially as Petrarch loved Vaucluse he hated Avignon all his life, in spite of the immense debt of gratitude he owed her. "All she possessed," said the president of the Academy of the Department of Vaucluse, in the course of the recent Petrarch celebration, "Avignon lavished on the young political exile. She consoled him with her blue sky, she warmed him with her sunshine, she invigorated him with her mistral, she charmed him with her green horizons. She gave him her river which lulls, her star-lit nights which make to dream, her spicy isles, the intoxication of her fêtes, the pomp of her ceremonies, her enthusiasms, the elegance of her salons, the caresses of her plaudits, the seduction of her daughters. The warmest friendships, the most efficacious influences encouraged the first flights of this rare intelligence open to the most diverse conceptions. In this palace of the Colonna in which we are at this moment sitting, in this cardinal's mansion of which he was an assiduous visitor—the familiar and almost the master, since he called it 'my own house'—gathered all the celebrities of the period, the members of the Sacred College, kings and princes on official visits to the Pope, foreign ambassadors, the Italian Colony. Through daily contact with savants and philosophers, professors and artists, he felt his creative faculties develop within him. God had given him the wings to soar; the environment gave him the impulse."

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Petrarch depended more or less directly on Avignon — which had welcomed with unstinted hospitality his banished parents—for subsistence and encouragement during forty years. Through the complacency of the ecclesiastical dignitaries there, he was awarded church sinecures which insured him a living and left him free to cultivate his special talent. There—at the Church of St. Claire on Good Friday, April 6, 1327—he saw for the first time the blonde Laura, "attired in a green gown sprinkled with violets." There he was captivated by her beauty and consecrated to her his muse. There, in 1346, at a *Bal Paré* in honor of Charles of Luxembourg, Laura received from the Prince the kiss on the forehead which Petrarch celebrated in one of his most splendid odes. And there at Avignon — April 6, 1348 — Laura was laid to rest in the Church of the Cordeliers.

Nevertheless, he could never forgive Avignon for having ravished from his beloved Italy the splendor of the Papacy; and he never mentioned her, except in terms of opprobrium, in either his poetry or his prose. He referred to her as Babylon invariably, and called her time and again "the impious city." He characterized her, further, as "the most boresome city of the world," as "a miasmic marsh," "a cess-pool of vices," "a sewer where all the filth of the universe is collected," "a pestilential odor that poisons the entire earth." "The people of Avignon despise God," he said; "they worship money, they trample under foot all laws both human and divine, they ridicule the virtuous. . . All that you have ever heard recounted, all that you have ever read, in no matter what books, of perfidy, of ruse, of inhumanity, of pride, of lecherousness; all that exists here, there and everywhere in the world, of impiety, of detestable morals—is to be found heaped up on the banks of the Rhone." Petrarch left Vaucluse finally—as he explains in a letter to one Piétro Stefano—dear though it was to him, because he could no longer support the near presence of Avignon. "My love for the one spot caresses and soothes me; my hatred of the other stings and irritates me. . . I am expelled chiefly by that Babylon which they call the *curie Romaine*. Verily her proximity, her sight, and her odor dismay me, and are absolutely inimical to my happiness. Her stench alone would be enough to drive me away."

The Avignonnais, however, are so constituted—thanks probably to their Latin origin—as to be able and willing to pardon anything and everything to poetry or the tender passion. Furthermore, they realize that the greatest glory of their city—after that, possibly, of having been the seat of the Papacy—is that of having been the foster-mother of Petrarch and the mother of Laura. As the Papacy connects Avignon with world-history, so Petrarch and Laura connect her with world-literature and world-passion; with the line of Homer and Virgil; with the line, likewise, of Hero and Leander, Daphnis and Chloe, Dante and Beatrice, Abelard and Héloïse. Hence, from Petrarch's day to this, the Avignonnais have been unwearying in returning Petrarch good for evil, and have let no occasion slip to "heap coals of fire"—if the expression may be permitted in such a connection—on his laurel-crowned head.

Avignon is proud of her checkered career: of her early conflicts with the Alamans, the Visigoths, the Burgundians, the Franks, the Ostrogoths, the Lombards, and the Saracens; of her rescue from the Saracenic control by Charles Martel; of her military and civil prestige under the Counts of Orange, Provence and Toulouse and the Duke of Bourgogne respectively; of her rôle in the religious wars of the sixteenth century; of her part in the Revolution; and of her resistance to the *coup d'Etat* of 1851. She is proud

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IN THE VALLEY OF VAUCLUSE

It remains fresh and fair, the earthly paradise it appeared to Petrarch's eyes.

of her immense plain studded with cypress-girdled *mas provençaux*—farmhouses—and with vine-and-olive-traceried rock-hill towns; of the sweep of her majestic Rhone and the insinuating beauty of its islands. She is proud of her fourteenth-century citadel, the Palais des Papes, the most colossal French medieval fortress in existence, which witnesses grandly to the time when she replaced Rome in the world —"a mass which," as Maurice Barrès has aptly phrased it, "possesses a beauty so rare that one experiences in contemplating it an almost abstract pleasure analagous to that which a law or theorem inspires." Avignon is proud of her admirably preserved fourteenth-century walls and gates; of her mutilated bridge of St. Bénézet with its quaint twelfth-century chapel sacred to St. Nicholas; of the Gothic tower of her Hôtel de Ville—the Tour de Jacquemart —whose bell opens all her national and local fêtes, sounds the tocsin in case of fire or public disaster, summons—in perpetuation of an ancient usage—her municipal councilors to their sessions, and proclaims the result of municipal elections; proud of her seventeenth-century mint which was constructed after cartoons said to be by Michel Angelo; of her archiepiscopal palace; of her curious medieval mansions, her moss-grown water-wheels in the Street of the Dyers, and her churches, so numerous that she was called by Rabelais "the city of bells." She is proud also of her modern municipal creations; of her Garden of the Rocher des Doms and its superb points of view; of her sycamore-shaded Cours de la République, rival in point of animation at the hour of the apéritif of

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THE PALAIS DES PAPES, AVIGNON

This citadel on the Rhone was the residence of the Popes during the greater part of the fourteenth century. It is the most colossal French medieval fortress in existence.

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Marseilles' Cannebière; proud of her spacious, handsome Place de l'Horloge; of her new Hôtel de Ville, her theatre, her promenades along the river-banks, her fountains and her statues; and proud of her cafés, her women, her bull-fights, and her oleanders, her savants, painters, sculptors and pléiad of modern troubadours.

She is proud, I say, of all these things, but she is prouder of her relation to Petrarch and Laura, and she has gone out of her way repeatedly to prove it.

Three times within a century she has paid signal tributes to their memory: in 1804—the fifth centenary of Petrarch's birth—when she dedicated in the central square of Vaucluse a Petrarch column, with appropriate literary ceremonies; in 1874—the fifth centenary of his death—when she held a three-days' fête, which included a memorable cavalcade representing "the triumphal march of Petrarch to the capitol to receive his laurel-crown," and a magnificent open-air mass in the square near the Palais des Papes; and, finally, in July of the present year—the sixth centenary of his birth — with another three-days' fête at Avignon and Vaucluse, which the writer was privileged to attend.

The valley of Vaucluse is little changed since Petrarch found in it a sweet retreat from the trials and tumults of the world. He not only said that of all the works of his pen, "there is not one that was not either written, conceived, or begun at Vaucluse"; but in one of his letters he uttered the prophecy: "I was persuaded that the whole universe might be turned upside down by war, and this spot still remain calm and peaceful." And, indeed, though it has not been entirely exempt from vicissitudes—it was ravaged before Petrarch's death by a roving band of plunderers who attempted to burn his château—its atmosphere of tranquillity has never been disturbed for long. It remains fresh and fair, the earthly paradise it appeared to Petrarch's eyes. It is scarcely more thickly populated than in his time. Its Roman tunnel is intact. Petrarch's château is in ruins, but his little country-house is still standing, not too much the worse for wear; and the adjoining garden contains practically the same vegetables, herbs, and flowers it contained five centuries and a half ago. The echo of the valley is still phenomenal, its *cicadæ* multitudinous and musical, and its oleanders flourishing. It is still a site whither a world-worn, love-lorn poet might well retire to rest and dream.

The emerald waters of the Sorgues, untamed in earlier times, are now utilized for mills. But these mills are of stone, and, being operated by water-wheels, are not of the noisy, smoky order; they take their place in the landscape readily enough, and do not shock in the scene itself as they do in the photographs of the scene.

The exercises at Vaucluse were as chaste, rustic, and reverent as the gentle Petrarch could have desired. They were exclusively literary, and were participated in by practically all the literary celebrities of the Midi—of whom Frédéric Mistral, now aging but still handsome as a god, is easily chief—and by many from Paris and the rest of France. They consisted of the delivery of selected and original poems and improvisations, invoking the souvenir of Petrarch and Laura before the world-famous fountain and at a modest and intimate open-air lunch; and in the traditional *jeux floraux* of Provence under the century-old sycamores that over-arch the Petrarch column. In a word, a poet was celebrated by poets with poetry, as a poet should be; and, what is more, with the distinctive Provençal ardor of which no words can convey an idea. Lyricism was lavished as freely on Petrarch's love for Laura as on his poetical gift; wherein was but justice, since the fountain of Vaucluse

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COSTUMED FOR THE PETRARCH CELEBRATION

Typical daughters of Provence arrayed in the traditional Provencal costume, still frequently worn in the vicinity of Vaucluse and Avignon.

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is immortal less by reason of genius than of love. The opportunity the occasion offered to extol the beauty and charm of the daughters of Provence—of whom Laura was one—was likewise made the most of; and this too was eminently just.

The Avignon of today is but the shadow of the well-nigh fabulous cosmopolis — arbiter of empires, world-centre of diplomacy, of learning, letters and art—that it was under the papal domination, when it could lose one hundred and twenty thousand citizens in three months, as it did by the pest of 1348, and not be depopulated nor too much demoralized by the loss; and when a king of France felt obliged to found a massively fortified city, Villeneuve-les-Avignon, over against it, to offset its tremendous power. Nevertheless, it has as much spirit and tact for the organization of anniversary festivals as most cities of many times its size and importance.

The literary exercises at Avignon—an official banquet and the presentation of prizes in a poetical contest instituted expressly for the Petrarch celebration—seemed cold and academic after the splendidly spontaneous exercises at Vaucluse; but the popular festivities evidenced afresh the peerlessness of the Provençal temperament where carnival rites are concerned. For three days and nights the entire city was gay to the point of giddiness with streamers and bunting, lantern, gas, and electric illuminations; with sound of fife and tambourine, and open-air dancing; with the flicker and flutter of myriad fans and decorative tissue-paper trifles; with the flashing of dark eyes set off by the incomparable Provençal *coiffe;* and with the buzz of merry voices, a sound which at Avignon as at Marseilles, and as everywhere in the garrulous Midi, habitually dominates every other; and with several special features of a spectacular nature, chief of which was the Petrarch Cavalcade. The floats and groups of this Cavalcade depicted with admirable fidelity a number of the salient features of the court life of Petrarch's time and of the succeeding centuries up to the present; presented the simple, frugal country life—to which Petrarch referred so frequently and affectionately in his books and letters—by means of groups of harvesters, vintagers, and others, in the traditional Provençal costumes; and symbolically glorified poetry and its kindred arts, and love. Its transcendent feature was a realistic reproduction of the Valley of Vaucluse, animated by the presence of Petrarch and Laura, and attendant nymphs.

The Petrarch Cavalcade of 1904, while an adequate tribute and a fresh illustration of the magnanimity of the Avignonnais Petrarch-ward, was less brilliant—if the testimony of the older residents of Avignon is to be trusted—than the Petrarch Cavalcade of 1874, probably because of the terrific heat, which quickly wilted many of the *figurantes.*

On the other hand, the Petrarch fêtes of 1904, considered as a whole, had an unprecedented international interest and significance in consequence of the just-concluded Franco-Italian *entente.* All the exercises were participated in by the Franco-Italian League and by official representatives of both the French and Italian governments; and the speeches, toasts, and even the poems, were replete with feeling allusions to "the Sister Nations," with invocations of "Latin Unity" and "the Latin Spirit." The dispatching to Arezzo, Italy, where Petrarch was born, of a messenger bearing a wreath of flowers gathered in the garden of Laura, deserves to be noted as the most typical, the most graceful, and not the least effective of the numerous acts of international courtesy the Petrarch centenary inspired.

Alcan F Sanborn

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A TANGLE OF FISHING GEAR

about $1000 for each one of her crew. During the past ten years the new methods of handling fish have changed the base of operations from numerous small ports to a few large ones. What falling off there has been in the number of vessels engaged in the fisheries has been offset by the building of larger, faster, and better equipped vessels. The money invested in vessel property in New England and the tonnage of the fleet are greater now than they were ten or fifteen years ago.

The improved methods for the handling and transportation of fresh fish have made it much better for the shore fishermen of Cape Cod and the Maine coast. They are now able to send their catch to Boston fresh, and can get a good price for it. In the old days this was impossible. Within the last two years the introduction of engines in fishing boats and dories has made a great improvement in the shore fisheries. Three years ago a fishing boat with a gasoline engine was scarcely known. Now a large number of shore fishermen have engines in their boats. This insures certainty in reaching port with the day's catch, besides making the labor much less for the fisherman.

In Gloucester, Boston, and Provincetown, New England has the greatest fishing ports in the world. Boston takes the lead in the amount of fresh fish it handles, while Gloucester is the world's chief port for salt fish, besides which it handles large quantities of fresh fish. Gloucester is well situated for the drying and preparing of food fish. Having few factories the air is not contaminated with smoke, and there is ample space for flake yards and fish houses, such as could be found in very few cities. Her fleet is larger and better equipped than ever before in her history. The catch

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for 1903, as estimated from carefully tabulated reports, shows a valuation of $4,200,000, while in 1880 it was worth but $2,800,000—showing an increase of $1,400,000 in a little over a decade.

Although Gloucester owns a larger and finer fleet than any other port, Boston gets the largest quantity of fresh fish of any port in the world. Last year there were 100,000,000 pounds of fresh fish received in Boston, worth at the low average of two cents a pound, $2,000,000. As the wholesale dealers got an average of three cents a pound, at the very least, it would be fair to call the catch worth $3,000,000 to Boston. Of this immense amount of fresh fish, about 78,000,000 pounds were discharged at the wharves direct from the vessels that caught them. The remainder was received by rail and steamer from Cape Cod and other ports.

Aside from the fresh fish, there were landed in Boston about $6,000,000 worth of salt and canned fish in 1903. The bulk of these, however, were herring, canned lobsters, clams, sardines, mackerel, and other fish, a considerable portion of which came from the provinces. Boston handles about $500,000 worth of lobsters annually. The product is worth far more than formerly, though the catch is growing smaller each year, because of excessive fishing.

In addition to serving as a central distributing point for the fisheries of New England and imports from the provinces, Boston also carries on an extensive fishing business on the Pacific coast. A fleet of three steamers, owned and managed by Boston men, is engaged in the halibut fishery on the southern Alaskan coast. The catch of these steamers, amounting to 8,000,000 pounds of halibut last year, is all handled in Boston. An investment of $200,000 is required for this enterprise. Boston handles more halibut than all



"BAITING UP"

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hard-cured or hard-dried. The fish were lightly salted and dried in the open air until they were as hard as a rock. Later on it was found that codfish salted down in hogsheads or put in pickle would keep sweet for an almost indefinite time. Before the fish are prepared for market they are taken from pickle and spread out on wooden flakes, and dried in the sunshine and fresh air. These fish are somewhat softer than those done by the hard cure, but are liked better for general use in New England. One of the most popular forms in which salt cod is prepared is the fibered product. This is put up in half-pound and pound packages for making codfish balls, creamed fish, and the like. The best grades of fish prepared in this manner retail for twenty cents a pound. The price of the fish at the wharf is never over five cents, and generally from two to three. The difference is the cost of labor in preparing the fish, plus profit. One large firm in Boston, that makes a specialty of handling codfish exclusively, quotes in its catalogue thirty different kinds of packages of salt fish, every package bearing a distinctive trade name for the grade of fish it contains.

The largest establishments in the world for preparing salt fish for the retail trade are at Gloucester. About 1,000 persons are employed there in putting up



INSPECTING A PLENTIFUL CATCH

"boneless" fish. Women and girls do a large part of the work, though the heavier work, such as the cutting up and packing, is done by men. The first step toward the preparation of the "boneless" package is skinning the fish, which is done by men. The fins are cut out, the backbone removed and the fish trimmed. The small bones are next removed. This is done by girls, using a plyer made especially for the purpose. The fish next goes into the hands of the cutters, who are very ex-

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pert in their work of dividing it into pieces. After cutting up the fish a sorting is made of the various pieces, the choicest part being the middle of the back, which is thick and clear. This goes into the packages which bring the highest prices. Cheaper grades of fish, such as cusk and hake, are also cut up in similar manner, and though not as attractive are very good eating. The cheaper grades find a ready sale, particularly among the Italians and others of the foreign element in our large cities who are not over-particular.

A favorite form of putting up clear fish is in "bricks," weighing a pound each. They are done up in an inner wrapper of glazed paper, after which various kinds of outer wrappers are used. The labels are always attractive, and the "boneless" fish compares favorably in appearance with any of the prepared foods placed on the market.

Nowadays nothing is wasted in the preparation of fish. Even the bones and skin are utilized in the manufacture of glue, which is a separate business by itself. In the early days, the skin and bones removed from the fish were considered almost worthless, but since it was found that this waste product made an excellent glue, they are now valued at $40 or more a ton.

There is probably no other industry in the world today besides the fisheries of New England, in which the same number of persons are employed and as large an amount of money invested, that goes along year after year without any rupture in business relations, or is so notable an example of harmony between labor and capital.



DRIED FISH READY FOR MARKET

William S. Bigelow

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UNLOADING TIES FROM A CONSTRUCTION TRAIN

Enough ties are carried by the little car to support sixty feet of track.

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A TRIUMPH OF RAILROAD ENGINEERING

LAYING TRACK BY AUTOMATIC MACHINERY

Here and there in the great Southwest are regions so generously endowed by nature that only the hand of man is needed to convert them into field, orchard, and garden. Yet these lands of promise have been unpopulated, awaiting the highway along which civilization moves—the railroad. Two were recently opened to the home-seeker and soil-tiller by extending parallel roads nearly three hundred miles over prairie, through gorge and canyon, and by piercing even the mountain walls themselves. Strange to say, the engineers mapped out routes which were almost within sight of each other for many miles, and both of the railway companies had the same destination in view. When the final stakes were driven and the sextant pointed for the last "location," a race began which was perhaps the most novel on record—a race in which huge steam shovels and other machinery, long trains of construction cars, and thousands of men took part. It was a contest in railroad building, the prize being the traffic in passengers and freight which the winning company would carry into this empire awaiting settlement. From the time the scrapers first turned over the earth until the last rail was spiked the work went on day after day, and often night after night, illumined by the glare of the calcium and the flash of the electric lamp. For several months the race was neck and neck, until one of the contestants invoked the aid of a series of mechanical devices by which it completed its line so rapidly that three months before its rival had reached the goal its engines were whistling the announcement of their approach to the towns which had sprung into existence along the steel pathway—like mushrooms—in a night.

East of the Mississippi our country is so gridironed with rails that such highways of commerce are nearly adequate to its demands. It thus happens that the activity of the track builder is confined principally to the West and Southwest, as is shown by the record of his efforts from year to year. Thus, during the first six months of the present year, out of 1937 miles constructed in the various States and Territories, 1623 miles, or eighty-four per cent., were in the West and Southwest. In many instances the labor was actually performed almost entirely by machinery. To the Eastern man who is unfamiliar with the methods of the Western pathfinders and pathmakers, this statement may seem incredible, for he is only acquainted with the good old-fashioned way of rail laying still in vogue in New England and the Middle States. Here the construction train rumbles up to the end of the completed track, the rails for the next section are taken from the storage cars, dumped upon the ground with a clang, then carried to their place and slowly lowered upon the ties. A dozen brawny laborers stretch their muscles in unloading the rails, and a score more do the carrying. The railroad builder in the East, it is true, employs the steam and electric shovel to cut away ground, the power drill to sunder the rock; he has the latest types of labor-saving machinery to assist in building his embankments and bridges; but in putting down the track he is usually content to follow the slow-going

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method of a decade ago. Small wonder is it that he throws up his hands in astonishment when the Western engineer tells him of building railroads at the rate of two and three miles in a day, and is even willing to wager in addition that he can put down half a mile of rails, weighing 75 pounds to the yard, in an hour. But the West is a country of big things, and railroad building by machinery is one of them. Even the roadbed on which the track rests is made up by the steam and horse grader, great holes filled up to the track level automatically, and the ballast to hold the ties and rails in place distributed in the same manner. On the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming are "fills," as the track man calls them, which were once abysses 200 feet deep, and every cubic foot of the material was deposited in these chasms without being touched by the shovel or pick of the workman. In fact, such has been the development of mechanical aids it is not an idle boast that with them two dozen men could span the continent with a band of steel.

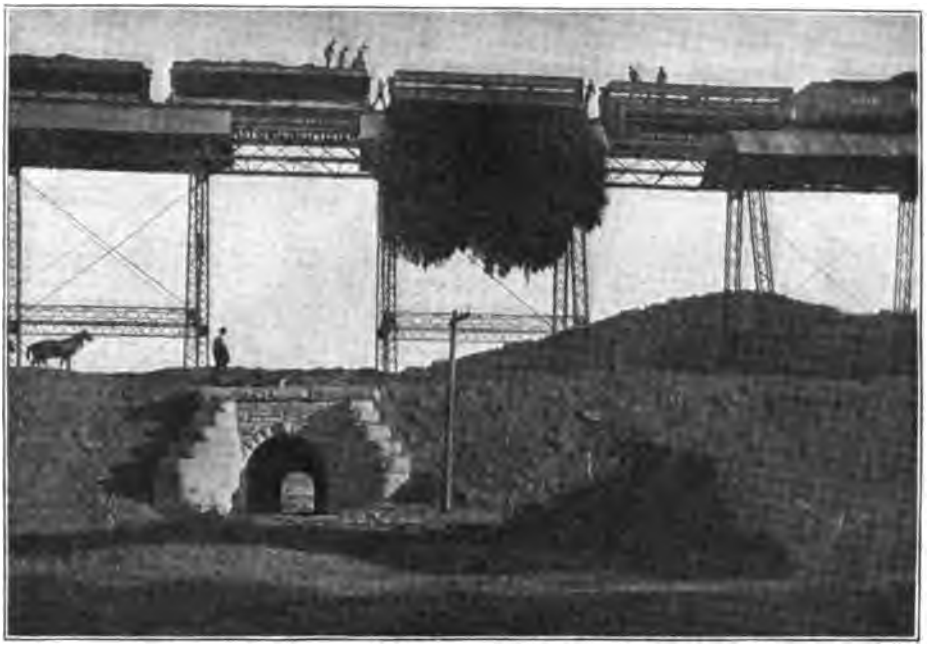
It is on the Western plains stretching away a hundred miles and more, without even a hillock to break the sky line, that the work of these twentieth century pathfinders presents its most interesting phases. Divided into the right of way and the track gangs, the contractor's outfit is distributed along the row of stakes that marks the route. The roadbed men usually begin the work. Scrapers, drawn by that indispensable animal—the mule—hitched in strings of from four to a dozen, turn up the surface, their sharp steel edges literally planing off the ground to the proper grade. The most modern type has a trough or chute joined to the scraping blade at such an angle that the loose dirt is forced upward through the trough and poured from it into a wagon driven by the side of the scraper. As fast as a wagon is filled it is replaced by another. Without a pause in the operation, the scraper continues steadily ahead, the wagon train it loads maintaining the same speed. At the end of the day a single scraper will have leveled off half



TRACK-LAYING WHILE YOU WAIT

This gang of men, with the aid of the track-laying machine, can lay 1770 feet of track—a third of a mile—in an hour.

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AUTOMATIC DUMP-CAR AT WORK

Two men operate this type of car, which dumps forty cubic yards of earth in a minute.

a mile of roadbed, so three or four of them will open up the way for a long distance ahead of the track makers. But, perhaps, the engineers have run their lines over a hill or across a valley. Then the steam shovel—the heavy artillery of the construction army—goes into action. Its ponderous steel teeth tear their way through the rock as well as the earth, and every time it "bites" into the hill its scoop takes out as much material as two horses could haul. Beside the shovel stands a train of curious looking cars. Each car is built of steel plates. The upper portion is shaped like the ordinary gondola car for carrying coal, but from the middle of the body it contracts until the plates form a sharp angle where they meet at the bottom. These plates move on hinges connected with a steel rod that extends the length of the car. After the cars are loaded, they are hauled to the valley or depression to be filled in. A workman goes to the end of the train and pulls a lever. You hear the familiar hiss of compressed air escaping. The lower plates of each car swing out on their hinges and with a rattle and a roar the whole train-load of earth and gravel falls beneath the track. When the cars are empty another pull of the lever throws the plates back into their original position. If ten men had been put on each car to shovel it out, they would have required fully half an hour to accomplish what is done in a minute by one man operating the lever, and they would not have done it so thoroughly.

When the roadbed has been sufficiently surfaced, the rail layers begin operations. Their apparatus is so simple that the amount of work it does seems incredible. Apparently everything goes on wheels, except the few men adjusting the ties and those who are fastening the rails to them. A train of perhaps a dozen flat cars and a caboose—the Pullman of the workmen—is being pushed by a locomotive.

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TRACK-LAYING ON THE PRAIRIES

Western engineers have built as much as three miles of completely ballasted and finished "permanent way" in a day, and have laid half a mile of rails in an hour, on the level prairies of the West.

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From the front car extend two wooden timbers which overhang the roadbed for a distance of about twenty feet. These timbers are held rigidly in place by a wire rope attached to the outer end of each and stretched back over the archway on the car, forming a miniature suspension bridge. Getting aboard the train, you see it supports a little elevated railroad, the rails being fastened along the top of each car and extending back to the piles of ties and rails stacked up on the rear of the train. Besides this railway the train contains what might be called a "rollway"—a series of rollers set in the centre of the elevated track, but below the tops of the rails. In fact, here are three transportation systems: the one on the ground, the railway for carrying ties, and the rollway for moving rails. How they work can best be explained by watching their operations. At the rear end a car of ties is being loaded. What the men call a "tie loader" is pushed against the pile of wooden slabs. The end next to the pile slants downward, so that it forms an inclined plane to the top of the loader. Two men pull out half-a-dozen ties at one motion upon the plane, up which they are quickly shoved. The upper part of the loader consists of a platform attached to legs by metal latches, the legs resting outside of the rails. Along comes a little car which is just low enough to run under the loader platform. As it does so, it unhooks the latches fastening the legs, and the loader drops upon the car, which automatically "takes it on its back," ties and all. Off it goes to the front end of the train, and out upon the suspension bridge. It is prevented from falling over the edge by blocks bolted to each of the beams; but when its front wheels strike the blocks, only the car itself stops. The platform containing the load of ties rests upon rollers, it continues in motion, and is tilted over to such an angle by the weight of the ties that they slide from it to the roadbed. The rear part of the platform, however, is caught on an iron clamp projecting from the top of its conveying car, which prevents it from following the ties. These fall across the roadbed at a right angle to the rails, and enough are dumped at a time to support sixty feet of track.

While the tie car is making its trip the "bolters" have fastened four rails into pairs, connecting each pair by bolts run through the "fishplates" clamped against their ends. They are then placed on the rollway and started for their destination. Reaching the end of the suspension bridge, they are run on to another roller set in a wooden frame that holds it about two feet from the roadbed. This "dolly" allows the rails to be carried nearly their length ahead of the end of the bridge. In short, its principal use is to "let them down easy" on the ties which have already been arranged for them. As soon as they touch the ties, the men do not wait to drive in the front spikes, but fasten what is termed a "bridle rod" to the front ends, while the rear ends are being bolted to the track already in place. This rod holds the rails so firmly that the train is at once pushed ahead over the newly-laid track, which is completely spiked to the ties while the material for the next section is being hauled over the "elevated ways." Thus the train can be moved forward sixty feet at a time.

Looking back along the line you see, a mile or so away, another train, which in the distance seems to be carrying coal. On approaching nearer, however, "the coal" is discovered to be stone crushed to a uniform size, or perhaps gravel from a nearby pit. You note that the cars are of the same shape as those which were filled by the big steam shovel. Nearer and nearer comes the train, but so slowly that only an occasional puff from the pushing engine is heard. Then, with a rattle which drowns all other noises, the

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stone begins falling between rails and ties. But the cars continue in motion until all are emptied, when the engineer reverses his lever and starts back after another load. Glancing along the track where the ballast has been dumped, you are surprised to find that it has been deposited so evenly that it is not only level with the tops of the ties, but extends a foot or so outside of each rail. Just a little work here and there by the shovel gang puts the finishing touch to the track, so that the express train can rush over at sixty miles an hour without the danger of a rail spreading or a tie moving.

Thus it comes about that the locomotive has whistled for the first time in many a Western town which the day before was not within hearing distance. A few statistics may give a clearer idea of the quickness of it all. To put down sixty feet of track means, of course, to set in position one hundred and twenty feet of rails. The average rail is thirty feet in length, so that four rails are required to cover the sixty feet. Such a tracklaying machine as is shown in the illustrations has laid 1180 such rails in ten hours. This means the laying of no less than 1770 feet of track every hour, or nearly one-third of a mile. Yet to accomplish the feat all the ties must be placed on their beds, and the rails not only laid upon them but fastened to the wood and made ready for service. When one man can throw a thousand tons of ballast at once on the roadbed it will be seen that this part of the work takes but little time, and where a railway is to be built in a hurry the ballasters follow so closely behind the tracklayers that they are apt to be in sight of the construction outfit much of the time.

The marvel of it all is the amount of manual labor that is saved by the genius of the inventor. First come the scrapers, doing all the work of the hand shovel, yet two men only are needed for each machine—one to guide the horses, and the other to adjust the blade and chute. With the steam shovel are an engineer and his assistant, for the shovel fills and empties its scoop into the cars without the touch of a hand. Compressed air unloads the cars, but the dirt train usually has half a dozen men aboard for emergencies, besides the engineer and fireman. On the tracklaying train two men load all the ties on the tie car, and one man moves it to and fro. For bolting the rails and handling them on the rollway six men are enough. About twice as many arrange the ties on the roadbed and fasten the rails. Add the locomotive crew, and you have the actual working force. In putting the finishing touches to the track perhaps twenty men may be needed after the ballast train has passed over it.

Dan allen Willey



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MAURICE HEWLETT: AN APPRECIATION

BY T. M. PARROTT

From the bookseller's point of view Maurice Hewlett's latest work, *The Queen's Quair*, can hardly be considered one of the striking successes of the American summer trade. On the whole, this is not greatly to be wondered at. In spite of the wide-spread popularity of *The Forest Lovers*, Mr. Hewlett is, and will I think remain to the end of the chapter, a writer not so much for the masses as for the classes, or rather for that comparatively small class of the reading public which appreciates exquisite literary workmanship and is interested in the problems of what we may call historic psychology. What does seem to me surprising is that the literary journals and reviews, the professed guides of public opinion, should have been so slow in England as well as in this country to recognize in the appearance of *The Queen's Quair* one of the most notable events of recent years in the world of pure literature. Certainly this book is the crowning achievement of an author who, as an artist in words, a master of romance, a whole-hearted realist, and an analyst of souls, occupies in contemporary English letters a position that is unchallenged and unique.

Mr. Hewlett, however, has never been one of the young lions of the press. His slow but steady progress from strength to strength has lacked that element of the unexpected and meteoric which is so apt to dazzle and confuse the average critic. Born in 1861, it was not until he had well passed his thirtieth year that he began writing. His youth, like that of Scott, was spent in acquisition and assimilation rather than in hasty attempts at production; and it is to the silent studies of these years that he owes that intimate acquaintance with the life, literature, and history of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance that appears in all his work. Mr. Hewlett, fortunately for himself and his readers, is not one of the new school of historical novelists who get up a period, as a lawyer does a case, before each new book they write. On the contrary he believes, as he himself has told us, that "a writer who is worth anything accumulates more than he gives off, and never lives up to his income." The relative advantages of the two methods, the method of slow saturation and the method of hasty cram, might be easily ascertained by a comparison of *The Queen's Quair* with, let us say, the late *Dorothy Vernon*.

It was undoubtedly to his father, an author and an antiquarian remarkable for his knowledge of black-letter law and history, that Mr. Hewlett owes the direction of his early studies. At college, he confesses to having been an idle boy who disappointed the expectations of his friends; but it was at this time that he felt the first blind stirrings of the creative instinct. After the fashion of other idle boys of genius he dreamed dreams and saw visions, built castles in the air, began great works, and tore them up—in short, went through the necessary period of youthful fermentation. From Oxford he went to London and took up the study of the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1890, but the failure of his health forced him before long to abandon his profession and to seek for renewed strength by a long sojourn in Italy. On his return he

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was appointed Lecturer on Medieval Times at University College and at the South Kensington Museum, and in 1896 he received from the Government the position which he still occupies as the Head of the Land Revenue Records. From that time till the present his life has been one of official routine, diversified and brightened by incursions into the field of letters.

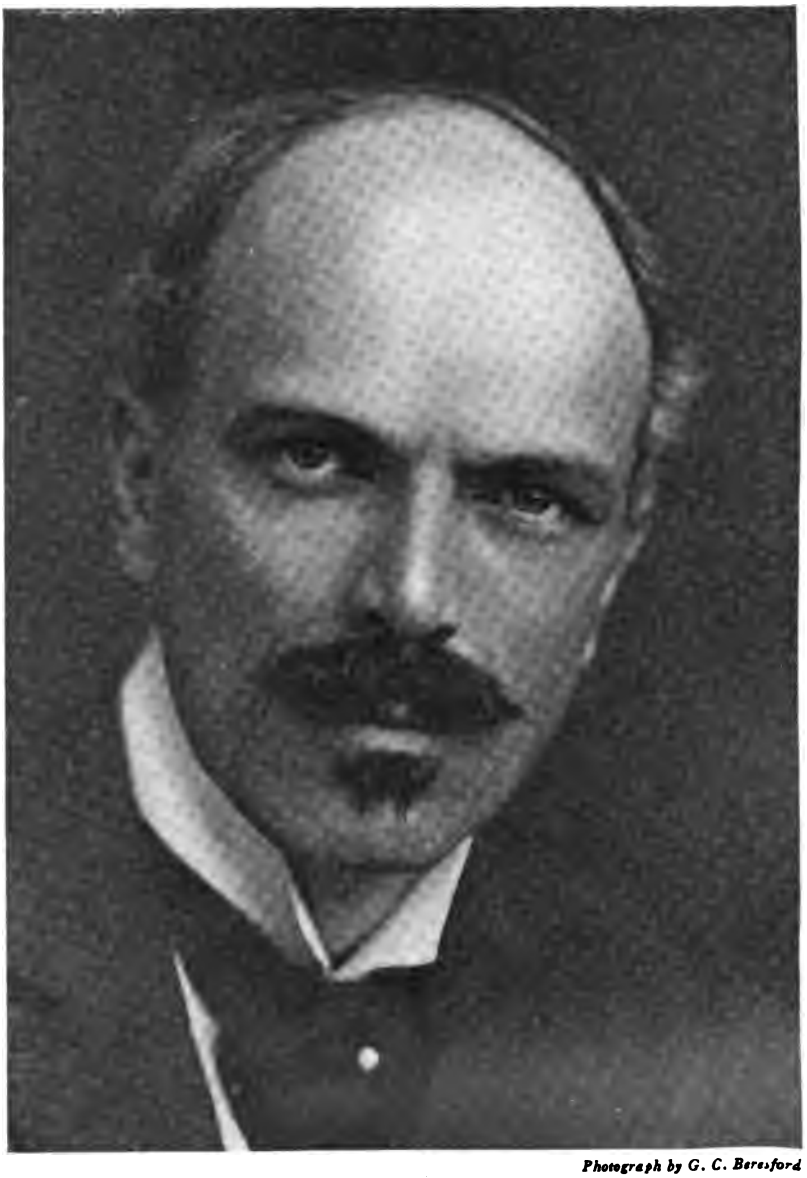
Earthwork Out of Tuscany, Mr. Hewlett's first book, and the fruit of his Italian travels, appeared in 1895. It attracted little notice, less perhaps than it deserved; and three years were required to exhaust the limited edition of five hundred copies. Frankly, I do not think the public greatly to be blamed for this. The book is a curious medley of art and artificiality, of strained conceits and daring guesses at truth, of vivid impressions of reality and whimsical toyings with fugitive fancies. Its gravest fault lay, as the author himself shortly came to see, in its lack of simplicity. Its chief merit on the other hand consisted of its ardent aspiration toward reality, its determination to pierce below the surface of things to "the soul of this bright-eyed people." And to those who know and love Italy and the Italian people it will always remain a fascinating book, provoking rather than satisfying, but still delightful.

This first literary venture was followed in the same year by *The Masque of Dead Florentines*, and in 1897 by *Songs and Meditations*, Mr. Hewlett's two volumes of poetry. We need not linger over these. The simple truth is that Mr. Hewlett, although a versifier of considerable distinction in manner and diction, is not in the true sense of the word a poet. We miss almost without exception the individual, original note which so strongly marks the whole body of his prose. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that his best poems are those in which he is frankly imitative.

With the appearance of *The Forest Lovers* in 1898 two important and fortunate things occurred together; Mr. Hewlett found himself, and the world found Mr. Hewlett. There is no need to recall the instant and enthusiastic reception of the book; its crowning by the London Academy; its dramatization by some luckless playwright, who still clung to the dying superstition that a good story must of necessity make a good play. These things are still fresh in the memory, and the book itself is still happily too young for us to have forgotten the causes of its exceptional popularity. Rapid narrative, vivid description, poignant tenderness, the haunting savor of old romance—these are qualities not so common in the fiction of the hour that their united appearance in *The Forest Lovers* could fail of its effect upon the dullest reader. But there is something more than all these in the book. There is, for instance, a power of vigorous characterization. Some foolish coiner of phrases once called *The Forest Lovers* "a piece of ancient arras." Nothing could be more inept. The figures in tapestry are typically lifeless; the characters in *The Forest Lovers* are admirably life-like. Iseult, Prosper, and Dom Galors have good red blood in their veins. And this is true not only of the central three around whom the brilliant succession of scenes revolves, but quite as much so of the minor characters who play their little parts upon the stage. What does it matter that the time and place of the action are as romantic and impossible as the age of Arthur or the land of Lyonesse, when both are filled with real people? This, I may say in passing, seems to me to be the peculiar and essential characteristic of Mr. Hewlett's genius—this complete and harmonious blending of realism and romance.

One thing more remains to be said of *The Forest Lovers:* the true theme of the book lies below the surface; the real interest of the author lies not in the succession of events which compose

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Photograph by G. C. Beresford

MAURICE HEWLETT

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the story, but in the "incidents in the development of a soul." Prosper does not win Iseult by hard hitting, nor even by warm love-making, but by a transformation of soul in which he comes, after shame and sorrow, to recognize that love means not receiving, and still less seizing, but giving and serving.

There was, naturally enough, some curiosity as to Mr. Hewlett's next work after the success of *The Forest Lovers*, and I cannot but think that this curiosity was disappointed by the appearance later in the same year of his pastoral, *Pan and the Young Shepherd*. The London periodical, indeed, which had just crowned Mr. Hewlett's romance, professed to see in this play a distinct advance, but I fancy this opinion was by no means general. Indeed, without knowing anything about the facts of the case, I should be inclined to assume from internal evidence that *Pan and the Young Shepherd* was the earlier work of the two, drawn from its resting place in Mr. Hewlett's desk, and published at this time to take the tide of popularity at the flood. As a work of art it is, for me at least, seriously marred, if not quite spoiled, by the incongruity between its subject and its setting. I can, it is true, imagine a poetic comedy in which Pan and the nymphs should appear to play their parts in rural England; but I can not away with a churchwarden and free commoner called Geron, or beer-drinking, Bible-quoting shepherds named Teucer, Sphorx, and Mopsus. This error of nomenclature is especially unfortunate, since the very best thing in the play is the broadly humorous realism of the shepherd scenes. It would have cost so little to remedy this that one is tempted to sum up a verdict on the amusing book by remarking, with Goldsmith's *cognoscente*, that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains.

Any disappointment that may have been caused by Mr. Hewlett's pastoral was more than recompensed in the following year by the appearance of his first collection of stories, *Little Novels of Italy*. It is not too much to say that this book shows Mr. Hewlett as a story teller pure and simple at his very best. For one thing, the topics of the tales were exactly suited to his taste. He was back on the familiar ground of Italy, and of all living English writers Mr. Hewlett is the most Italianate. The keynote of the book is the author's joyous mastery of his material, his wholehearted delight in the men and women, the cities and scenery, the fashions, passions, and beliefs of the Italian Renaissance. Here, indeed, he accomplishes what he had promised, but hardly performed, in his first book; he invents in each tale "a legend fitted close to the soul of a fact." There is a dash, a vigor, and a versatility in his narrative that recalls inevitably the drama of Shakespeare's contemporaries. *The Judgment of Borso* is a comedy with a dash of melodrama that would have delighted the heart of Fletcher; the story of the Duchess of Nona, the sweet, soft English girl caught in the steel nets of Italian lust and greed, is a tragedy such as Webster might have envied. And the style in which these tales are clothed, the gorgeous, florid, yet always strong and vigorous diction, is wholly in keeping with their common theme, the rich and lusty life of the Renaissance in its first home.

I cannot think that the *New Canterbury Tales* of 1901 are quite on a level with the *Little Novels*. In the first place, the title itself is an offense against taste. Why should we have new *Canterbury Tales* any more than a new *Iliad* or a modern *Don Quixote?* And if the title of the book is an offense, the framework in which the tales are set is, it must be confessed, a hopeless failure. It was meant apparently to give a certain unity to the book, to bind the scattered tales together. This assuredly it does not do. No device of art can harmonize the tales of Captain Brazen-

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head and Master Richard Smith upon the same plane: they belong to worlds as different in tone and spirit as the world of Malory and that of Cæsar Borgia.

Of the six stories in the book I should be inclined to divide the prize between the two Italian tales. For swift directness and grim vigor Mr. Hewlett has written little to match, and never anything better than the *Tale of the Half-Brothers;* and the light, gay narrative of *Eugenio and Galeotto* is perhaps the most vivacious of all his comedies. But to prefer the Italian tales is by no means to despise the medieval. We could ill spare such stories as Dan Costard's and the Lady Prioress's. They give us glimpses of certain aspects of those days, the foulness of witchcraft, the horrors of asceticism, the madness of religious hatred, such as Scott, the first and still the greatest of our romancers, never saw, or at least never reported.

In *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, 1900, Mr. Hewlett at once made an immense advance upon his earlier books, and entered upon a field in which his strongest and most durable work has been done. This field, of course, is that of the historical novel—with a difference. Now there are, as every reader of even average experience in modern fiction knows, two kinds of historical novels. There is that in which the history is a mere background for the characters, such as Mr. Clemens' *Joan of Arc*. And there are historical novels in which so much attention has been bestowed upon the setting that the figures have become mere accessories in a panorama of the past. *Salammbô* is, perhaps, the classical example of this type. But Mr. Hewlett's work belongs to neither class. He knows and loves the Middle Ages too well to be either careless or mistaken in the background. In fact it is not so much of a background as an atmosphere which he has created, an atmosphere of romance and minstrelsy, of feudal politics and holy wars, of lofty zeal and brutal passion, which is pervaded to its last recesses by the very spirit of the Age of the Crusades. This alone would be a notable achievement. But Mr. Hewlett does not stop here. His really extraordinary power of characterization has enabled him to place in this atmosphere of the past figures which are as instinct with vitality as any in contemporary fiction.

The fact that Mr. Hewlett chose to write a romance of the Crusades, and in particular that he ventured to introduce the figure of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, was bound, of course, to provoke a comparison with the work of Scott. The aim and methods of Scott and Mr. Hewlett are so different as to render this futile. Scott's aim is first of all to tell a story; his characterization, superb as it often is, is incidental only. Historical characters he resolutely keeps in the background, sketching them in swiftly in their traditional colors. Mr. Hewlett, on the other hand, sets his great historic figure in the forefront; and so far from accepting the traditional character of Richard, the author has used all his knowledge of history and all his power of imagination to produce an original portrait of the real man. The narrative, with all its interest, is merely a means not an end; the novel is not a romantic chronicle of Richard's deeds but a realistic analysis of Richard's soul.

Mr. Hewlett's latest novel *The Queen's Quair*, is of the same type as *Richard Yea-and-Nay*. Once more he sets a great historic character in the foreground and concentrates all his powers on the interpretation of this figure. The subject is romantic; the treatment is essentially realistic. "A book about Queen Mary," he rightly says, "has no business to be a genteel exercise in the romantic." Mr. Hewlett's aim is high; his claim is almost audacious. Of Queen Mary he says "a hundred books have been written, a hundred songs sung. But no song ever pierced the fold of her secret,

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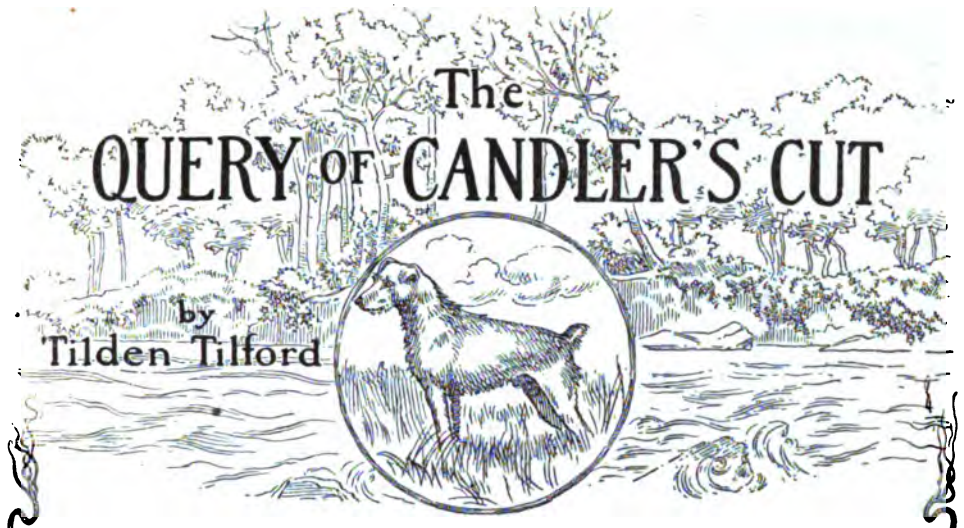
no book ever found out the truth because none ever sought her heart. Here, then, is a book which has sought nothing else, and a song which springs from that only."

It is plain that such a book as *The Queen's Quair* must be tried by other tests than those we apply to the old-fashioned historical novel. When Mr. Hewlett sets out to reveal the secret of Mary Queen of Scots, he is of necessity bound to deal with the truth as it is given us in history. There must be no juggling with facts. And this rule, it must be said, Mr. Hewlett has not observed with scrupulous regard. Most of his wrestings of history are, to be sure, of small consequence and do not essentially alter the conditions of the problem. But one or two are of graver importance. To represent Mary, for instance, as hurried into the secret marriage with Darnley by the treacherous urgency of Moray is a perversion of history which makes a reckless love-match out of what was in truth a well-considered move in the great game of politics that Mary was playing. It is greatly to be doubted also whether the Queen's relations to Bothwell immediately before and after their marriage were such as Mr. Hewlett would have us believe. That she was unhappy with him seems plain enough; that her spirit was broken by his brutal selfishness is, I believe, far from being the case.

None the less *The Queen's Quair* in spite of certain defects remains, I believe, a truer portrait of Mary than any other in fiction; truer, perhaps, than any given us by a historian. It represents a great advance upon *Richard Yea-and Nay* in strength of conception and breadth of treatment. Although considerably longer, it has more compact unity. It is not marred by any such repulsive and unconvincing invention as that of the Old Man of Musse. From one standpoint and another, that of Des Essars, that of Mary Livingston, that of French Paris, it throws sidelights upon the leading character until the queen stands before us a complete and fully rounded figure. It is crowded with brilliant portraits of the men and women of the time, portraits which reveal their inner qualities as well as their outward look and bearing. It is not too much to say that Mr. Hewlett has re-created for us the stormy world of passion, intrigue, and violence through which his ill-fated heroine moved in her brief reign. Above all, Mr. Hewlett's sympathetic treatment of his theme has the merit of evoking sympathy, provoking in his readers a deeper pity for "the most unhappy lady that ever moaned about the world."

I have said enough in this review of Mr. Hewlett's work, I think, to indicate his achievement and to point out where his main strength lies. He is very far from being the mere artificer in words, the weaver of superfine fancies that he once seemed likely to become. And it is for this reason that I have not cared to enter upon the vexed question of his style. Its faults, its restlessness, love of conceits, lack of simplicity, are plain enough. But it is, or should be, equally plain by this time that Mr. Hewlett's style, with all its faults, is no mere affectation, but rather an idiosyncracy. And it is idle to wish to alter the idiosyncracies of a great artist. This title, I think, may be conferred without hesitation upon Mr. Hewlett. He has earned it by his work in the past; he will demonstrate it, I certainly believe, by his future work in the field which is peculiarly his own—the realistic romance of history, the character study of great souls. The possibilities of work in this field seem to me well-nigh endless. What might Mr. Hewlett not make, for example, if he chose to enlarge his sketch of Cæsar Borgia into a full-length portrait, or what would we not give for a picture of Joan the Maid by the hand that has just drawn Mary the Queen?

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The QUERY OF CANDLER'S CUT

by Tilden Tilford

They sometimes talk of how the Company's goat entices the sheep into the cars from the shipping pens at Comstock; and occasionally they mention the time Lige Wimberly's trained bear helped him through his love affair by keeping his rival all night in a tree, the while Lige urged his suit; but the way "Honey" Rivers' terrier crossed Candler's Ford on a mission of mercy is the topic that never wanes.

The cream of the community's literary stock, this topic is freshest in the minds of the Circle-B outfit whom it most concerned, though there is scarcely a man in leggings from El Paso to San Angelo but can tell you the tale with fluency.

Not that they know how it was done, but because with them, as with all men, few themes are so relished as a mystery. The terrier's adventure is as clear as the track of a stampede up to the time he reached the river and after setting his woolly legs on the opposite bank, but how he got over the intervening sixty yards is the puzzle that keeps the incident alive. For Candler's Ford, you should know, is a mighty "cut" through the Pecos, where the water, though rarely higher than your stirrup, is yet so swift that a feather-weight like the terrier, seeking to stem the current, would be swept at once below the road, where the banks are mountain high and any sort of landing were a miracle.

Wherefore arises the Query of Candler's Cut. For that the terrier *did* cross Candler's is admittedly a feature in history, notwithstanding a careful interrogation of the neighborhood revealed that there had been no one anywhere near the place to lend him a helping hand.

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The following memoranda, recorded *verbatim* in the Gosling's note-book, will show the whereabouts of a few of the community's members at about the time the terrier was accomplishing his miraculous journey:

Judge Eaton: You say about four in the afternoon? Well, I wasn't in fifty mile o' Candler's. I was over to Alpine, tendin' co't.

Red Hovis: Me and Mose Collins was a-ridin' herd for Ol' Man Peterson, on Broken Arrer. He made a shipment on the tenth.

Tony Eckart: I was over to Tobe Dixon's, swappin' a saddle for Tobe's roan.

Fiddling Harry: Me and Pete Conchoz was a-practisin' "Blue-Eyed Josie" to put in our rep'toire for the Jedge's dance. But we had to give it up. Pete kin ketch a' antelope quicker'n a new tune.

One Time Montana: I was playin' poker with Clem Hyde at the Canteen. I recollec' 'stinctly Clem makin' me lay a queen-full on jacks—somethin' I'd ortn't a' done, and wouldn't if they hadn't been the identical pictures I held one time in Montana——

In like manner did all the men who sometimes rode the trail taken by the terrier assert and maintain their absence from the vicinity of Candler's at the particular time involved. The Gosling, by way of rounding out the record, added his own statement, thus:

Honey Rivers: I was being interviewed by the Majah and Poker Gabe at Wizard Rock, they having detained me with a view to negotiating a loan.

The Gosling, as you will note, being a college-trimmed youth, is better at language than most men in the district, and "detained" is his polite way of saying "held up." *That* incident—happening as it did prior to the terrier's exploit, on which, however, it has a vital bearing—it is becoming to relate first. How the Gosling came to be regarded as a party suitable for detention was in this way:

Keeps, the railroad agent, wanted money. Three train-loads of the Circle-B's choicest beeves had he billed to Kansas "prepaid," without so much as a sight of the freight money; this because of a sudden rising of the market, of which Bardwell, the foreman whom he loved, desired to take advantage; but in the absence of his employer, Colonel Waskom, the foreman was short of funds.

"It ain't like askin' you to 'wait returns, Joe," Bardwell had mumbled craftily, with the first lot of sixteen cars loaded and waiting on the siding. "The Colonel'll be home afore them shorthorns ever hit Kansas, and the Company ain't checkin' you *every* day, you know."

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To which potent appeal Mr. Keeps had yielded—"Seein' you're loaded." And when two days afterwards the Colonel arrived from a "deal" in the interior it was the Gosling who was despatched with the freight money, over three thousand dollars in bills.

Now, to ride the road from Circle-B to Comstock means a dozen lonesome miles through the hills, and the passing of but two of those points of native interest of which all roads of whatsoever length have a number standing out like notches on a stick. Sometimes it is a school-house retired from the highway, and sometimes a tree on which the lightning has laid an unfriendly hand, and again it may be merely an important forking of the road. In the case of the trail from Circle-B to the railroad these points of distinction are Candler's Ford, about a quarter of the way, and Wizard Rock, two miles farther as you go to town.

This Wizard Rock, a huge, grotesque boulder, sits in a sag of the hillside, with a sharp eye on the trail; and there is no doubting that it is admirably named, assuming as it does no fewer than three different shapes as you approach and pass it. The innocent traveler first fancies an owl of surprising proportions; but a closer view shows that what he mistook for the spherical head is in reality the pommel of a saddle; and finally as he leaves it behind, catching it at a new angle, it is nothing if not the figure of a bear on its hind-legs.

Mr. Honey Rivers, or the Gosling—a sobriquet due perhaps less to that seductive guilelessness which pervaded his speech and manner than to a surprising facility for keeping his colors in any style of argument—after crossing the ford with the terrier high and dry under his crooked arm, and after returning that playful animal to his legs on the opposite bank, proceeded toward Comstock at a brisk and anxious pace. For upon emerging from the cut and glancing casually at the sun, it had become obvious that he had lost more minutes—allowing his pony to "nozzle" after drinking his fill, and occasionally threatening to duck the terrier as he crossed—than was commensurate with the importance of his mission; and as the trusted bearer of over three thousand dollars the Gosling suffered a sudden twinge of conscience.

Beyond the river, the curving yellow road lies open for two miles, vanishing with a twist round the hill of Wizard Rock; and the cowboy, trailing his eye across the plain, smiled in whimsical recognition at the Owl.

"Hang me by the spurs, Sinful," he observed to his mount, "if there ain't a patient bird! A thousand years, I reckon, he's been waitin' there!"

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Then he rode blithely into disaster. A less confident man would have discerned from the furtive lifting of Sinful's left ear, as well as a sudden restlessness on the part of the terrier's bristles, that there were signs of an unusual presence in the neighborhood of the Wizard; but then the Gosling was always less famed for caution than for a singular capacity to extricate himself from those very difficulties in which his unwariness might leave him involved. He became suddenly aware that two men had walked into the landscape from behind the Wizard, that a pair of leveled Colts were frowning prominently in the foreground, also that a high, squeaking voice was addressing him:

"I 'low you know what's healthy, sonny!"

It was the voice of the Majah, an elderly seedy man, with weak blue eyes and yellow, be-stained whiskers, long a familiar figure in Comstock, and as desperate a character, perhaps, as ever operated in the Lower Rio Grande country. His companion, a younger and better dressed person, was a man of similar attainments and equally notorious.

Both men had stepped fairly into the open, and before the Majah's remark was concluded were swaggering toward the cowboy, on whom they craftily kept their weapons trained. It was at this juncture that the terrier, all-observant, shot like a rabbit before a hound over the back trail. But as he could at best get no farther than the river, there was to Honey little promise of succor in his action. The Gosling, as he halted, burning with mortification, could only raise his hands slowly in the air.

"I haven't forgot my calisthenics, Majah," he said acidly. "I'm scarcely fool enough to draw."

"Spoke like a Napoleon, suh," said the Majah, with a polite flourish of his seedy sleeve. "I was afeared, too, you mightn't take it sensible. Gabe here 'lowed as you were ap' to be a little headstrong at times."

The affable serenity of the old scoundrel could not fail to touch the Gosling's sense of humor.

"Not when the odds are with the enemy, Majah," he replied pleasantly. "Do you wish me to 'produce,' or will you help yourselves——?"

"Keep your hands above your pockets, suh!" cried the Majah quickly, his watery eyes taking light. "My friend here will do the honors."

The process of robbery, in the hands of such skilled agents, was a speedy and thorough business. A few deft movements sufficed to relieve the cowboy of both his sixshooter and the funds entrusted him, the elder ruffian, pending a subsequent sharing with

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his comrade, pocketing the entire amount. This accomplished, they led the Gosling across the plains to a hollow in the hills perhaps a mile from the trail where, after picketing his pony, they tied him to his saddle in a manner more secure than ever a turkey was made in the holidays.

"An ungentlemanly necessity, suh," apologized the Majah. "You know in matters o' this sort, 'specially where the subjec' is a person o' some repute, we can't afford to be slovenly as to details. We figger nach'ly on quittin' this section by the next train, and to prevent any hitch in them arrangements it is essential that you be detained here a spell. A bit lonesome I'm afeared you'll find it, but you'll doubtless appreciate our position."

He tossed the Gosling's weapon into the bunch-grass, personal possessions in these negotiations being of all things most to be avoided. Then over the prairie with their booty they disappeared afoot toward Comstock.

Now observe the curious trend of events. Everybody knows how the terrier, two minutes after the beginning of the transaction by the Wizard, vanished in the cut at Candler's, and standing at the water's edge—told by his tracks—looked yearningly across the river. But how he gained the opposite bank, with no human aid at hand, is still a theme for speculation.

Pink Jerrold the red-headed, sometimes called the Badger, mending his Sunday bridle in the wagon-yard, was the only man in sight when the terrier reached home breathless. But Pink was essentially a man of action. It happened, therefore, that the retiring Majah and his comrade had hardly dipped beyond the Gosling's horizon when an anxious-eyed horseman, whose pony bore the brand of a B in a circle, splashed over Candler's, and enveloped in a thin whirl of dust came galloping up the trail. He was bent forward eagerly in the saddle, and that he was a resolute and forceful man was obvious from the intent manner in which he scanned all quarters of the plain. No spectacle of interest meeting his vision, his lowering glance as he galloped swept keenly the bordering soil of the road.

Presently Pink drew rein opposite the Wizard, and stooping in the stirrups, studied narrowly the hoof-prints of an animal whose brand he knew to be a B in a circle. Then at once he was riding at high speed over the hill to his left, and in a few minutes was beside the hapless Gosling.

What followed then, however—mere details which are readily anticipated—are not strong factors in this narrative. How the Gosling led Pink a short cut across the plain to Comstock, where they found the Majah and his consort in the Canteen awaiting the

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whistle of the west-bound before bidding farewell to old faces; how the Majah at the bar was in the act of lifting his glass when he felt an obstacle against his ear and heard a familiar voice drawl, "I'll trouble you to return that loan"; how the shock of the voice alone was enough to bring him to the eve of a collapse, though he rallied and would have made a fuss had not the obstacle pressed harder while the voice resumed, "I'm apt to get a little headstrong"; how the Majah was thus obliged to gracelessly disgorge his booty; how he and his comrade traveled west as they had designed, but not in a Pullman, and with the sheriff from Alpine for company; and how Keeps, the agent, was paid in full by the Gosling—all these incidents may possess a certain interest in themselves, but they in no way strengthen the vital feature of this tale, which is Mystery.

Not until Honey and the Badger were riding homeward through the evening dusk did the latter yield to his impulse to touch upon the question which for hours had harassed his mind. Then he led up to it with caution.

"That's a right capable dawg o' yours, Honey."

The Gosling smiled quizzically.

"Yep. He *is* a little mature for his age. Notice him at Candler's?"

Then the Badger hitched his shoulders and looked fearfully about through the dusk, in the manner of the superstitious.

"It wasn't *at* Candler's, Honey, that he guv' me the news. He was home when he made repo't."

Whereupon the Gosling evinced a mild interest.

"At home, Pink?"

"Ya-as, Honey. You've never noticed nothin' strange about that dawg, hev' you? I mean nothin' speerit or spook-like. He's jest a straight-out human dawg, ain't he, Honey?"

Now wonderment possessed the Gosling.

"You're talking like an ostrich, Pink. He couldn't have swum Candler's."

They were riding leisurely over the plain, whose great reaching wastes unfolded to the twilight their innumerable charms. A jocular moon hung smilingly in the sky like a pumpkin and draped the clean little hills with white witchery, a prairie-dog chorus in a neighboring village was piping a serenade, and a feeling of ecstasy and song was upon the land. But the Badger was depressed. Again did he cautiously survey the surrounding expanse as if in fear of an uncanny presence, then bending upon the Gosling, spoke with quaking tongue:

"Honey, it's Gawd's truth I was in the wagon-yard, a-fixing my Sunday bridle, when he come hikin' home!"

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Then another mile of silence in which the Gosling, now moved to weigh seriously his friend's remarks, made some rapid calculations in time and distance. Eliminating all thought of the terrier's ability to cross Candler's unaided, it was indisputable that he had received assistance.

But for a passing horseman to have given him a lift it was essential that such a party should have been in readiness at the exact moment the terrier vanished in the cut, for there was clearly no marginal time. Between that juncture and the instant of the Gosling's release every available second was taken up by the line of action established by the Badger. But from the Circle-B to Wizard Rock the trail is without a fork and, save Candler's Cut, lies largely unbroken to the view; so that, admitting so unlikely a coincidence as possible, it was the wildest sort of fancy to suppose that such a horseman could have been anywhere on the road without either of the cowboys obtaining a glimpse of him.

"Pink," said the Gosling at last, "I reckon we don't know that terrier. He *must* have swum it!"

But here the Badger went literally into the air, rising in the stirrups like a buzzard on the eve of flight and flinging his arms in vast expostulation.

"Sufferin' Lizards, Honey! If you can't unhitch yourse'f from that idee *right* off! He might—I ain't sayin' he *couldn't*—but I'm a son-of-a-gun if he could swim it *without wettin' a hair!*"

Thus was the Gosling most effectually squelched. And that is why, when Honey and the Badger reached home that evening, an air of solemnity and thought seemed to envelop them like a cloud.

To the Colonel, of course, the Gosling first proceeded, and standing before him on one leg, ruefully fumbled his hat.

"I'm sorry to report that I was robbed, sir." And he told of the interview at the Wizard.

Then did the Colonel pass the neatest compliment of his life, for he said with a gesture of fatigue:

"Of course you *paid Keeps?*"

"Of course, sir," said Honey, smiling, as he handed over the agent's receipt.

Then the Gosling withdrew to the yards where in the moonlight by the bunk-house, to a circle of cigarettes, he found the Badger already dilating upon the Mystery. It was the first of many councils in which Bardwell the foreman and Clumsy Mack and Fiddling Harry and One Time Montana and all the wise men of Circle-B took a hand. And while they debated and theorized and explained, and did it over with fresh vigor and force, then had Honey and the Badger tell it again while they checked off the points—the

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terrier rubbed their various legs and spoke eloquently of the things he knew but could not tell.

"You see it was this way," said Pink, for the twentieth time. "Honey here knows as I was a sittin' right thar on that wagon-tongue when him and the terrier hits the trail. Well, maybe it was ha'f a hour after, and me still a-sittin' thar a-fixin' my Sunday bridle, when the terrier here comes a-steerin' up the road like a dozen wild-cats was a-swingin' to his tail, and I sees *right* off as he was skeer'd clean out'n his hair. Then I done some tall and heavy thinkin'. Honey, says I, ain't in the habit o' fallin' from a hawss *knowin'ly*, nor is Sinful the sort o' bronc' as stumbles on a clean trail. They've got a pile o' money, as to which somebody may have been posted, and they're jest about passin' the Wizard. It's a hold-up. But thar, of a sudden, I was stumped. The terrier here, all the time I was figgerin', was a kickin' up and whinin' most dismal, and jumpin' ag'in me and pawin' my laigs. And feelin' o' him keer-ful, it struck me all over and at once as no dawg could swim the Pecos *without techin' water!* It had happened then in the cut, *this* side, which was too close for any hold-up. Anyhow, regardless, I lit into the 'shack' here, grabs the handiest gun, and in three twists was saddled up and hittin' the road swift. But reachin' Candler's, gen'l'men, I'm a smoked tarant'ler if thar was hide or hoof o' the Goslin' in sight, the only livin' insect bein' the old steer, Pilot, standin' to his knees in the water, and he was that sleepy and lazy-like that I know'd *right* off nothin' had been stirrin' round him."

"Gen'l'men," pursued the Badger, "you kin can me if I wasn't stuck. Honey then had left the terrier knowin'ly, though in that case it was funny he hadn't made him stay home in the first place. Ag'in, if he *had* set him across, seein' he hadn't teched water, *who had set him back?* As that question riz up and faced me I con-cludes at once I was on a fool's trail and turns, but thar was the terrier in the road. And seein' me doublin', maybe he didn't raise a fuss! He was wors'n forty greasers on a pay-day. Whinin' and howlin' most fearful, he hung to my stirrups, and twenty times I reckon he jumped even with my pockets, and runnin' to the water, looked across and sung so long and lonesome-like as to give me the quivers. I know'd purty quick then as it wasn't any fool's trail, and buttin' across I lit up the road hot-foot, and shore enough by the Wizard was the whole business in a mess o' tracks. Honey I found about a mile from the road, all trundled to his hawss and a-cussin' away sorter quiet-like." The Badger hugged himself in glee.

"Bust my guns if he wasn't a show!" Then, after a pause, "Of course we got 'em—Poker Gabe and the Majah—in the

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Canteen. One Time has told *that*, seein' he got home ahead of us. But that ain't the point!" The Badger fanned the air at the end. "The question is, how did that dawg cross Candler's?"

Followed a chorus of "Betcher spurs!" "That *is* the point"; then a silence in which each man, in the moonlight, surveyed the others. And in their gaze was something of a threat, a sort of dogged challenge, as each felt himself accused by his fellows. Then every man present of whom there was a doubt swore simultaneously and upon his honor that he had had no hand in transporting the terrier over Candler's, in fact had not been within six miles of the ford at the time in question. Then a pair of them waited hopefully upon the Colonel and returned despondent, that gentleman having remained at home the whole of the afternoon.

Followed naturally another silence, in which still lingered a glimmer of defiance. Since none of them had connived or assisted in the ferrying of the terrier, dared anyone suggest *how* he had got over? At last a voice ventured cautiously,

"He *couldn't* hev jumped, could he?"

The Badger snorted while he struck his leg.

"You've *hit* it!" he cried with gusto. "Who'd a thought? It's a good sixty yards, but the terrier's real springy in the laigs. 'Course he jumped it. Say, that dawg's got frawg blood, I bet!"

There was the noise of a snicker traveling in a circle, and the cautious voice subsided.

Afterward their remarks were chiefly of a humorous trend.

"Must hev crossed in a parachute!"

"Er on a broom, like Mother Geese!"

"Say, a bloomin' fairy must hev growed him wings. They frequent do sech on the spear o' the moment!"

Then a slow, thoughtful voice began:

"One time in Montana——"

"Oh, hesh! This is Texas!"

Nine of the wise men finally agreed that the tenth had been drunk when he felt the terrier's hair, it being clear that nothing save the agency of his own legs had got the dog over Candler's. But when the next day they took the terrier to the ford, and dropping him amid-stream at a rope's end watched his hopeless battle with the current, the Badger was exonerated and they returned a wondering, baffled lot.

And from there the story spread.

The current and absorbing gossip of Comstock the next day, it had reached Eagle Platte and the Allobar Country by the Sunday following, thence to the Mother Mountains, until within a month it had traveled the length and breadth of cattle land.

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The barbers of El Paso are telling it to-day, the *matadores* of Las Vegas are merry with it across their cigarettes, and "What is *your* theory?" is the question best known from San Antonio to the Peco, from the Staked Plains to the Rio Grande.

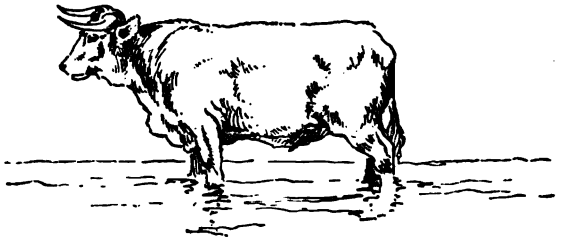
The drummers constantly ran against it. For months afterwards, swinging unguardedly from the cars, they found the time between trains profitless, and there are still a few towns which they shun as having but one kind of talk.

And the terrier is happy because he knows that, though a dog of common birth, he is beloved of many, and that for fame he can give the laugh to the bloodedest blood that ever took a ribbon in Madison Square.

Now, the Gosling has a theory which he dare not divulge in the community lest he be treated to jeers and the offensive beating of cans. But one day I caught him off the home range; and recalling that I was not a native and under promise to restrict speech in certain territory, he first assured himself that I knew the Pilot, the drowsy old steer pensioned by age, whose business is to hang around Candler's and assist in crossing the "marketers" by showing the backward ones how to take the water; then the Gosling gave me this:

"You remember how the Badger saw the Pilot at Candler's, standin' sleepy-eyed in the edge of the water. Well, I saw him, too, but on the other—the *west* side, so he must have forded over before the Badger came along, and it was in those moments that the terrier was in the cut. Now, it being shown beyond a doubt that no other means were at hand, he must have crossed *on the back of the Pilot!*"

As to that, I leave you to guess.



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The Dean of Roses

Nora Cresson in Black and White

There was a Cowslip Parson long ago
Whose name was Herrick, as perhaps you know.
Now vainly through a window gaze
Roses of Rochester. Two days
Still is the heart so warm before.
The Dean of Roses is no more.

The roses in his garden plot
May wish they were forget-me-not.
Vibert, La France, and Jacqueminot
In vain their loveliest colors show,
Yon sleeper takes as little heed
Of damask rose as wayside weed.
Silence has struck in him her seed.

Bring roses, roses, where he lies:
Weigh down the lids upon his eyes
With roses full of dew and scent.
Into the dark his steps are bent
Where are no roses, white or red,
Save those within his coffin laid
By those who loved the old man dead.

Money by Postal Card

The Boston Transcript

The Austrian minister of posts and telegraphs has issued an order which will do much to make post-cards more popular than ever. The new regulation permits sums under $2.50 to be transmitted by post-card to any part of the Austrian empire. The arrangement is simplicity itself. The sender affixes stamps to the card to the value of the required amount, plus a trifle for commission and the ordinary postage.

This post-card can be changed into cash at any post office, or if instructed the postman who delivers it will also hand over at the same time its money value. It is anticipated that the post-card money order will be made use of to a great extent by people desiring to remit subscriptions to societies, clubs, newspapers, libraries, etc., and it is also thought that an international money order post-card might be adopted with advantage by all the countries in the Postal Union.

Artificial Coloring of Flowers

Francis Marre in Cosmos

Horticulturalists can now create almost at will flowers of varied colors by practising forced cultures, artificial selection, and hybridization, in this way obtaining a very extended scale of colors. Still, in any case the color of the flower, although it is possible to give birth to millions of varieties, can only be modified within certain limits. With reference to this fact the colors of flowers have been divided into two great categories, the xanthic series—yellow, yellowish-green, orange, red—and the cyanic series—blue, indigo, violet. Never has a flower of the first series passed into the second, nor has the reverse taken place; never has a gardener, no matter how clever he may be, been able to obtain blue roses.

The florists, however, obtain this color. Their method is that classic one which has been long employed in the case of violets—for example, making them green with ammonia, white with

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AN EXTRAORDINARY BUILDING FEAT

To construct a new twelve-story steel building while carrying on, without interruption, the largest retail business in the world on the same site, and practically under the same roof, is the task which John Wanamaker is successfully accomplishing in Philadelphia. The above picture shows less than a quarter of the new store in process of construction.

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ever wishes to use several dictionaries or language manuals has to learn as many keys.

As a result, he does not become master of any. Whenever he wishes to ascertain the pronunciation of a word he has to consult the key at the bottom of the page or in the beginning of the book.

Recently there has been a marked tendency on the part of dictionary makers to use the same symbols for speech sounds. As a culmination of this movement it is now proposed to replace the multiplicity of keys by a single key, as perfect as it can be made through the amplest possible discussion and experimentation by a commission composed of the foremost experts in this line of research.

By slight modifications, such as will not interfere with legibility, it is thought that the number of letters can be increased from twenty-six till it suffices to represent all the sounds of the leading languages. In English about forty letters would be required.

Several letters even now are used in several forms in roman and italics (a, e, g); in script the variety is still greater. By assigning to each of these forms a definite sound, forty letters may easily be provided. Should this key come into general use in dictionaries it would impress itself on the memory of dictionary users of all nationalities and enable them at a glance to pronouce correctly any word written in that key.

Lessons Learned in the New York Subway

M. G. Cunniff in The World's Work

In digging the New York subway the men uncovered many sewers which had to be rebuilt. At first they built the new sewers of brick. Presently the bricklayers, who were receiving $5.20 a day, struck for higher wages. The work stopped. The indispensable bricklayers left the subway. But the old adage came to Mr. Parsons' mind: "There are more ways to kill a cat than by choking him with cream." Concrete work was cheap; why not build the sewers of concrete? Experiments were unexpectedly successful. Thereafter, concrete was used almost exclusively—a new kind of sewer had been evolved, cheaper than the brick sewer and better. This is one of the many contributions the building of the subway has made to engineering.

A Good Description

Exchange

John S. Sargent, the noted painter, was saying that the late Dr. Evans, the American dentist, of Paris, had once shown him all his curios.

"Among these curios," said Mr. Sargent, "there was a letter that amused me greatly. Dr. Evans had received the letter in his youth in America. It was from a young farmer in Vermont who wanted a set of false teeth made and sent to him. He wrote for the teeth in some such way as this:

"'My mouth is three inches acrost, five-eighth inches threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss shew, toe forard. If you want me to be more particular, I shall have to come thar.'"

Unappreciated Benevolence

The Saturday Evening Post

It happened early Sunday morning on one of the New York cross-streets, where block after block of brown-faced dwellings with high steps daily present their row of heaping ash-cans and garbage-barrels upon the front pavement. A thin, sour-faced old man, in a frayed and shiny alpaca coat, was turning over the contents of one of these receptacles just as a plump, benevolent-looking woman chanced to be passing.

"My good man," she exclaimed, in a voice full of pity and solicitude, "that is the trash-can you have there! You won't find anything to eat in it. Don't you know the ordinances compel separation? This is the food-can, and here," poking a half-loaf of bread out of the heap with the point of her umbrella, "is a fine bit, hardly discolored even.

"Oh, don't think I mind doing this in the least!" she rattled on, catching sight of an inexplicable expression on

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the old man's face, "I shall be only too glad if I can help you. I'm just on my way from church and I haven't any change or——Now, here's something else," spearing a limp banana with the end of the umbrella. "Oh, yes, I haven't a bit of false pride!"

By this time the old man had found his voice. "Madam," he sputtered, "madam," his excitement and indignation reducing him to voluble explanation, "I'm not looking for my breakfast, madam! And I'll have you to understand these are my own barrels you're poking your umbrella into. I own this house—and—and—"

"Then why—?" began the good woman, in amazement.

"Because a fifty-dollar bill was swept up with some rubbish last night, and—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" stammered the woman, with heightened color, as she withdrew. And then to herself, "That's just the way! When one tries to do a little good in the world, it's so apt to turn out to be the wrong person!"

A Sonnet for the City

Anna Hempstead Branch in The Atlantic Monthly

This day into the fields my steps are led.
I cannot heal me there! Row after row,
Thousands of daisies radiantly blow;
They have not brought from Heaven my daily bread,
But they are like a prayer too often said.
I have forgot their meaning, and I go
From the wearying patter of their gold and snow,
And the calm ritual, all uncomforted;
I want the faces, faces remote and pale,
That surge along the city streets; the flood
Of reckless ones, haggard and spent and frail,
Excited, hungry! In this other mood
'Tis not the words of the faith for which I ail,
But to plunge in the fountain of its living blood.

An American Financier in Korea

The Brooklyn Eagle

Mr. Stevens, the new financial adviser of the Korean government, is responsible only to the Emperor of Korea, who, in turn, is responsible only to Japan. His recent appointment was not the result of any bargain or understanding with this country. Nevertheless, the installation of an American at the head of the Korean treasury was a shrewd bid for American good-will. Japan has able financiers of native birth of whom some at least were available for the position, but the choice of a foreigner appears as a proof that Japan is not to inaugurate a policy of exclusion in the Hermit Kingdom. An American can be made to serve the purpose of Japan in Korea as well as a Japanese, as long as he is willing to recognize Japan as the paramount power. When he withholds that recognition he can be readily displaced. For the present, however, he conspicuously represents Japan's policy of the open door, a fair field and no favor.

Platonic Friendships

The Young Man

Miss Hulda Friederichs says that it is "worse than wicked, it's vulgar, to pretend that a friendship between a man and a woman must of necessity develop into an intrigue, or a love affair. Men and women, whose interests in life centre round ever so many things of which what is generally called love may or may no longer be one, are just made to be good friends, the manly views on the one hand, and the womanly views on the other, making up the elements, which go toward all that is best in friendship, and adding a sort of constant piquancy to intercourse, which must naturally be lacking in intimate friendship between two people of the same sex, be they men or women."

The "Thunderer's" Type

The London Times

The *Times* never uses the same type twice. Every day a new supply is delivered at its offices by the Wicks Rotary Type Casting Company, amounting on the average to as many as a million letters; and the whole of it is removed on the following day to be put into the melting-pot. Such lavishness could only be possible with type made at extraordinary speed and with exceptional cheapness, and the invention that

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Brooklyn Life

NOT GUILTY

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Tommy McGrath, can you tell me who threw the stone that struck Goliath?

TOMMY: Ye kin search me. Our street's all tore up, an' dey ain't no autermobiles goes dat way.

first realized these aims was the work of Mr. Wicks, who, curiously enough, is not an engineer by profession, but a journalist, and was formerly a member of the gallery staff of the *Times*. His original invention has been vastly improved in the course of years, and the members of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, who, headed by the secretary, A. S. E. Ackermann, paid a visit recently to the works at Willesden, where the type-casting wheels are made, spent a couple of very interesting hours among machines and contrivances which strike laymen as little short of magical, but can only be properly appreciated by engineers. Under the guidance of the firm's engineer, E. G. Tottle, they inspected every process of the manufacture of the punches, the matrices, and the type-casting wheel itself, and, though the actual casting is done at the works in Blackfriars, arrangements had been made by which the operation of one of the finished wheels could be exhibited. Before the

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Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

JOHN BURNS, M.P. FOR BATTERSEA

The energetic labor leader of the English House of Commons

invention and perfection of this wheel a type-making machine which could turn out 6000 types an hour was considered rapid; the Wicks rotary type-wheel casts 60,000 with ease and 40 per cent. more cheaply than the old machines. The firm's engineer explained that, after buying the best and most expensive machine in the market, they invariably set to work to alter it until it reached their own standard of accuracy. All the calculations (and they are peculiarly complicated, since, to comply with the traditions of printing the unit is 1-72d part of an inch) are carried out to six places of decimals, and the men who grind the punches or make the wheels work to 1-10,000th part of an inch. The care taken and the quality of the machinery employed may be gauged by the fact that the little punch-cutting machines, which each cost nearly £1000, are bedded, to avoid vibration, on a depth of sixteen feet of concrete, which in its turn is laid on oak piles five feet long.

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An Optimist on London

The Daily News

For several years past John Burns has found time for what, in his own apt phrase, he calls "his annual pilgrimage of duty," the manner of which is eminently characteristic of the pilgrim. Mr. Burns jumps into a tram, and, traveling as democratically as he lives, lands himself at some convenient centre of observation.

I think of what Goethe said, "Strike into life anywhere and you will find it interesting." Thus have I found London during the past three weeks. I have looked upon London's grey alleys, her mean streets, her sombre courts, her melancholy myriads, her cheerful legions, her hordes of little children, her kindly child mothers, the little fathers, the multitude of patient, heroic women workers who throng the bridges in the morning and in the evening, who gather into parks and playgrounds and streets. I have witnessed the moving panorama of a hundred thousand carmen, 'bus and cab drivers, with their half million horses; and I tell you I have marveled—more every year—at the spontaneity, discipline, and rhythm of London's astonishing diorama.

What poet has ever done justice to "the orchestral Strand," the Titanic Docks, the toil, glitter, grime, and wealth of Father Thames, the railways—above us, on the earth, and under the earth—and, more than all, the pride and pomp, the poverty and pain of all that has passed before me, still, as much as ever, fascinating by the never ending charm of its appeal to pity and affection?

I never had the slightest difficulty in finding out anything I wanted. I was never molested. I was accosted for money once, and that in the Royal borough of Kensington. I saw no one locked up. I saw no one fighting. I never heard a row between police and people. Indeed, I was struck by the monotony of London rather than by the Alsatian orgies which are too often alleged against her citizens.

There are not the corner boys there were. The prostitutes are fewer and are confined to certain areas. I may remark that their lack of discipline is most marked within a hundred yards of the Athenæum Club rather than near the purlieus of the Spotted Dog at Bankside. I did not see so many women bearing upon their faces "the marks of the beast." Even the musical lunchers have lost their down-at-heel expression, and the absence of cruelty to horses was most significant.

I am in no way discouraged by my pilgrimage of pity or tour of duty, or whatever you like to call it. London is too large to lose your patience with, and not small enough to lose your temper over.

Sour Grapes!

Tolstoy, as reported in the St. Petersburg "Novosti."

Song is a trivial and undesirable thing. Why should good and thoughtful men sing? In my country old men like to talk about worthy subjects, about faith, God's will and life, and like to read good books. This is worthy of all praise. But what is singing? It may be compared to wine or tobacco—mere empty pastime, if not worse than that, since it often incites cruel and wicked deeds. In war, song is considered essential; special music is written for soldiers, in order to excite and hypnotize them, just as liquor is served to them for the same purpose. There is no denying the power of song; but there is this difference between wine and song: the former makes people brave and bold, the latter only reconciles them to their fate and induces resignation. Song, in truth, is not a high manifestation of the human spirit; it is something sensuous and low. People acquire the habit of singing, but an exercise of will can rid us of it. Personally I have never cultivated the habit. I do not sing.

The Orchestral Leader

The Springfield Republican

What it means to have a man of superior intellect and artistic capacity at the head of an orchestra is made clear by Laser in his recent book, "The Modern Conductor." A rehearsal under Bülow, he says, "was the most interesting lesson one can imagine. The whole

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orchestra seemed to awaken to a new life. Musicians who had long since lost all interest in their profession were suddenly changed into artists. The violincellist, Anton Hekking, one of the most exuberant and jovial of the players, said to me, 'For the first time it gives me pleasure to play in an orchestra; here, at last, is a chance to learn something.'"

Anton Seidl used to get his players (and, consequently, their audiences) interested in the pieces they were rehearsing by making interesting remarks about these pieces and using picturesque comparisons. That was Hans von Bülow's way, too. When he was rehearsing Weber's *Oberon* overture, Herr Laser tells us, he said to the players: "Imagine that Oberon is going to give the elves a grand festival. He gives his horn player orders to sound the invitation signal. As this is not heeded at once, he has the signal repeated, somewhat louder (some conductors make the mistake of having this second call played very softly, like an echo; but Weber knew very well that there is no such long pause between a call and its echo). At last the guests arrive hastily. But, gentlemen," Bülow continued, when the place had been tried over, "you are making this sound like a regiment of heavy artillery. Remember that we are concerned with elves." Other useful hints were given, and the result is thus summed up by Herr Laser: "The Americans have a saying, 'Nothing succeeds like success'—and the success of the *Oberon* overture under Bülow's direction was enormous. The audience shouted for joy and applauded until the whole work was repeated."



The Tatler

A NOVEL HOSPITAL COLLECTOR

It costs one penny every second to maintain the London Hospital, or 3,153,600 pennies a year!

Brunettes Healthier than Blondes

Dr. F. C. Shrubsall in the London Hospital

Persons of the blonde type suffer more than do those of the brunette type from rheumatic diseases such as tonsilitis, acute rheumatism, and heart disease, while the reverse is the case in reference to pulmonary tuberculosis, nervous disorders (particularly epilepsy), and cancer. Further, this influence has an age-relationship, and disease during early life is found to fall more heavily on children of blonde complexion. Thus in overcrowded areas the proportion of the brunette element is in excess, and the infant mortality among blonde children is greatest. That these areas do not become still more brunette is perhaps to be explained by the earlier rise in overcrowded areas of mortality from pulmonary tuberculosis, the greatest scourge during the child-bearing periods of life.

Why Leaves Fade

Ernest Ingersoll in the N. Y. Evening Post

The primary cause of the withering of the leaves in autumn, then, is the chilling of the soil, and the process advances far before it is accelerated or completed by freezing. Roots are unable to absorb as much water in cool soil as in warm—are stopped from it altogether in very cold earth. They ought not to be urged to do it by the pumping leaves; and so the leaves, partly because their supplies are withdrawn, partly to relieve the plant of their demand, are cast off. With the

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first reduction of temperature in the soil and consequent lessening of water (with its dissolved sustenance) from the roots, the protoplasm begins to withdraw from the leaves. In "evergreen" leaves, which are fitted by their compact shape and other properties, to resist wintry influences, the grains of green coloring matter (chlorophyl) sink to the cells underlying the surface, and are half hidden, so that these leaves become dull in color, veiled under a film of empty surface cells. In the leaves of deciduous trees, however, such as our ordinary hardwoods, the chlorophyl disappears altogether, retreating with the other protoplasmic materials into the branches, stem, and other more sheltered parts of the plants. Steadily these cell contents, carrying the starch, sugar, and all that is serviceable to the plant, migrate backward along the paths by which they descended. In the trees and shrubs they lodge in the woody parts; but in many herbaceous plants they go below ground to be stored on underground stems, or in tuberous roots, and drawn on next spring for the fresh growth of leaves. Hence our potatoes, turnips, beets, etc., do not get their fulness until the "tops" have withered and contributed their materials. Nothing is now left in the leaves but a framework of empty cells and a certain residue of materials no longer useful, which it is an advantage to the plant to get rid of, so that the falling of the leaves is in one view a useful process of excretion.

England's Only "Statesman"

The New Bedford Standard

A significant tribute to King Edward of England came from the recent trades union congress in that country. Both the House of Lords and the House of Commons were heartily denounced as the rich man's assemblies, while the Administration of the country was proclaimed as the rich man's pastime. Mr. Balfour was sneered at as a vacillating nonentity, and Mr. Chamberlain was hissed as the workingman's archenemy; but when John Ward of the Navvies' Union, after condemning militarism and conscription, declared that at present the king was about the only statesman England possesses, and the only real friend of peace, this congress of trades unionism cheered again and again, and gave the speaker quite an ovation when he sat down. Hitherto that body has manifested scant respect for monarchy, and we do not know that it approves of the institution even now. The admiration for the king seems to be chiefly founded on his personality, which has certainly won for him a marvelous respect and affection. King Edward was long in coming to the throne, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has the goodwill of the people in a marked degree.

Divorce and Occupation

The Baltimore American

There has always been a lower percentage of divorces among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other calling, not excepting the clergy. Soldiers, sailors, and marines, on the other extreme, show the highest average of marriage infelicity. Next among the high averages come the hostlers, the actors, agricultural laborers, bartenders, servants and waiters, musicians and teachers of music, photographers, paper hangers, barbers, lumbermen, and so on, diminishing in ratio until the lowest average is reached, as before stated, among the farmers.

The Wit of Woman

G. K. Chesterton in the London Daily News

Women are the inheritors of the oldest, most universal human wisdom. They have more sense than men, for the simple reason that a man has to be a specialist, and a specialist has to be a fanatic. The normal man all over the world is a hunter, or a fisher, or a banker, or a man of letters, or some silly thing. If so, he has to be a wise hunter, or a wise banker. But nobody with the smallest knowledge of professional life would ever expect him to be a wise man. But his wife has to be a wise woman. She has to have an eye on everything, an eye on the things

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Ferdinand Panwels

PEACE AFTER BATTLE

"THOSE WHO SEEK ME SHALL FIND ME"

The Sphere

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that fanatical bankers forget. If the banker is melancholy, she must teach him ordinary cheerfulness. If the banker is too convivial, she must teach him ordinary caution. If she had four husbands (like Chaucer's Wife of Bath), she would be an optimist to the pessimist, a pessimist to the optimist, a Pagan to the Puritan, a Puritan to the Pagan. For she is the secret health of the world.

Surely, then, it is absurd to test the "brain-power" of women by asking how high they figure in examinations or trades; that is to say, how dexterously and powerfully they work as sweeps, or parsons, or journalists, or emperors, or innkeepers, or what not.

For the very great "brain-power" of women in the world is largely poured out in an attempt to modify the excessive sweepiness of sweeps, the undue parsonity of parsons, the journalistic feverishness of journalists, the Imperial vulgarity of emperors, and the moral difficulties that arise from the keeping of an inn. Our sanity is built up out of their agonies. Our stillness is made out of their straining. We have not much to pay them back with for thus upholding from the beginning the utterly unattainable ideal of common sense. We have made one attempt to do it: we have called Nature "she."

Origin of the Term "Spellbinder"

Woman's Home Companion

A New York attorney who left these perplexing scenes but recently for scenes which, if less perplexing, need not be more interesting, was the author of the word "spellbinder." This gentleman's name was McCaskie. The word "spellbinder" came into use when he was chairman of the county committee of the city of New York.

The different speakers under the employ of his committee were in the habit of reporting the meetings which they had attended. These speakers were anxious to boom their stock with their manager, hence they would frequently say, among other things, "Oh, I bound them with a spell," or "I kept them spellbound." The reports of the majority of the speakers agreed in this particular. The manager knowing the ground and motive of their self-laudatory reports, grew tired of them.

One evening one of the Ciceros, more modest than the rest, came in. His name was, and still is, "Jake" Kemple. Upon seeing him, McCaskie inquired of him, "Well, how did you do out there tonight?"

"Oh, just fairly well," replied Mr. Kemple.

Mr. McCaskie looked surprised. Then he said, "Mr. Kemple, I shall raise your salary. I am sick of these 'spellbinders.'"

The reporters immediately got hold of the word. Ever since then (1888) the word "spellbinder" has been in vogue.

An Experience

Tom Masson in Life

There is a man ahead of me.

I am tired this afternoon, and slightly irritable.

I am anxious to get home where I can rest.

I wonder if I know the man ahead of me?

Yes. His name is Jones. Jones is a story-teller and recounter of reminiscences. It wouldn't do to catch up with him.

I never realized before that Jones was such a slow walker. My house is four squares down the street and his is five.

I must go slower. Now we are going along about even. I like Jones, but it would be a strain to meet him just now. I would have to gather myself for a mental effort. I would have to slap him on the back and ask him things I don't care a hang about. Then Jones might begin one of his stories.

Hello! I'm gaining on him again. What in the devil's name makes him go so slow? Perhaps he hears me coming. Maybe he's laying for me.

I never knew before how hard it is to slow down from my accustomed walk. Well, I'll keep it up. I'll get within a reasonable distance of Jones, and then stop short and wait. It is easier to do that.

But suppose he should hear me com-

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ing? He would naturally turn around and wait for me. Better stop now and give Jones a chance to get away.

I'll be hanged if I can stop. I'm too nervous to stop. I'd like to build a fire under Jones.

I'll be up to him in a minute, curse him. No, I won't. I'll loiter. I'll dawdle.

Jones, I'll get even with you for this —for keeping me away from all the comforts of my own home just when I need it most.

There! Gaining on him again. Whew! This is warm work. But I *must* stop. I *will* stop. I'll—

"Hello, Jones, old man! Didn't you see me coming? Why in thunder didn't you wait for a fellow?"

"They Say"

Puck

Who says that Smith must beat his wife?
Who says Jones leads a double life?
Who says that Brown makes party strife?
They.

Who says the Blanks ill-treat the cook?
That Robinson some trust funds took?
That Newrich had a crooked look?
They.

Who knows the man that's bound to win?
Who knows the man who can't get in?
Who tells your every fault and sin?
They.

Who says the words that sting and smart?
Who incognito plies the art?
And yet of whom you are a part?
They.

Retort Courteous

W. J. Price in Lippincott's

Pett Ridge, the London journalist and author, is of the opinion that the keenest repartee, after all, is that half-unconscious sort which springs so wholeheartedly from the masses, and here is a story he tells in support of his theory:

A woman who had been selling fish entered an omnibus with the empty basket on her arm still giving forth an unmistakable odor of the finny folk it had carried. She took a vacant seat next a young "gentleman," who drew his coat-tails away and plainly showed his disgust.

"I s'pose," remarked the woman presently, "that you'd rather there was a gentleman sitting beside you?"

"Yes, I would," was the prompt reply.

There was a moment's pause, and then came: "So would I."

How an Athlete Chooses His College

President W. H. P. Faunce in The World To-Day

Men trained through all the years of school and college life in certain of the methods of college athletics may become future leaders, but they will be leaders in the art of evading taxes, manipulating courts, and outwitting the law of the land. An athletic boy frequently writes to half a dozen colleges and selects the highest academic bidder. Every college president receives letters, stating what inducements have been offered elsewhere, and demanding in thinly veiled phraseology whether he is prepared to outbid his rivals. One of the professors in one of our leading universities has today in his possession a letter from a professor in another institution offering to a promising athlete a guarantee of all expenses throughout his college course.

A "Salvation" Island

From the New York Tribune

The report that General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, is about to purchase the island of Anticosti from Henri Menier, the Parisian chocolate manufacturer, directs the world's attention to one of the most extraordinary real estate transactions of modern times. Ten years ago M. Menier purchased Anticosti for $150,000, and sought to make himself monarch of all he surveyed. Now he has tired of the scheme, which, moreover, did not work satisfactorily, and although he spent nearly $2,000,000 improving this remarkable estate it is believed that he has sold out, or is about to sell out, to General Booth for a fraction of that sum, and that the Salvationists will soon begin to colonize

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Drawn from life by M. N. Kraftchenko *Black and White*

GENERAL STOESSEL

The gallant defender of Port Arthur

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it on a large scale, which he could not succeed in doing.

It would be difficult to imagine any spot better suited than Anticosti for a Salvation Army colony. The island is 130 miles long by 30 wide, has an area of 2,460,000 acres, and possesses 300 miles of seacoast. It lies right athwart the entrance to the St. Lawrence River, forming the line of division between the river and the gulf, and it therefore dominates all the ocean-borne commerce passing through Canada's front door. Anticosti has two fine natural harbors, one at Ellis Bay, at the upper end of the island, and a second at Fox Bay, at its other extremity. Both are capable of accommodating whole fleets of the largest seagoing ships, in every kind of weather.

Grain, wheat, vegetables and fruit are grown on the island and reach maturity. Its timber areas are also extensive, and competent authorities say that there are 2,000,000 acres of spruce and pine-covered forest. The tillable area is estimated at 1,000,000 acres, or 10,000 farms of 100 acres each, and, allowing five persons to a family, this would support 50,000 people. Much of the surface, moreover, is swampy, but by cheap drainage could be turned to profit, as M. Menier has already done with the site of a lake in the interior of the island, from which he now raises splendid crops of oats. The marshes could also be made to support a large and paying industry in the growing of cranberries; the peat deposits promise to be highly productive, and the timber industry could afford employment to hundreds of men.



The English Illustrated Magazine

BUST OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

Modeled in sand on the sea shore.

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The fishery wealth of Anticosti is, however, its chief asset. The waters that wash its shores furnish an abundance of cod, halibut, turbot, mackerel, herring and lobsters. As a result of only two months' fishing last year M. Menier shipped $40,000 worth of lobsters. Inland fishing is also excellent, the streams and lakes abounding with trout. Salmon and sea trout are readily caught in the inlets. The island, therefore, might be converted into a great tourist paradise, with suitable summer hotels and steamboat facilities. It possesses bears, otters, martens and foxes, though poaching has considerably reduced their numbers, and M. Menier has begun to restock it with all these varieties, as well as with moose, elk, and caribou, so as to convert it into a valuable hunting preserve.

Why are American Women Popular in England?

Marie Corelli in The Bystander

The American woman is, above all women in the world, clever—or, let us say, "brainy," to an almost incredible height of braininess. She is "all there." She can take the measure of a man in about ten minutes and classify him as though he were a botanical specimen. She realizes all his limitations, his "notions," and his special and particular fads, and she has the uncommonly good sense not to expect much of him.

She would not "take any" on the lily-maid of Astolat, the fair Elaine, who spent her time in polishing the shield of Lancelot, and who finally died of love for that most immoral but fascinating Knight of the Round Table. No, she wouldn't polish a shield, you bet! She would make Lancelot polish it himself for all he was worth, and polish her own dear little boots and shoes for her into the bargain. That is one of her secrets—masterfulness—or, let us say, queenliness, which sounds better. The Lord of creation can do nothing in the way of ordering *her* about, because as the Lady of creation she expects to order *him* about, and she does. She expects to be worked for, worshiped, and generally attended to, and she gets her way. . . .

Life does not run only in one channel for the American Woman. She does not "make tracks" solely from the cradle to the altar, from the altar to the grave. She realizes that there is more fun to be got out of being born than just this little old measure meted out to her by the barbaric males of earliest barbaric periods, when women were yoked to the plough with cattle, as they still are in some parts of Switzerland. And it is the innate consciousness of her own power and intelligent ability that gives her the dominating charm, the magnetic spell under which the stolid Britisher falls more or less stricken, stupefied, and inert.

A really beautiful woman is scarcely ever seen, not even in Great Britain, where average good looks are pleasantly paramount. Prettiness—the prettiness which is made up of a good skin, bright eyes, soft and abundant hair, and a supple figure—is quite ordinary. It can be seen every day among barmaids, shop girls, and milliners' *mannequins*. But Beauty—the divine and subtle charm which enraptures all beholders—the perfect form, united to the perfect face in which pure and noble thought is expressed in every feature, in every glance of eye, in every smile that makes a sweet mouth sweeter—this is what we may search for through all the Isles of Britain, ay, and through Europe and America and the whole world besides, and seldom or never find it.

A Jolt for American Complacency

The Electrical World and Engineer

All good American engineers and citizens have been very busily engaged the last two or three months in showing friends from abroad the marvels of our civilization, and in accepting with an ill-concealed modesty the hearty and spontaneous compliments on our enterprise, our ardor, our promptitude to take up and perfect new things, our zeal in introducing and popularizing the latest inventions and discoveries. The complacency that has expanded many an American's white vest and brought the

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glow of patriotic pride to his face is decidedly lessened on reading the remarks of so distinguished a visitor as Sir William Ramsay, of argon fame, who thinks American manufacturers decidedly apathetic and behind the times. He says they are not sufficiently alert: "The majority of them do not make it a practice to read scientific journals or to familiarize themselves with the latest trend of scientific thought. English manufacturers are far ahead of Americans in this respect, and Germany shows a clean pair of heels to both." And then he goes on calmly to substantiate this damning indictment with facts and figures. Sir William is the best friend this country has today. He may not be quite exact, but it is well to be told by a frank, friendly and discerning critic that other countries are up and doing, and that this people also must be as alert and aggressive in pursuit of the new and knowable as it ever was at any stage of its development.

Literature a Precarious Calling

A Russian Journalist in The Rousska Viedomosti

The book business is dead—or at least dying. Books? Who now wants a book, and for what? Books are read nowadays only by professors, maniacs, pedants, and prisoners condemned to solitary confinement. Books cost money and time, and contemporary readers have neither. Why should one pay several marks for a single book when for the same amount one can fill a whole shelf with manufactured periodical rubbish? And how is one to get time for books when the struggle for existence hardly leaves a moment of leisure? Men think of the existence of books either in railway carriages or —in bed, when they desire to fall asleep with the least delay.

The attitude of the publishers toward scientific men and authors is one of chilly indifference, even of scornful contempt. Often they decline even to receive men who come with applications or propositions of a business nature. To them everything is stale, antiquated, uninteresting, superfluous. Everything has been said; everything has been printed and consigned to the storeroom. A book which can count on no more than a total sale of three or four thousand copies is rejected by publishers as a hopeless proposition. They will not put it out, at their risk, even if the author foregoes all compensation. The pay for literary work is positively appalling in its beggarliness; $250 for a book of many hundreds of pages, representing original work, is considered a good honorarium. Translations, literally, bring in cents, not dollars. The writing profession finds itself in a wretched condition.

The Passing of the War Correspondent

The London Speaker

Never in any war has the censorship been more exact; never has it been more successful. It is customary to remark upon the exactitude of the Japanese censorship. It is equally true that the Russians, though a Western people and therefore less accustomed to secrecy, have maintained an astonishing reserve. Nothing would seem easier, for instance, than for a correspondent properly disguised to have ascertained at any point upon the Trans-Siberian Railway what numbers were going through; no one has guessed even approximately.

No evidence is worth having in this campaign save that which is officially certified to be true by one of the two combatant parties. That is the principal rule of evidence to follow. No other evidence can, as lawyers say, be admitted. Chefoo, Shanghai, and Tien-Tsin are full of random fellows paid by the job and not by the month, who send any news they choose; and a great deal of the news we read is actually written in Europe.

Diplomacy in the Desert

The Westminster Budget

Colonel Marchand's account, contributed to the *Figaro*, of his interview at Fashoda with Lord Kitchener is slightly Gallic in its style, but at all events it presents the two men as

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The Sphere

THE MODERN WAR CORRESPONDENT

Mr. Sheldon Williams, one of the special artists of the *Sphere* with the Japanese, has here made an allegory of the misfortunes of war for the war correspondent during the present campaign. The reporters have not only been kept at the base but even there they have been closely censored.

having both behaved like gentlemen, and Lord Kitchener with much tact and good sense in the deadly circumstances of their meeting. This piece, at all events, might be a fragment from Dumas:

Lord Kitchener rose. He was very pale. I rose also. He turned his gaze towards the numerous flotilla in which his troops—2000 men at least—were crowded against each other, then turned towards our fort, from the summit of which the gleam of bayonets could be seen. His mute inspection over, General Kitchener made a sweeping gesture towards his flotilla. Then, pointing with his hand to our fort, he said, slowly:

"Major, supremacy——"

"General, military supremacy can only be established through fighting."

"You are right, Major; but I must hoist the flag of his Highness the Khedive on the fort, and you do not wish it?"

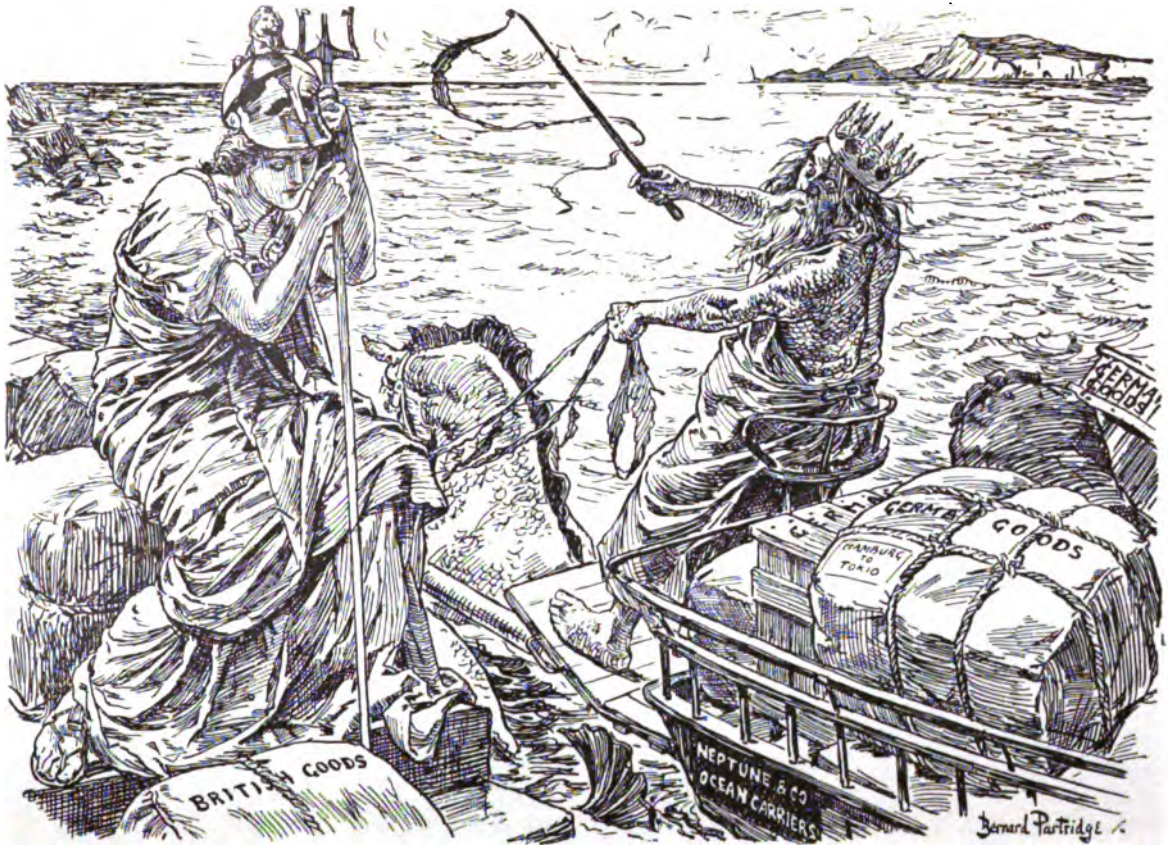
"It is impossible, General. Hoist it over the village."

"I think, then, Major, that our official conversation is now at an end."

"As you please, General."

"Very well," said Kitchener, in the best of temper; "then let us have a whisky-and-soda."

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Punch

MISTRESS OF THE SEA

FATHER NEPTUNE (*ocean carrier*). You're not sending any of your goods out to the Far East just now, ma'am. How's that?
BRITANNIA (*meekly*). I'm not allowed to.
FATHER NEPTUNE. Not allowed! Why, I thought you had a navy!!

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We accordingly drank the whisky-and-soda, Kitchener meanwhile asking me about our march and I questioning him about his victory at Omdurman.

The staunchest blue-ribbonite will not grudge the whisky-and-soda in the circumstances. Whether it happened precisely thus or otherwise, and which of the heroes was palest is happily now no matter. Here we have, no doubt, the essential truth of the scene, but Colonel Marchand a little mars it by the observations which follow, and particularly that in which he suggests that Lord Kitchener's black troops and Egyptian officers would have played him false if it had come to blows. That is a mere hypothesis, and we do not believe it to be a probable one.

The World's Merchant Marine

The Marine Review

Recent statistics published in France estimate the total tonnage of the world's merchant marine at 33,643,000 tons, and the number of vessels at 24,853, of which 12,671 are steamships with 27,184,000 tons, and 12,182 are sailing ships with 6,459,000 tons. This gives an average of about 1540 tons for steamers and 538 tons for sailing vessels. Although the construction of large ships has greatly developed during late years, the greater part of the world's goods is still carried by vessels of average tonnage. The number of ships of over 10,000 tons is only eighty-nine. Of vessels over 5,000 tons, the following table gives the number and the flag floated:

Flag	6,000 to 7,000 tons	7,000 to 10,000 tons	More than 10,000 tons
British. . . .	366	119	48
German . . .	59	15	26
American . .	34	7	7
French	30	4	2
Dutch	6	1	4
Russian. . . .	10	2	..
Austrian . . .	4	1	..
Japanese . . .	16	..	..
Spanish. . . .	3	..	..
Danish	..	1	2

The tonnage of the principal countries is as follows: England, 16,006,374; America, 3,671,956; Germany, 3,283,247; Norway, 1,653,740; France, 1,622,016; Italy, 1,180,335; Russia, 809,648; Spain, 714,447; Japan, 726,818; Sweden, 721,116; Netherlands, 658,845; Denmark, 581,247; Austria-Hungary, 578,697; Greece, 378,199; Belgium, 157,047; Brazil, 155,086; Turkey, 154,494; Chile, 103,758; Portugal, 101,404; Argentina, 95,780.

The Life of the Modern Battleship

Rear Admiral George W. Melville, U.S.N., in The Youth's Companion

The life of the modern steel battleship is less than half that of her wooden prototype—the ship of the line of a previous generation. The old wooden frigate, when built of seasoned oak and copper fastened, was good for forty years of cruising, while the warship of steel reaches the junk heap in less than twenty years from the time her keel is laid.

Without taking into consideration the possibility of grounding, collision, or destruction by an enemy, there are four stages to the life of a modern armored vessel, each period being of about five years' duration.

It requires five years to build such a structure, counting from the time of the signing of the contract until the final acceptance trial of the vessel takes place. For the next five years this floating fighting machine is in active service, and is classed as a unit of naval strength representative of the highest advance in naval construction. Then, either by reason of obsoleteness of armature, inferiority of armor, or reduction in speed, the fighting value of the ship declines, and the vessel is therefore neither regarded as a model for future naval construction, nor is she assigned to the leading squadron of fighting ships. The last five years of her existence finds her employed for special duty or as a ship in reserve.

The actual period in which a modern battleship can be classed as a fighting vessel of the highest order is therefore limited to ten years. While the vessel is in process of construction her usefulness is in great part prospective, while during the last five years of her existence it is in retrospect that she appeals most strongly, even to naval experts.

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Regarding the life of a battleship as of twenty years' duration, there is therefore an annual depreciation of five per cent. in her value. As the first cost of such a vessel, including its machinery and guns, is about seven million five hundred thousand dollars, the actual loss resulting from deterioration or from other causes is at least one thousand dollars per day. The cost of maintaining the vessel in commission will approximate fifteen hundred dollars per day, so that the total outlay in maintaining a battleship in commission, even during a time of peace, involves a direct or indirect expenditure of twenty-five hundred dollars daily.

An American Inventor in England

Alfred Kinnear in The Magazine of Commerce

We get, instinctively, something of Gambetta in the personality of Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim. The facial resemblance is there, coupled also with the subtle and commanding forces of great ardour, splendid conceptions, eloquence, wit, and that charm of manner which seems to be the leavening of the comforting consciousness of success.

Sir Hiram Maxim is a product of the land of wooden nutmegs. He was born at Tangersville, in the State of Maine, on February 5, 1840. He comes of an early Puritan stock. Such education as existed in 1840 in the State of Maine young Maxim of course obtained.

But his thoughts were less on the three R's than on the "making of things." His bent was in a mechanical direction, and odd were the strange contrivances of his brain, his penknife, and a ball of twine.

In 1881 he made his *début* in the Old World by exhibiting in Paris the first electrical current regulator ever invented for reducing the atmosphere to the utility of the electric lamp. Paris was delighted, excited, charmed. Here was a genius born unto a world which knew how to reward ingenuity. That has ever been the wit and spirit of France and Frenchmen, and Mr. Maxim for this invention was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by President Grévy.

In 1883 he applied his mind to a new sphere of activity, and brought out his automatic gun. "Kill quickly and kill largely" was Mr. Maxim's principle, and, after traversing the entanglements of many conceptions, we received the Maxim gun.

Sir Hiram Maxim, speaking of his invention, well describes its terrible energy in the words: "Six hundred rounds a minute from a single barrel is rather too deadly a fire to stand up against." In fact, referring to the experiment of the Maxim fire in the Matabele campaign, which was a private company affair, "The slaughter was so great," remarks Sir Hiram, with almost pardonable cheerfulness, "that the matter was seriously discussed in Parliament as to whether the English were justified in slaughtering the natives in such numbers."

We also owe to this facile inventor the best brand of smokeless field-powder, compounded from gun-cotton of the highest degree of nitration—commonly called tri-nitrocellulose — and nitroglycerine, with a small percentage of a suitable oil. From smokeless powder Sir Hiram returned to the skies, and attacked the impalpable air as the disciple of aërial navigation. Thus we obtained the aëroplane.

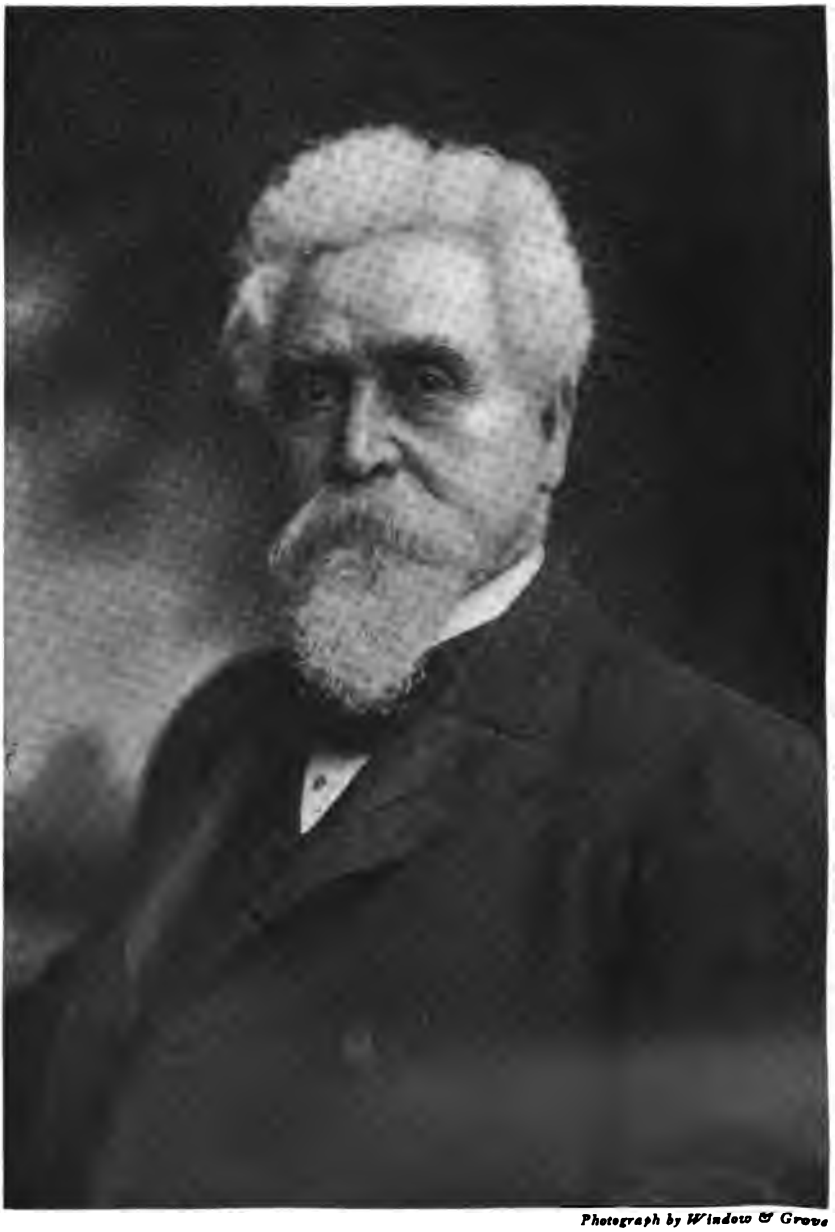
Sir Hiram is the inventor also of mélinite, and has conducted critical experiments in modified forms of picric acid and other high explosives of the lyddite type.

Politicians and Caricaturists

F. C. Gould in The Westminster Budget

The necessity for introducing into political caricatures and cartoons only those faces with which the public are absolutely familiar imposes what is often an irksome imitation upon the artist. Even the most prominent of our statesmen whose names are household words present problems in portraiture which are the despair of the cartoonist. It is not that their faces are devoid of individuality and strong character; it is rather that the characterization is too subtle to allow of easy accentuation. In these cases the cartoonist vainly

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Photograph by Windeto & Grove

SIR HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM

The American explosive expert who won an English knighthood

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JOHN MORLEY

wishes that his elusive subjects would adopt some means of accentuating themselves.

Take Mr. John Morley. His face is unlike that of anyone else in the House of Commons, and yet over and over again as the lines travel over the paper the likeness vanishes with a single stroke in the wrong place. Then comes the india-rubber or the knife, and the fleeting likeness has to be tracked again.

To suggest a moustache would be a crime; whiskers are inadmissible, and the idea of a beard would be monstrous. But why not an eyeglass? The monocle is made for the smooth, keen face only, for on a fat, bearded face it may look funny, if not fatuous.

I have often wondered why in the old days John Bright always appeared in *Punch* with an eyeglass, and I can only imagine that Tenniel, finding it a little difficult to accentuate features which had no very striking characteristics, adopted the monocle, in the same way that the straw was inserted in Lord Palmerston's mouth. And so accustomed were the readers of *Punch* to these features that it is useless to declare that John Bright never wore an eyeglass and that Lord Palmerston was not always chewing straw. It speaks much, therefore, for the conscientious self-sacrifice of the political caricaturists of to-day that they have not combined in an agreement to make Mr. John Morley's face more practicable for their pens and pencils by so simple an expedient.

Mr. Lloyd-George is another individuality who, although perhaps easier to depict than Mr. Morley, has to be insisted upon a good deal yet before he can be used freely on the cartoonist's little stage. In his case, too, although the Welsh facial characteristics are marked, an eyeglass would be a boon to the caricaturist and shorten the period required to educate the public into instant recognition.

Lord Rosebery, again is a stumbling-block, and costs cartoonists many a despairing hour in trying to render a presentable likeness. How much easier it would be if his lordship would only adopt not only the eyeglass but a moustache as well! The latter would not need to be large—indeed, a large moustache would not go well with the face, but a little neat one, slightly turned up on each side, like Count von Bulow's.

Winston Churchill's face is, from the caricaturist's point of view, what I call an elusive one, by which I mean that the more you try to get it the more you lose it, and the likeness which appears



LLOYD-GEORGE

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with only a few strokes of the pen disappears with elaboration. The conclusion of the matter, from the political caricaturist's point of view, is that if a politician has ambition it is important that he should accentuate his personality so that he may be chosen as being easy to represent rather than avoided as being difficult. The methods of this accentuation may vary, and the suggestions I have ventured to put forward are modest and simple, although I admit that they may be based on the selfish desire to be spared trouble in getting likenesses. Their impertinence I do not attempt to deny, for if a political caricaturist cannot be impertinent who can be?

Maxims of a Diplomatist

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in The Nineteenth Century and After

Lord Dalling, the distinguished British diplomat, evidently codified his life in fixed axioms and proverbial sayings. Two or three of these now occur to me. He used to say, "Whenever you speak with a man older than yourself, always recollect that, however stupid he may be, he thinks himself wiser than you because he is older."

He would quote a saying of Talleyrand, which was, "acknowledge the receipt of a book from the author at once; this relieves you of the necessity of saying whether you have read it." He laid down as a rule, quoting it from somebody else, I believe Lord de Ros, that you should never cut anyone, as your so doing deprives you of an opportunity of saying disagreeable things to him. He would also say, "Never discuss, because neither you nor your adversary will give in to the other, and he will ever consider you a stupid fellow for not agreeing with him." He defined the advantage of matrimony as this: "That a wife will tell her husband truths which nobody else would venture to tell, and thus correct many of his defects." He once said to me, and I think his observation is correct, that "intimate friends are always about the same height." This he had found in his own case, and it is difficult for a tall man to be intimate with a short man, as they cannot talk confidentially when walking together.

Here are some of Lord Dalling's proverbs:

The way to be always respected is to be always in earnest.

You cannot show a greater want of tact than in attempting to console a person by making light of his grief.

One of the charms of an intimacy

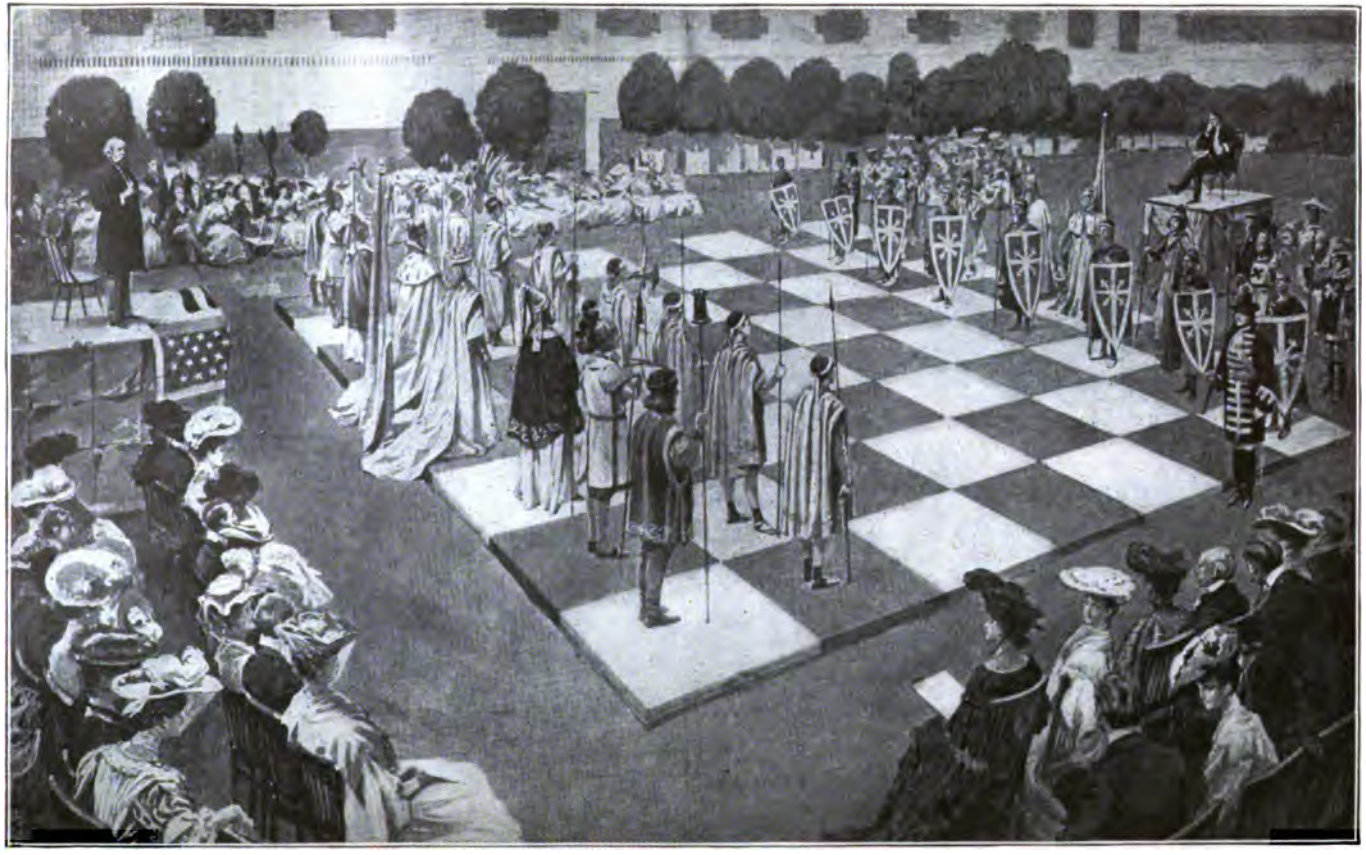


WINSTON CHURCHILL



LORD ROSEBERY

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Drawn by George Scott *The Sphere*

A GAME OF CHESS

Played on the grounds of Mr. George Gould, at Lakewood, N. J., by Dr. Charles L. Lindley and Professor F. M. Roser.

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between two persons of different sexes is that the man loves the woman for qualities he does not envy, and the woman appreciates the man for qualities she does not pretend to possess.

If you expect a disagreeable thing, meet it and get rid of it as soon as you can; if you expect anything agreeable, you need not be in such a hurry, for the anticipation of pain is pain—the anticipation of pleasure, pleasure.

It is very difficult to get stupid people to change their opinions, for they find it so hard to get an idea that they don't like to lose one.

Some men ride a steeplechase after fortune; some seek it leisurely on the beaten track; and some hope to attain it by a new path which they think they have discovered. The first arrive rapidly or not at all; the second arrive surely, but generally too late; the last usually lose their way, but are so charmed with their road that they forget the object of their journey.

Superior men rarely underrate the talents of those who are inferior to them. Inferior men nearly always underrate the talents of those whose abilities are above their own; for the tendency of genius is to raise to its own height, that of mediocrity to depress to its own level.

If you begin by thinking that nothing can be done without difficulty, you will end by doing everything with facility.

"To What Base Uses"

M. A. P.

A well-known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost sight of one another. One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoölogical Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate.

"Hullo, Smith," said he; "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?"

"Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere Gardens a-cleanin' hout the helephants' stables; a nice occypation for one o' the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

The Way of a Boy

Mabel Cornelia Watson in Good Housekeeping

When mother sits beside my bed
At night, and strokes and smooths my head,
And kisses me, I think some way
How naughty I have been all day;
Of how I waded in the brook,
And of the cookies that I took,
And how I smashed a window light
A-rassling—me and Bobby White—
And tore my pants, and told a lie;
It almost makes me want to cry
When mother pats and kisses me;
I'm just as sorry as can be,
But I don't tell her so—no, sir,
She knows it all; you can't fool her.

The "Sane and Safe" in Travel

From "The World's Progress" in Four-Track News

In railway travel the most popular trains are those which afford the greatest degree of comfort and the best general service, coupled with economy of time, but the latter desideratum does not necessarily mean the train which runs at an excessive speed. The so-called "fast trains" are those which make especially good time between distant points because of the fact that they make few stops and, consequently, utilize time to the best possible advantage. The "Limiteds" and "Expresses," which are the terms usually applied to "fast trains," do not run at a greater average speed than many local trains, but because they make only a few stops on their long runs they are able to cover long distances in relatively few hours. This economy of time is attained without excessive speed, and to this economy is added the highest degree of comfort and service; qualities which form an irresistible attraction to travel.

A "sane and safe" degree of speed, coupled with economy of time and luxurious service, meets the highest requirements of both the business man and the pleasure tourist, in this rapid twentieth century, when "time is money" and comfort in travel is not the exception, but the rule.

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EUROPE THROUGH FRENCH EYES—1870

Russia, the rag-picker, looks about for what he can pick up. Prussia is crowding Austria which, in turn, is pressing on Italy. The Turk sleeps. England has trouble with her Irish cat.

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Photograph copyright, 1904, by Day Allen Willey

JOHN BULL AND HIS FRIENDS—1900

Russia, the octopus, is reaching out to encircle England, Norway, and Sweden, North China, Persia, Afghanistan, and Poland. The map shows how the Europe of 1900 feared Russia. It is not so now. England sits in "splendid isolation."

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richesse de vie et d'espérance que Dieu sème à pleines mains dans l'âme enfantine.

Je vois, par les soirs d'hiver, la terre blanche, et le ciel d'occident rouge-feu. Ce rouge, nous savions bien ce que c'était, aux approches de Noël. Nos grand'mères nous avaient dit: la Dame de Noël fait ses gâteaux. Vivement l'imagination enfantine, à qui rien n'est impossible, bâtissait dans le s nuages d'or une cuisine céleste où de beaux anges chauffaient des fours et pétrissaient la pâte. Le ciel était si près de nous que la fumée de nos toits nous semblait s'envoler vers ses parvis.

Puis, le soir venu et la nuit close, il fallait bien qu'une ombre surgît au tableau. Car si les enfants sages voient les anges, les méchants garçons ont peur de quelqu'un s'apprêtant à les rudoyer. Ce personnage était Hans-Drabb. Je l'ai connu personnellement, ce citoyen peu commode, précurseur, de quelques jours, de l'aimable dame blanche, porteuse du sapin étincelant. Il ne nous a jamais fait que des peurs supportables; mais comme nous le trouvions dans son droit, et bon enfant malgré sa figure sévère! Il nous avait, jour par jour guettés, observés, dans notre répertoire de gamineries. Et, s'il offrait de verges à nos mères pour nous rendre dociles, cet ancien ne remplissait-il pas une fonction indispensable? Nous avions donc, pour Hans-Drabb, une sympathie respectueuse et quelque peu tremblante. D'ailleurs, les chaînes secouées dans les corridors, les coups frappés aux portes, le son grave et comminatoire de sa voix—ne savions-nous pas que tout cela, en somme, annonçait l'approche du soir divin? Chacun de nous, s'il avait pu exprimer son âme, eût dit avec le poète:

Et je marche vivant dans mon rêve étoilé.

Mais le voici, le soir attendu. Après la courte journée de décembre, trop longue cependant à nos impatiences, l'ombre est arrivée, les étoiles s'allument.

all the wealth of life and hope which God sows with lavish hand in the soul of a child.

I see, on winter evenings, the white earth, and the western sky as red as fire. The red—we knew what that meant, with Christmas drawing near. Our grandmothers had told us: Our Lady of Christmas was making her cakes. Immediately the childish imagination, which halts at nothing, built in the golden clouds a celestial kitchen where beautiful angels heated the ovens and mixed the cake. The sky was so near us that the smoke from our roofs seemed to drift upward to its templed courts.

Then, evening past and night fallen, it was inevitable that a shadow should suddenly loom on the picture. For if good children see angels, bad boys are afraid of some one ready and waiting to administer punishment. This individual was Hans-Drabb. I knew him myself, this uncompromising person, forerunner by a few days of the lovable lady in white, the bearer of the sparkling fir. He never frightened us beyond endurance; we knew him to be in the right and a good fellow in spite of his forbidding countenance. Day by day he had spied upon us, watched us in all our mischievous performances. And if he presented our mothers with birches for our own good, was not this worthy fulfilling a necessary function? We had, therefore, for Hans-Drabb a respectful, somewhat fearful, liking. Besides, chains rattling in corridors, loud knocks on the doors, the grave and denunciatory tones of his voice—did we not know that all these things announced the approach of the divine evening? Each one of us, if he could have expressed his soul, would have said with the poet:

And I walk living in my starry dream

But now is the expected evening. After the short December day, too long, nevertheless, for our impatience, the shades of night have fallen, the stars

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Dans la chambre, de plus en plus obscure, les enfants s'assemblent. Papa me tenait sur ses genoux. Je sens encore son menton frôler ma tête et me caresser, tout en piquant un peu. Et nos questions: Pourquoi maman n'est-elle pas dans la chambre? Fait-elle, comme l'année dernière, à pareille époque, une visite à la vieille voisine? Manquera-t-elle encore la bonne Dame de Noël? Ce serait dommage.

Tout à coup une sonnette retentit par le corridor et semble se rapprocher. La porte s'ouvre d'un air de mystère. Voilée, silencieuse, entre la dame céleste, portant, comme un flambeau, le mignon sapin.

Nous disons chacun sa prière. Oh! ces petites prières, brèves, naïves! Je commence à les redire. Si je deviens vieux, je finirai par ne plus en dire d'autres. La bonne Dame les écoutait. Sa voix, ensuite, se faisait entendre, douce avec des échos d'un autre monde.

Et, mysterieuse comme elle était venue, la forme blanche se retirait, laissant dans nos âmes, pour des semaines, une traînée de lumière.

Plus tard, en un jour semblable, devenu grandelet, observateur attentif de toutes choses, je fixai longtemps la dame à travers le voile. Une dent lui manquait——juste au même endroit qu'à maman. Ce fut pour moi un trait de lumière. L'absence de maman, à chaque visite de la gracieuse dame, acheva de me convaincre. Sans troubler la confiance des petits, je fus fixé depuis ce jour: La Dame de Noël, c'était maman!

Les annees ont passé. Presque tous les hôtes de ces lointains Noëls sont entrés aux demeures éternelles. Suivant la famille aimée, ma pensée, lorsque s'allument les sapins d'aujourd'hui, s'envole vers les absents, au pays du consolant mystère. Je sens leurs âmes environner les nôtres. Et comme aux heures bienheureuses de l'enfance, le ciel et la terre me semblent se rapprocher et se confondre. Lentement

begin to shine. In the room, growing darker and darker, the children gather. Father holds me on his knees. I can still feel his chin lightly touch my head, caressing me while it pricks just a little. And our questions: Why isn't mother in the room? Is she making a call on our elderly neighbor, as happened last year at this time? Will she miss the dear Christmas Lady again? It would be a pity.

Suddenly a bell sounds in the corridor and seems to draw near. The door is mysteriously opened. Veiled and silent, the celestial visitor enters, bearing, as a torch, the dear little tree.

Each one of us says his prayer. Oh, those little prayers, so short and simple! I am beginning to say them again. If I live to grow old, I shall end by not saying any others. The dear Lady listened to them. Then she spoke, her voice sweet with the echoes of another world.

And as mysteriously as she had come the white figure withdrew, leaving in our souls, for weeks, a trail of light.

Later, on a similar day, when I had grown tall and become an eager observer of all things, I stared at our Lady through her veil. She had lost a tooth ——in just the same place as mother. That was a revelation to me. Mother's absence at each visit of the gracious lady was a further proof. Without disturbing the faith of the little ones, my views were settled from that day: Our Lady of Christmas was mother.

The years have passed. Almost all the guests of those distant Christmases have entered the eternal mansions. Following my beloved ones, my thoughts, when the trees of today are lighted, fly to the absent, in the land of consoling mystery. I feel their souls surrounding our souls. And, as in the happy years of childhood, heaven and earth seem to me to draw close together and to mingle. Slowly in the heart of the mature man a harmony has been brought about between the simple faith of the little

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au coeur de l'homme mûr, une combinaison s'est faite entre la foi naïve, à jamais sainte et véridique des tout-petits, et la constatation du perspicace garçonnet. La Dame de Noël: j'y crois toujours. C'est vrai. C'est arrivé. Les rougeurs des soirs sont bien l'indice de son labeur d'amour. On pense à nous, là-haut! Plus loin que ne portent nos yeux, une invisible bonté veille et prépare de quoi réjouir nos coeurs. Les yeux d'enfant ont vu juste. Ils percent plus loin que les lunettes astronomiques prétendant n'avoir rien découvert dans l'infini. Quelle plus douce preuve de ce qui se passe là-haut, quel interprète meilleur de ses dons le Père des cieux nous a-t-il envoyé, que nos mères? Il est donc vrai que: "La Dame de Noël, c'est maman," soeur des anges, messagère aimée du bon Dieu.

On me dit que la sonde n'a jamais pu indiquer la profondeur de certains lacs. C'est peut-être que la ficelle n'était pas assez longue. Mais pour sûr il y a un abîme dont jamais aucune sonde, si perfectionée soit-elle, ne mesurera les profondeurs. Cet abîme est le coeur maternel, et il est plein d'amour.

Mon Dieu, que je voudrais que tous les enfants aient de beaux Noëls et que, dans ce monde froid et brumeux comme certains soirs de décembre, ceux qu'on nomme les "grands" puissent retrouver un coin lumineux, chaud, rayonnant d'amour et d'espérance au fond de leur âme d'enfant!

tots—always to be reverenced, for it represents so much of truth—and the fact established by the sharp-sighted lad. Our Lady of Christmas: I still believe. It is true. It happened. The red glows of evening are indeed a reflection of her labor of love. They are thinking of us above! Beyond the reach of our eyes an invisible graciousness watches and prepares wherewith to rejoice our hearts. The child's eyes saw right. They penetrate further than the telescopes which claim to have discovered nothing in the infinite. What sweeter proof of what is taking place above, what better interpretation of his qualities has our Father in Heaven sent us than our mothers? It is true, therefore, that "Our Lady of Christmas is mother," sister of the angels, beloved messenger of the good God.

I have been told that the sounding-line has never been able to measure the depth of certain lakes. Perhaps because the line was not long enough. But, truly, there is one abyss whose depth no sounding-line can measure. This abyss is the heart of a mother, and it is full of love.

Oh, how I wish that all children might have happy Christmas days, and that in this world, as cold and cheerless as some December evenings, those we call the "grown-ups" might find a nook—light, warm, radiating love and hope—hidden down in their child-soul!

Translated by Mary Bacon.

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THE NOVELS OF RENÉ BAZIN

By HENRY A. STIMSON

When the distinguished French critic, M. Edouard Rod, was in this country, in one of his lectures he spoke with much feeling of the fact that France is judged through the novelists of the recent past, although there has arisen a new group of writers, as yet but little known, who are much worthier to represent their country.

For a couple of generations, at least, to English speaking people a "French novel" has suggested a book to be apologized for—clever doubtless, and interesting, but wicked, a book to be viewed afar by most people, to excite, to tempt, and to leave a bad taste in the mouth of those who read it. Even to those who steered clear of the De Goncourts, the Maupassants, and the Zolas, there was trouble awaiting in the Daudets, the Bourgets, and even in François Coppée, Madame Correao, and many of the most modern. The realism and interest even of Balzac have not been sufficient to atone for the coarseness which they have helped to keep in vogue. Of course there have always been sweet, clean stories, but they have been hard to find; and the impression of French novels and French plays that has long maintained continues.

It is much to be deplored, for no literature is so beautiful in style, so clean-cut, so light of touch, so graceful, so flowing, so finished and enjoyable as the French; none has the stamp of a finer culture or a higher civilization; none is so fitted to express all that is charming and simple and gracious in life. It has enjoyed to the full that freedom which characterizes the revival of English literature in the opening of the nineteenth century, as the gift to it of the spirit of the Elizabethan age.

Certainly there is a France outside of Paris; and there is a Paris outside of that represented in the ordinary novel, but most people have no knowledge of it; while those who have sought knowledge through somewhat promiscuous novel-reading have frequently, even when books have been suggested by friends, found themselves moved to throw the books into the fire. To what end is the cleverness or the power, if the medium is vice and the outcome is nastiness or filth? What is the use of knowing that world?

The problem novel and the society novel may have their place; Ibsen and Tolstoi and Maeterlinck and Sudermann and their English and American congeners are in every catalogue; but we would sorrow at the death of William Black and R. D. Blackmore with a sharper pang did we not know that *A Princess of Thule* and *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, *Lorna Doone* and *Alice Lorraine* were only single books thrown up from the stream of sweet and pure and charming English tales which, from the days of *Cranford* and *Shirley*, has never run dry. For the moment it is the place of René Bazin to bring to our knowledge the existence of such a stream in France.

His recent story, *Les Oberlé*, is said to have brought about his election to the French Academy. If so, it is probably because of its intense patriotism rather than its exceptional value among his works. It is the simple story of an Alsatian family living under the German rule of today. The father, a common-

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place, shrewd, and rich mill-owner, has adjusted himself to the new conditions. It is the old story—money answereth all things. He finds his chance; his business increases enormously; he is growing very rich; he sees no reason why he should quarrel with his bread and butter; he can readily be as much of a German as is necessary. His ambitious and pretty daughter is of his mind, and is quite ready to find her *parti* in a well-connected but arrogant and selfish young German officer. But the mother and, above all, the old grandfather are furious patriots. They will have absolute non-intercourse with the conquerors, and they love their native soil with a passion which would not permit them to leave it, no matter what they suffer. The only son, who has of a purpose been sent by his father to get his education in a German university and in continental travel, returns home to make his election between the two courses of conduct. Despite all the Germanizing to which he has been subjected he is true to Alsace and to France. He is the central character of the tale. There is a little love-story, to give its added touch of tenderness but not to divert the main current. It is a charming picture of a simple people living their quiet lives under conditions to awaken much human interest.

The process of Germanizing the Alsatian has not so far advanced, at least in the rural districts, as to change the character of the people. The girls with their traditional bow of broad black silk as a head-dress, their picturesque costume, their square, strong figures, and their large, intelligent eyes, are as attractive as ever; the men are shrewd, industrious, thrifty, kindly, as of old; while all are depicted as possessed with a patriotism which is successfully resisting every effort to transform it, and which in the pathos of its condition and its patient fidelity makes a constant and moving appeal to France. With such a tale M. Bazin was sure of his audience and, as the result shows, of his chair in the Academy.

But his list already begins to be long and covers a considerable range. *La Terre qui Meurt* takes us to the opposite side of France and to solid French ground. It is a pathetic tale of the struggles of the farmers of the West Coast to maintain their farms against the advancing poverty of the soil, the gradual change of the population, and the remoteness of markets. The materials of the tale are so slender, the life described is so simple, that one wonders at the art that has wrought a story out of it. A kindly heart and a nature capable of feeling deeply the circumstances of the people with whom he deals—as Hardy with his Wessex folk and Symonds with his north Italians—are united with an exquisite art in telling a tale that holds one's interest and stirs one's quiet sympathy to the end. The situation seems hopeless in a different way than that of the Alsatians, and far more so; but there is nothing sordid or morose or oppressive, and one rises from the reading with a kindlier feeling and a more open heart.

De Toute son Ame deals with the same West Coast, but with life in the town. It is the story of a sensitive and naturally refined girl of the lower class, a milliner's apprentice, endowed with that exquisite taste and dexterous hand which give France her leadership in all artistic production. This young girl's lot is cast in a town dominated by great iron-works, whose smoke and grime are upon all, and in which her worthless brother works. She is the motherless daughter of an elderly man who is wrapped up in her and to whom she is devoted. The little home she makes for him is an oasis of taste and comfort in the sordid life that surrounds them. The book is the story of her life. Nothing could be simpler, and nothing more beautiful. She is a wayside flower as exquisite in its humble surroundings as any pictured by Wordsworth.

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The girls in the milliner's shop have their tragedies; the town has its strike; her dissolute, only brother is a crushing weight upon her own and her father's heart; she lives her gentle life utterly unconscious that she plays any part, but she is seen putting herself close to each one's need and with all her heart helping everywhere. The love of the strong, uncouth young fisherman who would set this flower on his breast seems to bring out the simplicity and devotion of her unselfish service of others, and to make plain the gulf that separates her nature from theirs. It is a story told so ingenuously that the narrator disappears; the characters, without a trace of self-consciousness, live before us lives that we have been permitted to share; until at the end with hearts aglow with kindly human interest we have made new friends in a world quite different from our own; friends who, in their quiet, brave lives, have given us cheer and will be delightful to remember.

Une Tache d'Encre was an earlier story, and the first to be *couronné* by the Academy. It is still simpler, but it gives the author the opportunity to show how even in Paris and in the Latin Quarter an idyl can be found without having upon it a blot of the kind of life that is generally thought to engulf everyone in that shady environment. It is nothing more than the happy love-story of a young law student from Bourges who has come to Paris for his final studies and his degree, and who like others has to find himself. But, unlike so many others, he finds himself without a touch of evil in his romantic love for the only daughter of a widowed professor. There is so little of situation or drama in the tale that one wonders how it could have been conceived. It gives us not the single wayside flower but such a bouquet as one may see in a window, of flowers more rare but all so fresh and fragrant and well grown that together they tell of the refined and beautiful and wholesome life within, no matter what the life of the great city that holds it all.

It is inconceivable that a nation whose life is so virile as is that of France, and which shows no signs of dropping from the first place it has so long occupied in the world of letters and of art, could be truly depicted in the novels which have so commonly found their way across the sea. As M. Rod said, there is another literature and a far truer picture of France. Those who have fallen upon the stories of Ferdinand Fabre, and have discovered the power and the tragedy, will rejoice in René Bazin and his revelation of the purity and the beauty. There are doubtless other names as worthy to be mentioned, but these are sufficient to encourage the search. And they offer a rare reward.

Henry A. Stimson



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THE PICKERS "SCOOPING" CRANBERRIES

With the modern scoop, a tool with strong hickory teeth, one man does the work of twenty-five under the old hand-picking régime. The operator easily pushes and rocks the scoop forward, missing few berries and doing little injury to the vines.

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in others leaning back just enough to make room for the road. Up among their somber hemlocks the scarlet maple, sassafras, and sapling oak blazed like a forest fire. A soft haze of amethyst brooded over the bog; the bright lettuce-green border was of young white birches; and the air had that peculiar limpid quality that comes only in early autumn days. When will they invent a camera that will catch and hold the colors in such a picture!

"They're scoopin' just around that hill, an' I reck'n you'll find the Sup'ntendent there."

We were on an earth embankment now, and were so engrossed with the beauty of a near view of evergreen vines with their load of scarlet berries that the wagon, stacked high with empty boxes, almost ran over us. We followed it and came upon a scene of activity for which we were totally unprepared. Empty boxes lay in a careless heap—full ones in orderly stacks, and a loaded wagon was ready to drive to the screening-house. Up a gang-plank came a procession of men trundling large wheelbarrows loaded with boxes. Farther back among the vines were the pickers—men with dark hair and eyes, swarthy-skinned Italians, with scant knowledge of the English language, but muscular, good-tempered, and teachable, and very competent in handling the "rocker scoops." They did not realize how they completed the picture. That giddy red sweater; a purple handkerchief here, an orange one there, knotted about tawny throats; even the strips of carpet tied about their knees—all were parts of the perfect, harmonious landscape.

"Bravo!" is shouted on all sides at two who stand up to have their pictures taken. The overseer good-naturedly permits the partial disorganization of the ranks. "Jollies" in musical foreign jargon are exchanged, among them the inevitable and venerable warning: "He bre'k de cam'ra!"

"Water boy! water boy!" they cry in unison as that popular minion, with bucket and dipper, appears from the spring up the hill.

Each man kneels on the mattress of vines behind his work and moves steadily ahead, doing a swath about a yard wide. They go in parallel lines, but the area is not "roped off" as under the old hand-picking régime. One man picks as many berries in a day as twenty-five pickers did four years ago. And he works with much more ease.

Fifty men are "scooping" under the eyes of two foremen. The scoop is an admirable tool, with strong hickory teeth and no mechanism to get out of order. It is heavy, but it doesn't have to be lifted until it is full. It is astonishing how easily the operator pushes and rocks his tool forward, how few of the berries he misses, and how little he tears the vines in the process.

Each overseer wields a scoop, but he knows what his gang is about—every man of them. No. 29 is a new hand; he scoops too low and is tearing out the runners, or too high and is missing the lower berries. He gets a word of instruction, or reproof. He tries again. No better. He has not understood.

"Hey there, Guiseppe!" The wiry little fellow who acts as interpreter comes bouncing over. A word or two in the sharp staccato of his native *patois*, a motion of the scoop—and the bewildered greenhorn is set right.

The scoops are emptied into boxes scattered over the bog, and collected again, by the squad with the wheelbarrows.

As we turn away to follow the wagon I speak about the swift evolution in methods of picking, and request more facts about that admirable scoop.

"It was invented right here on this bog by my partner," said the Superintendent.

"I guess *you* had as much to do with inventin' of it as the other man," slyly put in the driver.

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before noon. The sun, whose heat might have scalded every water-soaked berry, discreetly stayed under a cloud. And the Superintendent and his lieutenants went home and took a nap!

On a little bog not far away border bonfires were built on the same evening. The smudge they made—a great warm blanket of smoke—"flowed" over the bog from one end to the other and saved the endangered vines.

This little bog of ten acres nearby showed much that the larger one could not. Here we saw a bog in the making. Only a narrow border-ditch separates a newly planted acre from the wild bog of which it was recently a part. This outside land is densely covered with young swamp-maples and birches, and in the undergrowth grows the leather-leaf, or Cassandra, a sure sign that it is a good place for cranberries.

Then comes the so-called, and miscalled, "turfing" process. To grub out everything, level the black, mucky undersoil, run the ditches properly for drainage and irrigation—this is the way a new bog is made. It costs from three hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars to get an acre ready for planting.

The new bog was planted last May, and already the plants have taken root and are sending out long runners. A layer of sand six inches deep was put evenly over the mucky soil, and an old piece of bog was mowed to supply the cuttings. These were thrust through the sand into the muck, till only a few inches protruded. Several are bearing, but it will be five years before runners cover the ground and fruitful branches are dense enough to bear a full crop.

With careful weeding and a thick dressing of sand every year or two, and flooding every winter, the bog increases in yield. At eight years it is due to yield over one hundred barrels per acre, and this will pay back in the first full crop the total cost of it to date. The after profit is great, as the demand for cranberries is growing at home and abroad.

The common American cranberry, *Vaccinium macrocarpon*, first cousin to huckleberry, wintergreen, and trailing arbutus, with fruit reaching an inch in diameter, is the parent of our cultivated varieties. New Jersey, Wisconsin, and Cape Cod have cranberry belts, but there are none of commercial importance elsewhere. At Manomet the Early Black and the Howe are favorite varieties —with especial emphasis on the latter— for they keep well, improving in color and ripening in cold storage.

Following the harvest, after the last acre is picked the bog is raked with a special tool that has sickle-like teeth. Thus it is combed and clipped of all ragged runners torn up in the harvest. If the weather is fair, a dressing of sand is evenly spread upon the vines. It covers the long brown "legs" of the plants, and sets them to rooting higher up. Sanding in summer kills weeds and the larvæ of injurious insects, particularly the "root worm." Many growers prefer to sand in winter time, distributing a thick layer on the ice.

The last thing to do is to flood the bog for winter. Throughout the summer the water level must be way down, twenty inches below the roots of the plants. All winter the bog is under water. The plants are ready for vigorous growth when the water goes out early in May.

Then comes the critical period—the dangers of late frosts, invasions of insects, and rain. The delicate pink blossoms are fragrant, and depend upon bees for cross-fertilization. If it is rainy the bees stay at home, the pollen is washed away, and the crop is sure to be a light one. Then there are hail storms to fear in midsummer, and early frosts in the fall.

"But then," said the genial Superintendent at the end of our visit, "we shall have ten thousand barrels this year off of one hundred and ten acres. As far as I know there is not a share of our stock for sale."

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THE GRADER IN ACTION

The grading-machine is a two-story affair. The berries, poured into the hopper up-stairs, fall upon a table having open grooves through which the berries, according to size, fall into receptacles below.

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THE FULL MOON

The great dark patches are the "seas" (maria) that cover fully one-third of the moon. Not water, but oceans of lava washed their shores. The mysterious ray-systems, of which many craters are the centers, are distinctly visible.

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WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE MOON

THE LATEST DISCOVERIES AND THEORIES

BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFFERT

Millions of years ago, just how many we cannot even roughly determine, the earth was not the land-bound, sea-swept globe so familiar to us, but a liquid mass on which floated a crust some thirty-five miles thick. At that inconceivably remote period it turned on its axis, not once in our present day of twenty-four hours, but at a constantly-increasing speed that finally shortened the day to three hours. When that terrific velocity was attained—a velocity over sixteen times faster than the flight of the fastest rifle bullet—a cataclysm of stupendous magnitude occurred. Five thousand cubic million miles of matter were hurled off by the enormous centrifugal force of the earth, to leave it forever. In that terrestrial convulsion our moon was born.

The cleaving of so large a body as the earth must have left some scar on its surface. It has accordingly been suggested that perhaps the great basin now occupied by the Pacific Ocean was once filled by the moon; but the theory, although incapable of either proof or refutation, is at best a splendid piece of scientific speculation.

Unique as was its origin, the moon presents other singularities. It has the distinction of being the largest of all planetary satellites; so large, indeed, that to the inhabitants of Mars it must appear with the earth as a wonderfully beautiful twin planet.

Because the moon rotates on its axis in exactly the same time that it revolves around the earth, we are destined to see little more than one hemisphere; and that little we see because of a peculiar swaying motion, called libration, that enables us to catch just a glimpse of the other side. Much as astronomers would like to study the face that is forever turned from us, it is reasonable to infer that it differs in no important respect from that which we see each month. So slow is the moon's rotation on its axis that the lunar day is equal to fifteen of our days. For half a month the moon is exposed to the fierce heat of the sun; for half a month it spins through space in the densest gloom.

Smaller in mass than the earth as it is, the moon's attraction for bodies must be correspondingly less. That circumstance has a most important bearing on the physical condition of the moon; for it explains to a certain extent the enormity of its craters and the loftiness of its mountain peaks. A good terrestrial athlete could cover about one hundred and twenty feet on the moon in a running broad jump. Indeed, leaping over a barn would be a very commonplace feat. A man in the moon could carry six times as much and run six times as fast as he could on the earth—all because the moon attracts bodies with but one-sixth of the force of the earth. Thus it happens that lunar volcanic upheavals piled up mountains that tower considerably higher than those of the Alps.

Although separated from us by a distance that at times reaches 253,000 miles, and is never less than 222,000 miles, we know more of the physical

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formation of the single pallid face that the moon ever turns toward us than we know of certain parts of Asia and the heart of Africa. Powerful telescopes have brought our satellite within a distance of forty miles of the earth. Physicists have mathematically weighed it and fixed its mass at one-eightieth of the earth's, or seventy-three trillion tons. Astronomers have studied, photographed, and mapped its great, dark plains, to which the name of *maria*, or seas, was inappropriately given centuries ago when their true nature was misunderstood; its scores of lofty mountain chains; its straight, trough-like valleys and silver-fringed abysses; its thousands of extinct craters; its hundreds of so-called "rills," or narrow linear depressions; and its curious, radiant bright streaks. Some of these features have been named after great astronomers, and after terrestrial landmarks of similar character. The more prominent formations were christened in the early days of astronomy with picturesquely inaccurate Latin names, which still cling with traditional tenacity. The great black patches, at that time mistaken for vast bodies of water, to this day bear such suggestive designations as the Sea of Conflicts, the Sea of Clouds, the Sea of Nectar, the Sea of Showers; while other expanses are still called, with poetic unfitness, the Lake of Death, the Lake of Dreams, the Marsh of Sleep, the Bay of Rainbows, and the Bay of Dew. Great astronomers have been remembered in the craters, Tycho, Copernicus, Kepler, Ptolmæus, and others. The highest of all lunar eminences, towering 23,800 feet above the plain below, is appropriately called Newton. When illuminated by the first rays of the rising sun, its shadow seems like a great black finger pointing inward from its base. The mountain ranges of our earth find their counterparts in lunar Apennines and Alps, a more or less continuous chain in which a good telescope will show thousands of mountains clustered together. So familiar is the wrinkled and pitted face of the moon that none of its lineaments may be considered astronomically unexplored.

Twin planet of the earth though it may be, and therefore like the earth in many ways, the moon presents aspects without any terrestrial parallel. Rent by fires long since dead, its honeycombed crust seems like a great globe of chilled slag. Craters are not uncommon on the earth; but in number, in size, and in structure, they bear for the most part little resemblance to those of the moon. A lunar crater is not the mouth of a volcano having a diameter of a few hundred feet, but a great circular plain twenty, fifty, even one hundred miles in diameter, surrounded by a precipice rising to a height of five thousand or ten thousand feet, with a central hill or two about half as high. A man standing in the middle of one of the larger lunar craters would never see the lofty encircling rampart; it would be completely lost beneath the horizon. Enormous as many of the moon's volcanoes are, it must not be supposed that they are all of gigantic size. Thousands of them are of more modest dimensions. The smallest object that can be discerned by a great modern telescope at the distance of the moon is about as large as an ocean steamer. Craters less than five hundred feet in diameter cannot, therefore, be seen. There must be many such if one may judge by the varied size of those that have been photographed and mapped. It is probable that the total number of craters and craterlets visible on the moon under the most favorable conditions exceeds two hundred thousand, and may fall little short of a million. Galileo, who seems to have had something of a poet's aptness of description, prettily likens the innumerable craters near the South Pole to the eyes of a peacock's tail. And yet in his crude telescope he never saw one-tenth of the pits exhibited in the accompanying illustrations. Perhaps

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THE MOON WHEN SEVEN DAYS OLD

On the dark border of advancing sunlight hundreds of dead volcanoes may be seen. The vast black areas below the center were once oceans of molten rock.

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the most magnificent of all the many lunar craters, even though it may not be the largest, is Copernicus. Its huge mouth, forty-six miles in diameter, is enclosed by a wall rising precipitously to a height of twelve thousand feet above the level of the plateau below. In the center stands an impressive group of cones twenty-four hundred feet high. Landslips occurred in the encircling wall, evidenced by gaps. The entire crater is the product of a mighty, overwhelming, volcanic disturbance, which has left its mark round about for a hundred miles in numerous chasms and rents.

Ever since the days of Galileo, the first astronomer who ever saw the moon through a telescope and the first man who recognized its mountainous character, these craters have given rise to endless discussion. Indeed, all theories of the moon's evolution may be said to begin with them. Whether they are the results of the impact of countless meteorites, as some astronomers hold; whether they are the products of giant bubbles that have burst; or whether they are simply volcanoes—will, in all likelihood, never be known. Volcanic agitations of some sort did occur—this much is certain. That most of the craters are extinct is also certain. But whether some of them may not be still active is a question that has of late years given rise to an intensely interesting scientific debate.

The astronomers of the old school, the men who have given us what may be called the old moon—a lifeless, cold, desolate orb—taught that all the craters were dead, that the moon had no atmosphere at all, and that therefore it could not have water and could not sustain life. The astronomers of the new school, the men who have given us the new moon, teach that the moon's craters are not all extinct, that there is photographic proof of an exceedingly rare lunar atmosphere, that great expanses of snow and ice cover certain portions, and that there is evidence of regularly occurring changes, explained most simply and satisfactorily by the growth and decay of vegetation.

Perhaps the most assiduous and most convincing of the many investigators who have sought to overthrow the notions of the moon's pitiful desolation—notions that have prevailed for decades—is Professor William H. Pickering of Harvard University. In the course of many years' study he has gathered an overwhelming mass of data that bid fair to dethrone the theories of the past and to illuminate many a dark spot in our knowledge of the moon.

To prove the persistence of lunar volcanic activity reliance is placed chiefly on a little crater called Linné, after the famous naturalist Linnæus. Ever since we have known anything about it at all Linné has been undergoing remarkable changes. On the old maps one observer notes it as a crater of moderate size; another, a century later, describes it as a "very small, round, brilliant spot." Measured in the days of modern instruments, it appears sometimes as a crater four miles in diameter, sometimes six miles in diameter, and then shrinks to its present size of about three-quarters of a mile. Surely a dead volcano cannot alter its shape so decidedly! Still another proof of eruptions is afforded by a splendid crater sixty miles in diameter, called Plato, and by dense clouds of white vapor rising from a tortuous cleft known as Schroeter's Valley. So minute have been the observations of these startling phenomena that their accuracy cannot be seriously called into question; and the activity of at least a few craters may be safely proclaimed.

If there be craters on the moon that are anything but extinct, they must expel something. Judged by the discharges of our earthly volcanoes, that something must be water and carbonic acid gas. Water cannot possibly exist as a liquid; for the temperature of the

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THE WANING MOON, TWENTY-THREE DAYS OLD

A crater appears on the dark border somewhat below the center. This is Copernicus, perhaps the noblest object on the moon. It has a diameter of forty-six miles and ramparts twelve thousand feet high.

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fact that a branch would be urged upward with but one-sixth the effort required on the earth, are inestimable advantages of this mooted lunar vegetation over terrestrial plant life.

That there may have been water on the moon eras ago few astronomers are prepared to deny. To account for the manner of its very rapid disappearance—for there are no marks of water erosion on the moon—is a problem which they have not succeeded in solving with general unanimity. Evaporation no doubt played its part; and may perhaps account for the drying up of smaller lakes, but not of whole oceans.

Some theories have been advanced that outdo anything the most vivid imagination of a sensational journalist has conceived—reinforced, however, by scholarly if unconvincing mathematical testimony. One astronomer published an elaborate argument in which he ingeniously sought to prove that all the water of the moon must have slipped somehow around to the unseen side, basing his conclusions on a supposed and ungranted difference of thirty-three miles in the moon's center of gravity and center of figure. Another theorist suggested, with considerable force, that because the moon is much smaller than the earth it must have cooled with greater rapidity, and that the consequent contraction must have produced yawning caverns in the interior into which the lunar oceans poured. No absolutely faultless speculation has been advanced. And even if it were faultless, it would lack the saving grace of scientific proof.

Water there must have been on the moon at some remote period. Winding canyons that resemble dried river beds have been discovered by Professor Pickering. If streams ever flowed over these beds they differed hugely from our terrestrial water-courses; for instead of running into a lake or sea, as our rivers do, the lake or sea flowed into the river.

Because of the present paucity of water the moon's atmosphere is so exceedingly rare that startling effects are produced. Perhaps the most striking phenomenon due to this atmospheric rarity is the rising of the sun. Dawn and the soft golden glow that usher in a terrestrial day there can not be. The sun leaps from the horizon a flaming sickle, and the loftier peaks immediately flash into light. There is no azure sky to relieve the monotonous effects of inky black shadows and dazzling white expanses. The sun gleams in fierce splendor, with no clouds to diffuse its blinding light. All day long it is accompanied by the weird zodiacal light that we behold only at rare intervals. Even in mid-day the heavens are pitch-black so that, despite the sunlight, the stars and planets gleam with a brightness that they never exhibit to us even on the clearest of moonless nights at sea. They shine steadily, too; for it is the earth's atmosphere that causes them to twinkle to our eyes. In the line of sight it is impossible to estimate distances, for there is no such phenomenon as aerial perspective. Objects are seen only when the rays of the sun strike them.

Wonderful as are the strides that have been made in increasing the known facts about our satellite, we have still much to learn. Our best map of its visible surface, a marvel of accuracy, represents it only on a scale of 1 to 1,780,000—quite insufficient to show even the changes that are occurring on the earth.

It may be said that if all the knowledge of the earth possessed by a man on the moon were of the kind we possess relating to the moon; he might agree with the astronomers of the old moon in picturing our earth as an arid and dreary sphere.

Walter R. Kampff

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THE WAR CORRESPONDENT'S FUTURE

BY FREDERIC W. UNGER

One of the most interesting questions suggested by the great struggle now in progress in the East is the future of the war correspondent. Viewed from his own standpoint, the position of the correspondent is serious. Denied employment by the military authorities of both Japan and Russia, he is in danger of being laughed out of existence. It is certain that the efforts of the contending nations to preserve secrecy within the field of military operations have been very generally approved by the English-speaking public. The war correspondent, on his knees before the officials at Tokio or St. Petersburg, has received scant sympathy. Even the paragraphers of his own journal treat his discomfiture lightly. The controversy is generally looked upon as a purely personal matter between the correspondent and the respective war offices. But this view of the case overlooks the fact that the general public has a very vital interest in the future of the war correspondent.

The correspondent of earlier wars was a man of official standing—ranking usually as a commissioned officer. He had a status—largely determined by his personality—comparable with the army rank of colonel. He enjoyed exceptional advantages and was often in the confidence of the commanding officers. Neither confidence nor advantage was ever abused. He was discreet, gentlemanly, and able—a master of his craft. Archibald Forbes, Julian Ralph, Bennett Burleigh, Frederic Villiers, Melton Prior, and G. W. Steevens occur to the reader immediately as examples of this type. With pencil, with brush, he pictured the truth for the millions to ponder. He was the public's official representative. His mission was to furnish news, but never "information" in the military sense of information that could help the enemy. His brothers in privilege were the military attachés of the foreign governments. His position was an acknowledgment of the rights of the public—who paid the bills—especially of the right to know the truth of military blunders and of inefficiency in the hours of disaster, and to censure or praise where censure or praise was due. He was the brake upon the possible excess or abuse of military authority. His hand bestowed the laurel wreaths of fame. By his acts he justified his prerogatives.

Then came modern, fevered journalism, with the war reporter supplementing the correspondent's work in a frenzied effort to leave no scrap of news unpublished. Privileges and confidences, which were extended to a class, were abused and betrayed by individuals. Military wrath was aroused; public irritation and impatience followed. Just before his death Julian Ralph, having concluded a brilliant campaign of service in the Anglo-Boer war, said: "This is the last war in which there will be war correspondents with the armies in the field." Today the war reporter alone survives. The fault lies, first, with the newspaper proprietors; second, with the public that supports them. Of governments and of commanders in the field we can expect nothing. The future of the war correspondent, if the type is to have a future, depends upon the employer's recognition of military exigencies and

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world precisely as the correspondents wrote them. After all, it is not important that the public should know immediately of every movement in the field, but it is of the highest importance that the military authorities should always act with the knowledge that all the essential facts of their operations will reach the public sooner or later. Civilization needs a witness—an unprejudiced witness—at the very front in warfare, to guard against the grave dangers of a militarism which feels itself exempt from criticism.

This plan would commend itself to the military authorities because it would limit strictly the number of correspondents. During the Boer war I had occasion, during a march of Lord Roberts' army in the Free State, to leave my usual post several miles ahead of the army with the scouts, and ride back to the extreme rear among the transports. I noticed the newspaper contingent's camp equipage, spare horses, carts, and servants strung out in a continuous line for nearly a mile. Although with them for weeks previously, I had never before had so vivid an illustration of the tremendous drain they were on the army for supplies and protection. In striking contrast to that picture is the present situation of the correspondent as I recently saw it in Tokio. There I found my colleagues cooling their heels on the piazzas of the leading hotels—waiting, waiting. A coolie, jangling a string of bells, would dash by with a handful of small native newspapers. The correspondents would rush out frantically, buy copies of the paper, and hasten to the seclusion of their rooms, where their hired native translators interpreted the meaning of the extra edition.

From the view-point of the man in the field I know the release from slavery to the wire's end would be most welcome. I have discussed this subject with many of the best known correspondents. They all envy the artist who sends his copy by mail, who is free to roam miles away from the military base from which the cablegrams must be forwarded. During Lord Robert's advance on Bloemfontein in the Free State I was one of the unfortunate slaves of the wire, as I was also later on in the Transvaal while with President Kruger. But for a space of six weeks between these times I was a free lance without a newspaper assignment, retaining my privileges as a correspondent with the British forces by favor of the chief censor in return for services I had rendered the army in carrying dispatches. During this time I enjoyed to the full the privileges accorded by the broad-mindedness of the Field Marshal. Miles away from headquarters I daily rode with scouts, visited outposts, and generally dipped deep in the life and atmosphere of the firing line and fighting front to a degree unknown under the previous conditions. And this proved in comparison a complete revelation in the unfolding to my view of the supreme point of interest in any war—the point of contact between the opposing forces. It was this experience which led me to discuss the subject with many of the craft, and taught me the dislike of the best correspondents to the cable.

In operation, the plan I have proposed would insure the employment of men of a higher type than many who have been in the field in recent wars, and whose abuse of privileges has brought the profession into disrepute. There would be a return to the old-time descriptive correspondent, whose letters were real contributions to literature. Only those men who could do work of the highest order would warrant the expense of employment under circumstances which would prevent publication of their observations until a month after actual events. In fact, the "covering" of a war by special representatives might even pass from the great dailies to the weekly or monthly magazines, with advantage to all concerned.

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Our Color Pictures

The eight reproductions of paintings in this issue are from the collection of Mr. Felix Isman, whose galleries were described and illustrated to some extent in the October number of The Book-lovers Magazine. Many of the pictures which enrich his collection were purchased direct from the painters, and in some instances represent the execution to order of the patron's own conception.

A case in point is that of the picture entitled *Napoleon's Return from Austerlitz*, by Jan Chelminski. Chelminski rejoices in the possession of what is said to be one of the greatest collections of Napoleonic military accoutrements extant. While in Paris some years ago Mr. Isman visited the artist's studio, and being an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, became at once absorbed in the collection of war relics. The theme for the picture was suggested by a coat in the artist's possession that had been worn by a Polish officer who had accompanied Napoleon from the great battle. The situation is intensely dramatic: Napoleon victorious, yet, as a safeguard against possible capture, surrounded by an alien guard. The dashing brilliancy of these varied cloaks and trappings called into requisition much of Chelminski's treasured paraphernalia of war and knowledge of historic costume. With artistic abandon he threw himself into the realization of his patron's idea. The picture brings the spectator into the path of the oncoming troops and outriders, whose gaily caparisoned figures make effective contrast against the bleak elements braved in their return to Vienna. To the fore the horses' hoofs patter the wet roadway, while in the distance the misty forms show vaguely against the snow-clad hills. The hero of Austerlitz rides in his famous coach. In the original the outlines of his figure are plainly visible through the window of the carriage.

Chelminski, as his name implies, is a Pole. He was born at Brzóstov in 1851. During his early life he was associated with the art of Munich, having been a student of the Munich Academy and of Franz Adam. Chelminski's subjects are usually historical and his canvases invariably deal with action.

The two Gérômes in Mr. Isman's collection were secured from the artist just previous to his death. *The Vision of the Captive, St. Helena*, was the last output of the master's brush. This canvas Mr. Isman saw in its incipiency at the artist's studio, and so impressed was he with the possibility of the subject that he immediately agreed to purchase it upon its completion. In *The Vision of the Captive* Gérôme attempted a highly fanciful if somewhat labored allegory. He represents the dethroned monarch as an eagle. The bird stands chained to a rock, straining at his fetter, and spreads in vain his powerful wings, urging toward a vast army of adherents who, like an enormous cloud, rise in myriads from the sea and fill the sky.

Horace Vernet said of Gérôme that he saw his pictures finished before he touched the canvas. Certainly, in his numerous canvases, one marvels at his resources. He was not afraid to go in quest of original ideas, of curious types, of novel landscapes. His views of Egypt are interesting apart from the merit of execution, which is the least factor in their success. One finds in them neither

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profound study, great strength, nor passionate love of color. His painting is a cold, intellectual record of the thing seen, rather than a commentary upon it. Animal life interested him greatly, and he shows a true understanding of its free grace and unconscious humor. *In Search of Prey* is an essentially characteristic Gérôme. It was not a studio picture, but was painted by the master in the Holy Land. The scene was an actual one. A lean and hungry tiger makes the center of interest in a barren, desert land, as he seems to weigh his chances for a successful invasion of the far-distant caravan.

Water found in Clays a marvelously exact painter, for he gives it movement, limpidity, life. He knows its clearness, its depth, and the play of the noisy little waves all bathed in light. In the choice of his subjects and in their placid presentment, he followed the methods of the old Dutch masters, though occasionally he painted harbor pieces full of the stir and bustle of modern life.

In Harbor is an admirable example, showing his fine color-sense and broad, simple style. The subject is a group of large boats at anchor after a storm, their sails wide-spread to the sun which is partly obscured by moving, broken clouds. The water reflects the rich colors of the sails and hulls of the vessels. Mr. Isman secured this picture from the Corcoran Gallery.

La Marne is the larger of the two canvases exhibited by L'hermitte in the Salon of 1903. Like all of L'hermitte's pictures, the scene is one of peasant life whose rude strength and poetic poverty find in this great modern Frenchman so sympathetic an interpreter. Like Millet, L'hermitte is himself of peasant parentage and paints the things he saw in his youth. The canvas is thinly painted in oil, giving the effect of water-color in its transparent washes.

A charming example of Corot in his best manner is *Early Morning Near Beauvais*, a small canvas, yet embracing all the elements of beauty in which he reveled. Corot is *par excellence* the painter of morning. He renders with greatest felicity the silvery light on dewy fields, the vague foliage of trees mirrored in calm water. There is a bewitching mystery and suggestiveness in his apprehension of a landscape, united to a pensive joyousness and absorption of self in the scene that is uncommon in his race. His own description of his impressions are the best key to his pictures.

"A landscape painter's day is delightful. He gets up early, at three o'clock, before sunrise; he goes to sit under a tree and watches and waits. *Bam!* The sun has risen. The peasant passes at the bottom of the field with his cart and oxen. Everything sparkles, shines; everything is in full light—light soft and caressing as yet. The backgrounds with their simple contour and harmonious tone are lost in the infinite sky, through an atmosphere of azure and mist. The flowers lift up their heads; the birds fly here and there. A rustic, mounted on a white horse, disappears in the narrowing path. The rounded willows seem to turn like wheels on the river's edge. And the artist paints away—paints away."

The J. G. Brown *Street Gallantry* is one of the few canvases of more than two figures by this popular painter of homely subjects. Though an Englishman by birth, Mr. Brown's professional life has been spent in New York, where he has made a special study of street gamins, boot-blacks and the like, painting always from the narrator's point of view.

A tiny canvas expressing the *Contentment* which arises from the "cup that cheers" is by Schmitz, a modern German painter of local reputation. The picture tells its own story and attempts no higher mission.

Nelle W. Henderson

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CONTENTMENT

BY SCHMITZ

COLLECTION OF MR. FELIX ISMAN

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NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM AUSTERLITZ

BY JAN V. CHELMINSKI

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IN HARBOR

BY PIERRE-JEAN CLAYS

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LA MARNE
BY LÉON L'HERMITTE

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I. THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

[This is the first of a series of three articles on that remote land whose mar and political development has attracted the attention of the whole world. Mr. G observer who has lived in Australia for many years. He knows intimately th molding the destiny of the great commonwealth, and his clear and forceful discussi affairs is based upon broad knowledge of the actual political and social condition

In the Pacific problem Australia counts itself no mean factor. And indeed this is something more than merely a strange antipodean colony to surprise and delight tourists with its inverted seasons, its splendid cities, its weird scenery, and its curious kangaroos. It is an island-continent practically as big as the United States, and rich in resources that have scarcely been tapped. If it has not yet loomed large among the nations, that is in part because its history is short and its population small. Three million square miles cannot readily be developed to their full by less than four million people. But small as this population is, it is homogeneous, patriotic, ambitious, and intelligent. Its intelligence is proven, in the domain of politics at least, by the way Australians lead all the other free nations in democracy and socialism. Here for the first time in history the government of a great country has been entrusted to a Labor Ministry of hod-carriers, miners, engine-drivers, printers, and school teachers, with a day laborer for their Premier. State-owned railways and telephones, wo frage, old-age pensions, ar arbitration—notions that rest of the world are just dream about—have here the hard test of practice. development has been doubt, by that very lack which has seemed to be th material progress. But e cially Australia is by no nificant. It is, in truth, pastoral country in the wo mal seasons it grows one-t wool as all the rest of the together; and it is practi producer of the fine me And now that the long reduced by half the flock twelve years ago, Australi to experiment with cotton that they may clothe sou tomorrow as today they clo Europe and America. C tralia should have some the scramble for Eastern bourne is in the same Tokio, and Sydney is o

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miles nearer than San Francisco to the teeming markets of Peking and Canton. But it is not merely for the sake of a market that this continent is interested in the Mongolian millions. Against the commercial advantages of this geographical position must be set its ethnological dangers. The islands of Oceanica, beginning with the Philippines and ending with New Guinea, may seem the stepping-stones of commerce, but they may become the stepping-stones of conquest. They are eternal links in the chain with which nature has bound the fortunes of Asia and Australia. Yet this country has set its heart on keeping those fortunes forever separate. It has irrevocably resolved to turn back from these shores not only the black laborers of Melanesia but the little brown men of the North. That resolve may only hasten the "yellow invasion" which is the national bugbear. Australians are the first to recognize that the surplus millions of Japan may well cast envious eyes upon this sunny continent, but nevertheless they are determined to hand it down entire and unimpaired to the children of their own race. This policy of a "White Australia" is only one example of that spirit of exclusiveness and protection which results from state socialism. And state socialism itself, in this country at least, may be traced to local conditions, among which climate and physical geography are perhaps the most important. Australian politics are what they are simply because Australia is what it is.

And what is Australia? Listen to the shallow talk of northern globe-trotters and you will fancy that it is a country whose sole merit is that it lies on the other side of the world. The superficial observer is struck chiefly by the fact that Australia has summer when America has winter, the moon when America has the sun. The hot wind here comes from the north, the cold from the south. Japan is not east as it is to New York, nor west as it is to San Francisco, but due north. The Southern Cross here replaces the North Star as the type of astronomical constancy. The compass and the thermometer seem to be off on a spree together. The calendar also is upside down. Christmas comes in midsummer, Easter in autumn, and the Fourth of July in midwinter. While you are celebrating an autumn Thanksgiving dinner in late November Australians are celebrating their great spring carnival, the race for the Melbourne Cup. In the winter the trees shed their bark instead of their leaves, and in a dozen other details you find nature in a contrary mood. No wonder that this has been called a continent of contradictions—the land of topsy-turvy. It is a country of great cities on the one hand, and on the other vast tracts of hopeless desert, untraveled and untenanted. It is a country that may be teeming with natural wealth this year, and next year may lie barren and desolate, withered by a drought. It is, indeed, a curious continent of opposites and extremes, where half of nature is wrong side foremost—a land of hysteron-proteron and strange Antarctic inversions!

It was so that I myself described Australia when first I came here some years ago—and I fancied I was rather original. Since then I have grown weary of hearing every traveler harp upon the same peculiarities. For these are, after all, only the unessentials. The essentials do not lend themselves quite so readily to fine writing.

Plainly stated, Australia is an immense compact island, practically as large as the United States, Canada or Europe. Here for the first time in the world's history, as Sir Edmund Barton said four years ago at federation there is a nation for a continent and a continent for a nation. In area Australia constitutes a little more than one-third of the British Empire and a little less than one-third of all the land in the southern hemisphere. Thursday Island in the

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A CORNER OF A FLOCK OF TWENTY THOUSAND SHEEP

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bush-rangers deserve the thanks of posterity, for they gave to Australian history its only thrilling chapter. Twenty-five years ago, bush-ranging days followed convict days into the limbo of history. In the interval, Australian patriots had wrested from England, without the use of the sword, the coveted right of responsible government, with its attendant principle of no taxation without representation. New colonies, too, had been hewn out of the continent. Originally New South Wales had been a most comprehensive name, embracing not only the whole of this island of three million square miles, but



A WOOL-SHED AT KILLARNEY STATION, N. S. W.

also the twenty-five thousand square miles of Van Dieman's Land to the south, and the one hundred thousand square miles of New Zealand across the sea twelve hundred miles to the east. First Van Dieman's Land was erected into a separate colony, and then a line drawn north and south through the center of the continent divided West Australia from New South Wales. South Australia—which to be geographically correct should be called Central Australia—and New Zealand became separated from the mother colony before the middle of the century. And before another ten years New South Wales had been lopped south and north to make Victoria and Queensland. In each there was much the same struggle for constitutional government; and when it was won these colonies started on that brilliant career of democracy and socialism which marks them to-day as the leaders of the world in advanced politics.

It was during the last quarter of the century that the pendulum swung back from the Separation to the Federation spirit. There were many natural jealousies and serious difficulties, constitutional and financial, to overcome when the different colonial leaders met in conference. And no outward force laid on them such rough necessity for union as was laid on you in 1776. But as your own hostility was a leading cause of Canadian federation in 1867, so a leading cause of Australian federation in 1901 was the activity of Germany and France in the South Pacific and of Japan and Russia in the North Pacific. Indeed, the Stars and Stripes floating over Samoa and the Philippines also helped to impress Australians with the need of union for self-defence. Sir Henry Parkes may be called the Father of Federation; and all the colonies except New Zealand were finally won to the cause of union by the diligence and eloquence of such men as Sir Edmund Barton, Sir George Turner, Sir John Forrest, Sir John Quick, Sir

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SHEARING SHEEP BY MACHINERY

The sheep are placed, two or three at a time, in the pens behind the shearers and when shorn are dropped into pens below.

William Lyne, Mr. Alfred Deakin, and Mr. C. C. Kingston. The constitution which was drafted by the Federal Convention was held up to the British Parliament by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as a perfect piece of statesmanship. It was built for the special conditions of Australia after a careful study of the federal constitutions of the United States and Canada; and with some truth it may be said that it combines the excellences of both without the defects of either. The new Commonwealth was inaugurated by the first Governor-General in Sydney in 1901; and the first Federal Parliament was opened by the Duke of York in Melbourne in 1902. Such is the history of Australia in its bold outlines. But if history were written only in blood Australia would have no history at all, for there is not a single battlefield throughout the length and breadth of the continent.

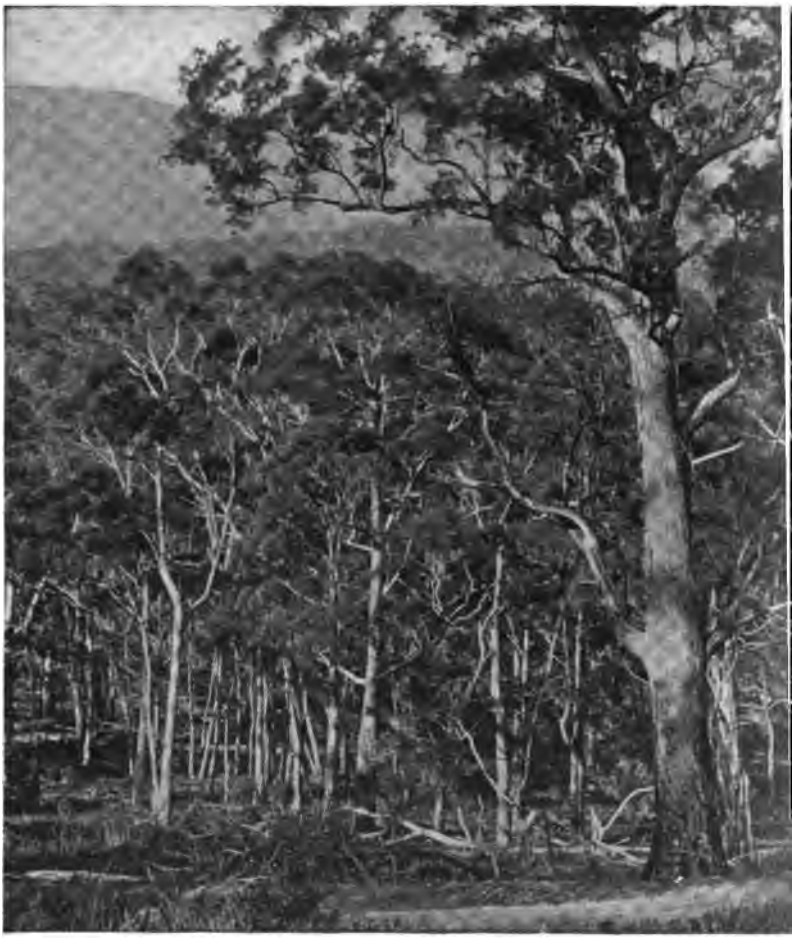
The Commonwealth celebrations in Sydney and Melbourne were marked by brilliant festivities. The Australian, indeed, has a genius for holiday-making. The climate makes holidays necessary—and practice makes perfect. The great ugly fact of the Australian climate is the drought. Still it is not possible, of course, to sum up in one epigrammatic sentence the climate of a continent that stretches through thirty degrees of latitude and forty degrees of longitude. Although it is divided almost equally between the south tropical and temperate zones, Australia has a climate which is wonderfully uniform after all. Nowhere is it too hot for white people to live, though the heat may drive the men to spirit-nipping and the women to infinite tea-drinking; nowhere, save on the mountain-top, is it too cold for a man to sleep the year round in the open without covering, though some southern towns boast of seeing an occasional flurry of snow. Throughout Australia there is a dearth of water and a superfluity of sunlight. Colonial foreheads are wrinkled and colonial eyes are puckered by the relentless dazzle and glare. When the grass has been

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burned on the sun-baked plain and the sand-storm has withered all in its path, there are few sights more desolate than a stretch of drought-stricken country.

For in spite of an occasional rainy season like the past summer the normal condition of Australia is drought. Perhaps it is just this dry heat that makes the climate here so healthful. Even in the tropical parts there is little malaria. The national disease of Australians is "the liver," born of bad cookery and the wearing heat, for even the heat is most enervating — not where the temperature runs to a hundred and twenty degrees, as it of inland towns, but rather moisture is greatest, on the seaboard and in coastal citie Here the muggy days follo wearily through Decemb February, and March, until to close the sway of summ

In such a climate it is that Australians become g makers. The wonder is become such great athl other day on the Paran Sydney Harbor, I saw the r pionship of the world decic



A FOREST OF EUCALYPTUS TREES

These gum-trees give to an Australian landscape its note of "weird melan

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A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED WR

The authors whose portraits are grouped in this series hav been chosen from the long list of notable writers becaus some recent achievement has brought each of them int special prominence before the American public. The repro ductions are made from the latest photographs obtainable



Photograph by H.

9 HENRY JAMES

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SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

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Photograph by Beresford

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

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Photogr

MARIE CORELLI

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Courtesy of Harper & Brothers

MARGARETTA WADE DELAND

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Photograph by Alman

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

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ISRAEL ZANGWILL

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LOOSE LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK

I. SOME CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCES

BY CARL J. BECKER



STORY, a melody, a picture, the perfume of a flower, the peculiar flavor of some fruit, a trifling something, will suddenly awaken memories which perhaps have lain dormant for years in one of the innumerable little cells of that mysterious storehouse, the brain. I have been a wanderer for thirty years. Some portfolios filled with drawings and sketches represent the moss gathered here, there, and everywhere by that rolling stone—a traveling artist. As I run over these portfolios the recollections crowd thick and fast—recollections of men who swayed the destiny of nations and of events that stirred the interest of the whole world. But Christmas is approaching, and inspired by the holiday spirit, I am moved to select and to group as this first series of loose leaves from my sketch-book a few of the drawings which are associated, directly or indirectly, with the Christmases I have spent in various quarters of the world.

As I examine the sketches I find one dated December 25, 1870, and for a moment I am again with the outposts of the German army before Paris, spending a memorable Christmas.

"Peace on earth, good will to men." For today at least there is a cessation of actual hostilities. T cannon is silenced through the cold, b can hear the church far distant nunnery Bonne Secours at C miles from Paris. T of Mercy have turn into a hospital where the sick and wound and foe.

In the little chapel are filling the sanctu capacity. Alternate and German are he priest and the army telling in French, the the story, "Olden, g sweetest Peace!" sounds of Christmas ceased and the hym priest and congregati again we hear the roa the Mont-Valérien lik ery of the Christm work of death and begun once more wit ergy increased by the l

For the people of Vi a sad holiday season. the siege guns of the l man army had been pl the wealthier citizens fled; and only the ve

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the shelter of their doomed homes. But these too were being driven out under military escort before the bombardment began. Carrying on their backs what they could, their crying children clinging to them in fear and trembling, as I sketched their flight they presented a picture of misery and desolation even more pitiful than the actual scenes of the battlefield.

It was my good fortune to be in Vincennes again twenty years later, and to see comfort and good cheer prevailing on all sides. The old grandmother sitting in the doorway with her knitting, watching her prattling grandchildren at play, seemed typical of these happier days, and I drew the picture with light heart as I contrasted the quiet comfort with the misery my pencil had portrayed a score of years earlier.

Another sketch, and I am carried in imagination many hundreds of miles in a twinkling. It is a street in Calcutta, and it recalls my only Christmas in the Orient.

Merry Christmas! Salaam Sahib! Bourogh Salaam! Very warm evening! Such exclamations greeted my friend and me as we tried to gain a passage through the picturesque and enthusiastic crowd, composed as it seemed of representatives of all nations, which thronged the public rooms of the Great Eastern Hotel on Government Square, which tonight has been turned into a vast Christmas bazaar. Where to find words to describe this picture I scarcely know. Look at this group of little Hindoo boys in their rich Oriental costumes, sons of some wealthy Baboos from upper Bengal. This is their first visit to Calcutta, and their great gazelle-like eyes are absorbing in wonder a scene as new to them as to some of us—this kaleidoscopic tableau of Eastern splendor and modern European inventions. We are drifting slowly with the crowd through the different rooms into the large hall where in the center rises an immense Christmas tree, brought down from the Himalayas, rea
very high ceiling, cunning
by nearly a hundred incan
Here, as in the rooms thro
have passed, are stalls exp
every kind of goods—th
look upon and things gooc
variety as you may find di
Bon Marché in Paris, tl
of Regent Street in L
the great American depa
Most of the stalls are pre
native merchants praising
with a perseverance a
worthy of the Hebrew
Chatham Street. Here the
still denser, if possible.
Parsees, Bengalese, Nep
lese, and Eurasians in thei
and magnificent robes, En
and sailors in their unif
with civilians in all types
dress—everybody talking, la
ing hands and exchangin
ments of the season—mak
interesting and the merrie
crowd I have ever seen.

My friend and I had
invitation from the Lieuten
of Bengal, Sir Ashley Eder
mas dinner and garden
official residence. Early n
at breakfast we found the
decorated by the servants
imported mistletoe, and tr
and flowers. We receiv
early visits of our native fri
arrived in their gharries in th
followed by their bearers
gifts of all sorts of fruits, pre
sweetmeats, earthen and
containing lobsters and fi
Indian dress material, and
such profusion that my
looked like part of the baz
had visited the night bef
not forget here that prev
my servants, headed by th
or butler, with profound
good wishes for the bo
the mem-sahib, all the

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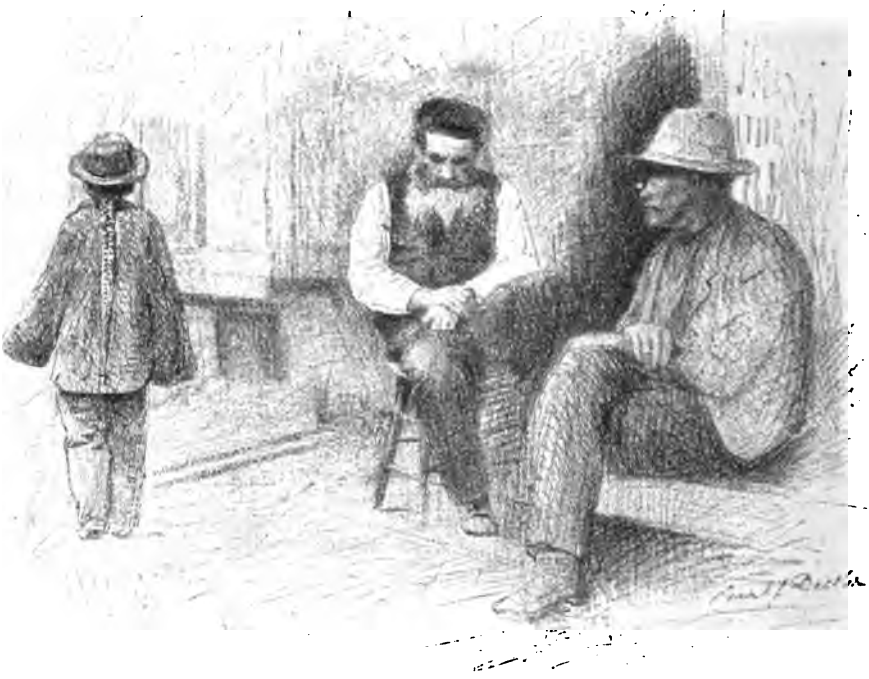


A STREET SCENE IN SEVILLE

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a symphony, the music and dance become lower and slower until, with the singing of a hymn to the Immaculate Virgin, music and dance end.

It was my fortune to spend one Christmas in Rome; and in Rome one does as the Romans do. Thus it happened that I directed my steps toward the summit of Capitolinus, where once Jupiter's temple overlooked Rome, and where now stands one of the noblest monuments of Christian art, the beautiful basilica Santa Maria in Ara Cœli. Up that majestic flight of a hundred marble steps leading to the main portal an eager, never-ceasing crowd is surging on every Christmas day to see and worship Il Santissimo Bambino, and to listen to the sermons and recitations by the children, which no good Catholic will ever miss. Carved in the wood of olive trees from the Holy Mount in Palestine, Il Santissimo Bambino is one of the wonder-working relics of Italy. Frequently one may meet a well-appointed equipage passing through the streets of Rome, carrying a priest with the Holy Babe of Ara Cœli to the bedside of the sick. At all times carefully guarded in the sacristy of the church, during Holy Week this precious image is the central figure of a group which portrays the Nativity at Bethlehem. The greatest and proudest men and women of the nobility, officers of the army and navy, the high officials of the state, the dignitaries of the church in magnificent vestments of the high offices, the begging friars in their cassocks of haircloth and their sandals, peasants and beggars, the blind, the halt, and the lame, form one great enthusiastic crowd, gathered together to see, to pray to, and to worship Il Santissimo Bambino. It is one of the remarkable Christmas spectacles of the world.



SONS OF SHEM, HAM, AND JAPHETH

Carl J. Beecker

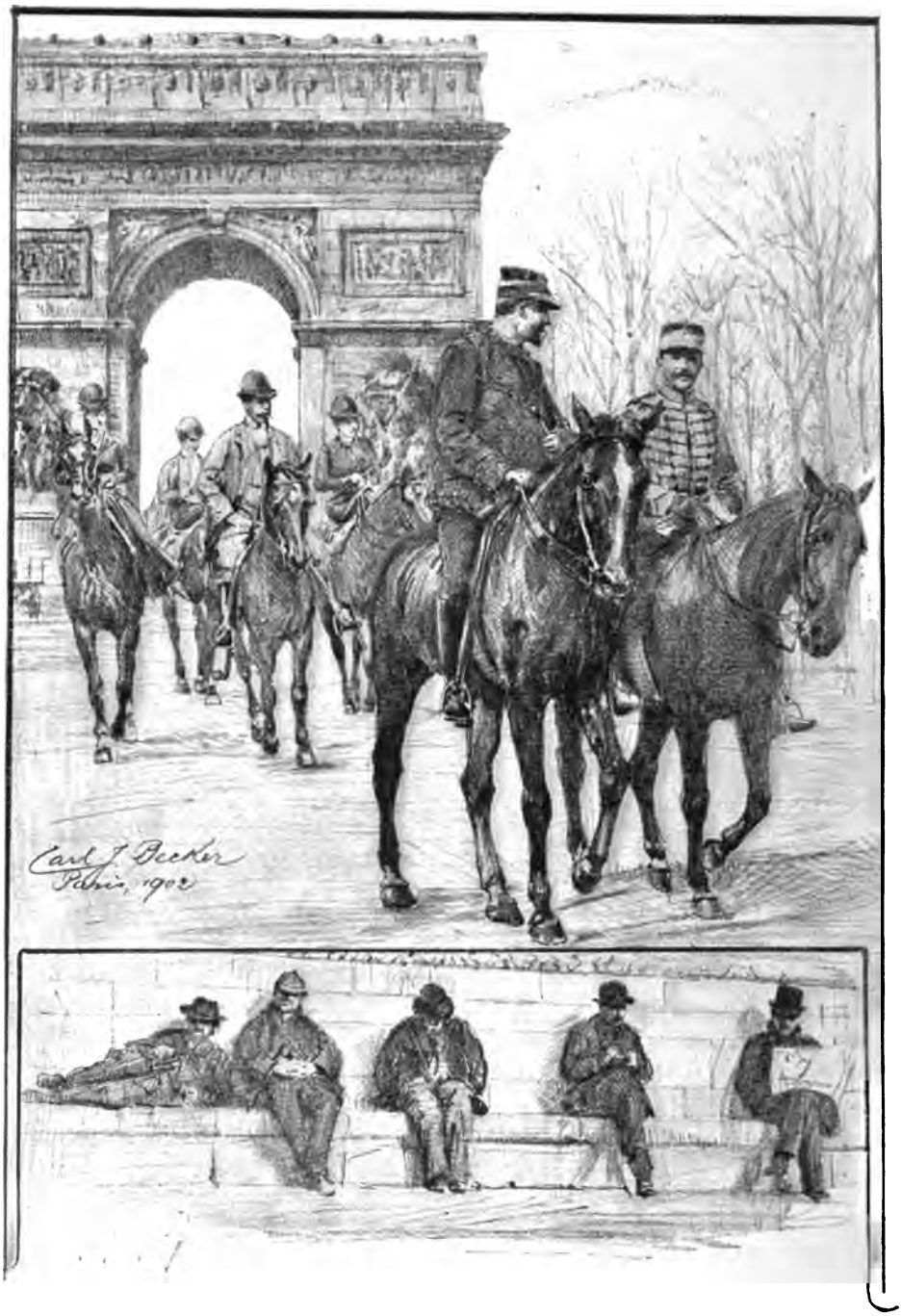
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IN THE SHADOW OF THE ARCH OF VESPASIAN

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by.—St. Luke 10:31.

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AT THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

A characteristic morning scene on the Champs Élysées.

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CHILD FLOWER-MERCHANTS IN COVENT GARDEN

The little merchants lining the curbs of the great London market do a thriving business the year round, but the Christmas holiday season is a time of golden harvest for them.

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DRIVEN FROM HOME

In the dead of winter, 1870-1871, the inhabitants of Vincennes, on the outskirts of Paris, were forced by the German soldiery to abandon their homes. This sketch was made as the last of the unfortunates marched away under German escort.

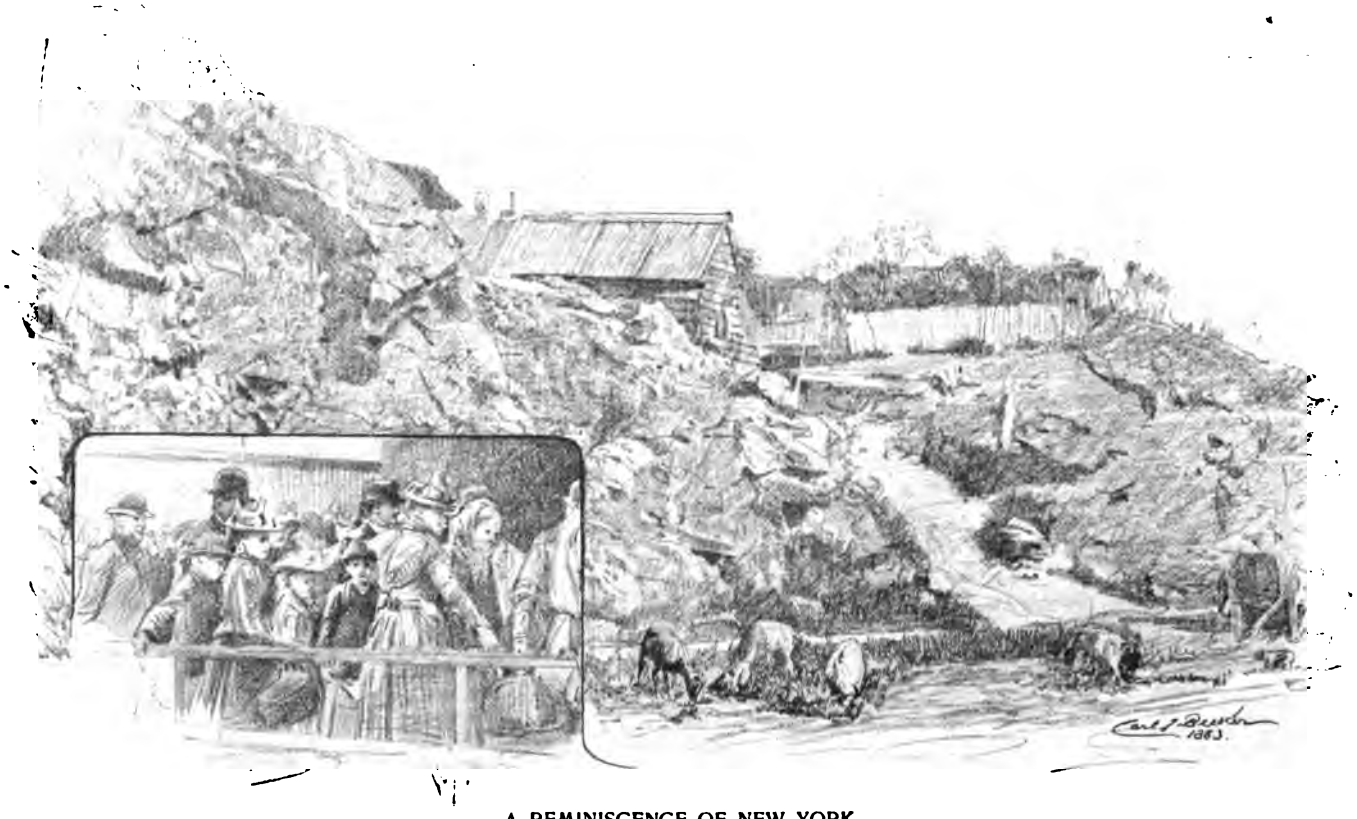
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THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE

Twenty years after the sketch on the opposite page was made the artist revisited Vincennes and drew this striking contrast to the scene which had engaged his pencil during his first visit.

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A REMINISCENCE OF NEW YORK

This sketch of the region around Eightieth Street, west of Central Park, now a very fashionable neighborhood, was made twenty years ago, when "Shantytown" was occupied by humble squatters and overrun with goats.

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SKETCHES IN THE LONDON ZOO

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A CRITICAL MOMENT

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THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN FOREST

THE LUMBER JACK AND HIS WORK

By W. FRANK McCLURE

Despite the rapid passing of the American forest, lumbering still stands in fourth place among the industries of the United States. Nearly three hundred thousand men are employed in lumbering occupations, and more than a hundred million dollars are annually divided among them in wages. Although the forests are falling faster than they can ever be restored, the demand for timber is increasing. The result seems inevitable, and presents a problem as far-reaching as the area of the United States itself.

The picturesque logging regions of the northern woods, which once produced nearly one-half our entire supply, today hold in store but little of the valued pine which made them famous, and the cedar is also rapidly falling before the sawyers. The cypress trees of the southland, once despised by the builders, are from necessity going into nearly every portion of the construction of handsome homes. The famous logging scenes of Maine will soon live in history only, while all eyes turn to the Pacific slope for a nation's supply. This gone, all is gone as far as the United States is concerned, except as the efforts of our national and State governments along the lines of scientific forestry succeed in coping with the situation.

The national forest reserves now aggregate more than sixty million acres, all of which have been provided for within the past thirteen years. Most of these reserves are west of the Rocky Mountains. The Bureau of Forestry has been making large strides of late in the direction of better management of timber lands and likewise in the actual growing of trees. In Nebraska last year the work of planting two million seedlings in the sand hills of the Dismal River district was inaugurated. State legislatures are considering the exemption of timber lands from taxation. Schools of forestry are growing in number. Arbor Day, with its lesson, is observed in forty-four States and is a legal holiday in seven.

The scenes in the lumber camps of the northern woods have long been typical of the logging industry and the ruggedness of the logger's life. It is more than seventy years since lumber-cutting was begun in the Saginaw Valley. While the pine remained plentiful there went forth from this valley as high as a billion feet of lumber in a single year, and more than forty thousand men were engaged in lumbering in the State of Michigan alone.

Before the advent of winter the "tote" teams, hauling the horse feed and all general supplies of the lumber camps, leave the various business centers of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota for the interior. Simultaneously thousands of lumber "jacks" bid farewell to civilization and go to live in the wilds, where deer and other game are still to be found and where the temperature often hovers at thirty below zero. In camp the loggers are under strict discipline. They are up at four o'clock in the morning and work hard till dark. After supper they sit about in the bunk-houses, smoke their pipes,

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CABLING LUMBER ACROSS A CANYON

sing songs, and tell stories. At nine o'clock they must be in bed like so many students in a college dormitory. The meals are served in tin dishes upon long tables, while the loggers sit upon benches. The coffee is served in tin cups. The menu of a lumber camp differs somewhat in different parts of the country. In the woods of Maine beans were long a staple diet. Corned beef, potatoes, and bread are the substantials quite generally dished up in Michigan. Canned goods of several varieties are usually kept on hand. Condensed milk is used in the absence of a dairy. Butter is often a luxury. Salt pork is relished, likewise the booty of the hunters and trappers who find a ready market for wild game at the logging center. In one of the accompanying photographs deer may be noticed hanging upon the outside of the log dining-room. The bill of fare of the lumber jack today is said to be somewhat better than it was a few years ago.

In each camp there is a store where clothing, tobacco, pipes, and many other articles are kept. The storekeeper is also the bookkeeper of the camp. Whatever the loggers buy is charged to them and is taken out of their wages at the end of the season. No liquor is permitted to be sold or drunk. In the sleeping-quarters bunks are built two tiers high against the walls. Nearby are log stables in which are some of the finest types of draft-horses. A veterinary surgeon, driving a dog team, makes the rounds of the stables of the various camps at intervals.

The logger does his washing Sunday morning, the clothes flapping in the

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cold wind until dry. The lumber jack, if in an interior camp, seldom shaves. In spring it is a grizzled-looking lot of men, some of them with hair six inches long, who come forth from the cold, bleak forests to go into the towns and cities where are the flourishing grog-shops and gambling-dens.

It used to be said that nine out of every ten, if not forty-nine out of every fifty, loggers of the northern woods were intemperate men who, when they had earned two hundred or three hundred dollars would seek the nearest lake port or business center and spend it in riotous living, many a man being relieved of his hard-earned wages while lying in a drunken stupor. Numerous nationalities have been represented in these camps from the very inception of the industry. Great Lakes sailors, chiefly deck hands, hie themselves to the northern woods as soon as the close of navigation approaches. The moral status of the lumber camps has, nevertheless, improved wonderfully of late years. Missionaries speaking different languages, sent out by charitable and religious organizations, have been at work among the loggers for years teaching temperance and right living. Many Finnish people, resenting the oppression of Russia, have come to the United States and have found employment in the lumber camps. Being temperate in their habits, these people have revolutionized the personnel of certain districts.

The methods employed in different sections of the country for bringing logs through dense forests to the various transportation depots are of considerable interest. In Louisiana oxen draw logs suspended from the axle of two giant wheels. In Michigan horses and sleds are used instead. In Colorado the sturdy, sure-footed mountain burros go in trains to the mines with lumber lashed to their backs. Across deep ravines timbers travel suspended from cables or, perchance, shoot



HAULING LUMBER TO A WESTERN CAMP

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IN A MISSISSIPPI FOREST

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forth high up in the ravine from the end of a flume. In Washington, Oregon, and northern California traction engines are used extensively to convey large timbers from the very midst of the forests to the points of shipment. On the Columbia River are some of the largest rafts in the world, while upon the Great Lakes eighty-thousand-dollar lumber cargoes These ice roads are made by means of a rutter and a sprinkler. The sprinkler, carrying perhaps seventy-five gallons of water, keeps the roadway flooded, the water soon becoming ice. A snow-plow must also be used frequently. At several points these ice roads are made wider and admit the passing of teams. Branch ice roads are also frequently constructed to lead to the main highway.



LUMBERMEN'S CABINS IN THE HEART OF THE NORTHERN WOODS
In many cases well-to-do lumbermen with their families live in these cabins the year round.

are regularly carried hundreds of miles in ships of modern construction.

Visitors regard as really marvelous the loads of timber hauled by two horses in the northern woods—loads sometimes comprising fifty logs, weighing twenty tons, and rising high in the air. The secret is to be found in the ice roads, the preparation of which forms one of the initial operations of the opening of the lumbering season in cold climates.

When the trees are felled and cut into logs by the sawyers they are next skidded into piles abutting the ice roads. A skid is a small sled upon which one end of the log is fastened while the other is left to drag upon the ground. The loading process requires no little skill and experience. The logs are piled up by means of cables drawn by a horse or a stationary engine. Upon the ice roadways the timber is hauled to the

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HAULING LOGS OVER ICE ROADS IN MICHIGAN

These ice roads are made early in the season with a rutter and a sprinkler that keeps the roadway flooded. The snow-plow is used throughout the winter.

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A TYPICAL LOGGING-CAMP IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN

In the early winter thousands of lumber jacks bid farewell to civilization and go to the wild logging regions where the temperature often drops to thirty below zero.

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Photograph by Arthur Hewitt

DRIVING LOGS ON A NORTHERN RIVER

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banking-ground beside a river or railroad. Here it is sometimes piled to a height of twenty or thirty feet. In the spring portions of these great log-piles may be precipitated into the water by the loosening of one or two of the lower logs.

The exuberance of the loggers of the northern woods—relieved for the first time from the monotony of the frigid, cheerless camp—as they come tumbling down upon the rafts or drives *en route* to the sawmills, often makes both day and night hideous for the inhabitants along the route. With the breaking up of the ice, the coming of the spring freshets, and perhaps the opening of the gates of a dam, the logs are hurried by the rushing waters in the direction of the mills. Men with cant-hooks roll the logs into the water. Others with pike-poles in their grasp and spikes in their boots pilot them in their course, and release the key logs in case of a jam. This is a very hazardous occupation, one in which hundreds of lives have been lost. The most expert drivers ride upon the swiftly moving logs, jumping from one to another as occasion requires. Others assist by remaining on shore and returning to the water timbers which are washed high and dry or are caught along the bank. Farther on perhaps the heavy timbers shoot the rapids, thus adding to the strenuousness of the driver's occupation.

It is the jam, however, which proves the real test of the skill and daring of the gang in charge of the drive. Suddenly at some narrow and stony point one log lodges crosswise to the stream, while scores of those just behind wedge themselves tightly against it, forming a dam and raising the level of the oncoming waters. One or two logs hold the key to the whole situation; these released, the great jam breaks. It is the duty of the drivers to find the key logs and release them. This sometimes requires several days. Unless agile, the driver may be caught and crushed between the logs when the jam breaks.

Rafts have long played a very important part in the lumbering industry of the United States. In the South it is a common sight to see lumbermen cooking and living on board a raft bound for the distant seaports. Rafts containing twenty or twenty-five thousand feet, with entire families thereon, are still to be seen floating down the Allegheny River to Pittsburg. On the Columbia rafts of five or six million feet are not uncommon nowadays. Many of the larger rafts are built in cradles to give them form and strength, and when properly formed and chained are floated out into the river where they are taken in tow by tugs.

In the earlier days the logs were brought down the Great Lakes in rafts to the harbors of Lake Erie, where numerous sawmills were then located. Today the mills are chiefly located at the shipping ports and the lumber is shipped to Lake Erie in vessels.

Three hundred lumber-carrying vessels of the Great Lakes still depend for their cargoes upon the timber of the northern woods, loading at Duluth, West Superior, Ashland, and other upper lake ports. Fourteen harbors on the American side are lumber-receiving ports, and thousands of men are engaged in the lumber transportation of our inland seas. Sometimes lumber is loaded upon the decks of these vessels to a height of twenty feet, more than a million feet comprising a single cargo. For nearly forty years Tonawanda, near Buffalo, has been the distributing point for a goodly percentage of the lake lumber used in the East, much of which goes down the Erie Canal to New York. Tonawanda has received as much as seven million feet in one day. Chicago has handled more than five hundred million feet in a year. Cleveland is another notable distributing point, the lumber piles upon her docks sometimes rising forty feet high. A modern railroad car can carry forty thousand feet.

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Across the Great Lakes in Canada there lies one of the world's largest reserves of timber. In spite of the tariff imposed, much of this timber is today coming to the United States. The forests of the Dominion are beginning to yield abundantly. More than a billion feet of pine sawlogs and square timber, during a recent season, were cut upon territory held under timber license from the Crown. Much of Canada's timber land has not yet even been explored. In the newly developed districts of Algoma, which are close to the Great Lakes, it is estimated that there are more than a hundred million cords of spruce and pulp-wood, while in the districts of Thunder Bay and Rainy River there are nearly two hundred million cords more. A belt at least three thousand miles long is believed to exist in Canada between Alaska and the Atlantic.

It has been estimated that, at the present rate of cutting, the greatest timber resources of the United States—those of the Pacific Coast States—will be exhausted in less than half a century. The annual cut of shingles and lumber in these regions is some four and a half billion feet. The standing timber of Washington, Oregon, and northern California at present is twice that of the original timber lands of the northern woods. Washington produces about as many feet of shingles and other lumber as Oregon and California together. This State is noted for its shingles, there being more than a thousand shingle-mills within its borders. At Tacoma



A MAMMOTH LOAD

Two horses easily pull such a remarkable load, weighing often more than twenty tons, over the artificially constructed ice roads.

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A LUMBER-DOCK ON THE GREAT LAKES

are located the largest sawmills in the United States.

Forest fires are the most formidable enemy of the American forests. The burned area in Oregon alone represents a loss of fifty-four million dollars. Since the beginning of the lumber industry in the northern woods it is claimed that the timber burned by forest fires would aggregate an amount equal to that now standing.

The fighting of these fires is one of the problems with which both the Bureau of Forestry and large individual owners are now grappling. No attempt was made in this country until 1880 even to keep track of the loss from fires. Since then a study of the conditions surrounding this problem in the majority of the timber States has been made, and legislation looking toward the prevention of forest fires, as far as possible, is in progress.

That the work of the Bureau of Forestry is being appreciated is evident from the fact that more than two million acres of private forest properties are now working under rules for forest preservation as laid down by the bureau. In addition to the plans for the prevention of forest fires, directions for the proper care of young trees and seedlings are given. The planting of extensive tracts of land on which it has long been supposed that trees would not grow is still another feature of the bureau's work. In conjunction with the care of the forests, problems of the local water supply and of the grazing interests must be considered. The natural outcome has been that the handling of vast forest areas is being attempted along more scientific lines, bringing with it an economic gain to the lumberman and a great saving in the country's resources.

W. Frank McClure

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Photograph by Baumann, Munich

ERNST VON POSSART

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GERMANY'S GREATEST ACTOR

THE FAMOUS DIRECTOR OF MUNICH'S ROYAL THEATERS

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

On an autumn day in the year 1887 I had in New York one of the finest opportunities that the student of the drama can well hope for. In the afternoon I saw Henry Irving play Mephistopheles in a spectacular production of *Faust*, and in the evening in the old Thalia Theater I heard the wonderful German interpretation of the same rôle by Ernst Possart. The two performances afforded in every possible way a most instructive and illuminating contrast. From the point of view of stage mechanism Mr. Irving's was immeasurably superior; it was apparently primarily intended for the eye rather than for the ear. The first appearance of Mephistopheles, for example, was exceedingly impressive. Faust, alone in his study, did not hold our attention long; for we observed a thin wreath of pale smoke rising slowly from the floor; gradually, very gradually, it became thicker and thicker, darker and darker, with intermittent streaks of fire; and finally with a tremendous column of smoke, a blinding burst of flame, and a deafening crash of thunder, Mephisto appeared in the midst of his friendly element. Everything was artfully calculated to make the apparition as effective for the spectator as it was for the lonely scholar. The scenic effects reached their climax in the Walpurgis Night, where everything that stage mechanism and electricity could produce was exhibited before the hungry eyes of the public. Dazzled by all this spectacular splendor, I entered the old barn of the Thalia at eight o'clock and saw a performance that resembled the up-town matinée only in name. Here the stage effects were meagre and crude; but the text was the text of Goethe, delivered in a manner to charm the ear. I found the name of God—*Der Herr*—on the play-bill. This was indeed harking back to the medieval mystery-plays. God appeared as an old man, with a snowy beard and a sonorous voice; while in front of him, on fleecy clouds, sat three buxom German maidens who represented the three archangels. After they had pronounced the majestic poetry which opens the *Prolog*, a puny flash of flame disclosed Mephistopheles, who began to speak in a voice rich with humor, irony, and mocking laughter.

The totally different manner in which the two representations began was symbolic of the total difference in the interpretations by Irving and Possart. It was not merely the contrast between the two actors; it was the contrast between an English and a German devil; between the English conception of the tragedy of *Faust* which in our day is largely taken from Gounod's opera, and the German conception which attempts faithfully to reproduce the idea of Goethe, in which Margaret is only an episode in Faust's life, and where Faust's ultimate destination is not hell but heaven. Thus Irving acted a gloomy, terrible tragedy, utterly unrelieved by humor; at times, as in Auerbach's cellar with the drunken revelers, Mephisto became grimly sardonic, and with Frau Schwerdtlein he was gravely ironical; but he always smelled of sulphur, and

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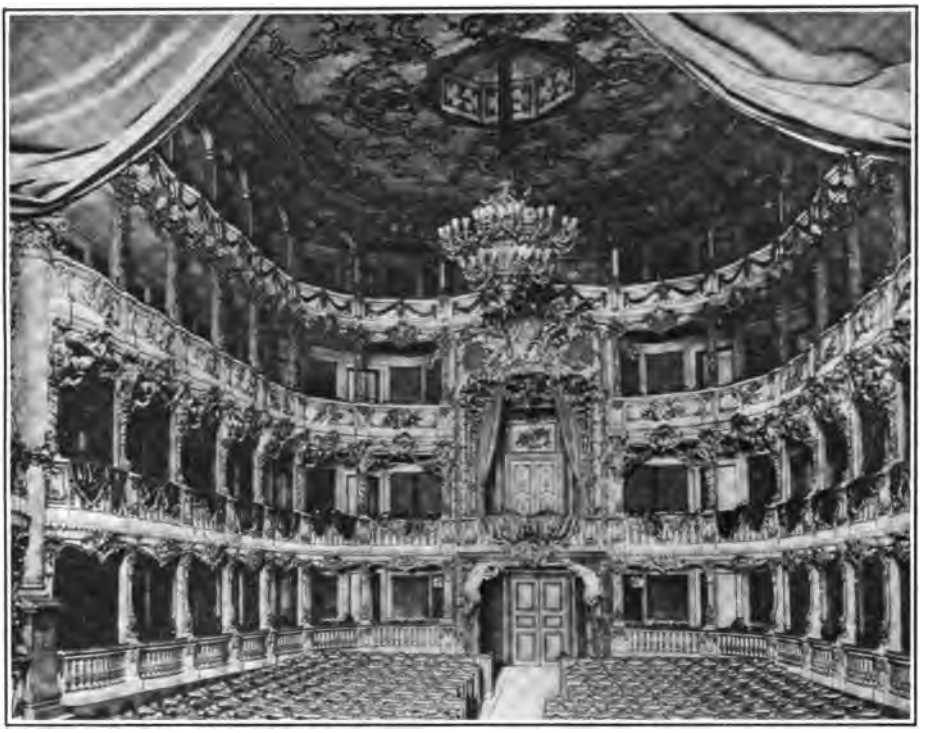
like Marlowe's Mephisto, he seemed to regard himself as being ever in hell. Irving, like a true-born Englishman, took the devil very seriously; he never forgot that he was the devil, and that his object was to destroy forever the souls of Margaret and Faust.

Possart's idea was fundamentally different; in one word, the chief element in his Mephisto was roguishness, and he followed the medieval tradition of the Father of Lies. He was generally in excellent humor, not merely an accomplished cavalier but bubbling with bonhomie; and in the scenes with the young scholar, and later with the unscrupulous dame in the garden, he was positively farcical. During Irving's performance no ripple of laughter was heard from the audience; but in many scenes with Possart the audience shook in uncontrollable mirth. Shocking as my first impression was, I saw later that Possart was not only infinitely closer to Goethe but closer to dramatic truth; his Mephisto was a far more complex personality than Irving's, which was not complex at all, though terribly intense and in its way deeply impressive. In fact, Irving's representation, while immensely interesting as a play, was not in any sense the *Faust* of Goethe.

The last sentence in the above paragraph requires no proof to one who has had the good fortune to see both *Fausts* on the same day; but the difference between the two may be conclusively shown by an amusing bit of evidence, which I learned for the first time in a conversation with Herr von Possart held only a few weeks ago. Mr. Irving, knowing that the great German actor was in New York, requested his own manager—the genial novelist, traveler, and man of business, Mr. Bram Stoker—to witness Possart's *Faust*, and in token of Irving's admiration for a great colleague to hand over the footlights a magnificent wreath of flowers. Accordingly the good Stoker, accompanied by his wreath, took a seat in a proscenium box and waited for the curtain to rise. To his bewilderment, the stage disclosed no Faust in his study but three men talking unintelligible German; it was, of course, the *Vorspiel auf dem Theater*. The curtain fell and rose again, and this time the English manager was at his wit's end, for he saw God and the angels reposing on cloudy beds of ease. After gazing on this spectacle and murmuring: "How extraordinary!" Mr. Stoker left the theater and reported to Mr. Irving that a mistake had been made; Possart was not playing *Faust*, another and quite different play having been substituted; he had accordingly reserved the wreath for the performance of Goethe's drama!

In witnessing this wonderful play once more in Munich a few weeks ago, after an interval of seventeen years, it was interesting to observe the growth of the great German actor's art. It was on broad lines the same interpretation of 1887, but richer, fuller, still more complex and brilliant, and flawless in technique. Indeed, it does not seem as if one could properly understand this masterpiece of modern literature without witnessing Possart's astonishing interpretation. In general the play was much better mounted than in New York, and the cast was decidedly superior; the stage settings were admirable and appropriate, and the Margaret of Fräulein Berndl exceedingly fine. There were, however, two changes made necessary by the fact that Bavaria is a Roman Catholic country and the priests have a distinct influence in the royal theaters. The person of God is not allowed on the stage, but instead, as announced on the play-bill, the *voice* of the Lord—*die Stimme des Herrn*—proceeds from the clouds surrounding the throne. Another famous scene, later on in the play, is absolutely forbidden in Bavaria. After Faust and Mephisto have left the box of jewels for Margaret, the conscientious girl, fearing to keep them, seeks spiritual guidance, with the

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THE RESIDENZ-THEATER, MUNICH

In this small but elaborately decorated theater the Mozart operas are given at the annual summer festivals.

result that the priest takes possession in the name of Holy Mother Church. Mephisto for once loses his temper. He rages wildly, shouting: "The Church has a good stomach, she has devoured whole countries!" When these words were uttered in New York the upper galleries, evidently filled with Lutherans, applauded in wild delight; the Catholics on the floor responded with angry hissing; and it was some time before the tumult and the shouting died. This scene is not permitted in Bavaria; hence, curiously enough, in two respects the New York representation of *Faust* was more faithful to Goethe than is possible even in the fatherland.

While seventeen years have not produced any remarkable change in the personal appearance of the great actor, Fortune has in this interval been wonderfully kind to him. Like his English colleague he has been knighted, and has the right now to the coveted three letters of the nobility—he is Ernst *von* Possart. In 1887 he was merely a distinguished player; he is now not only the foremost German-speaking actor in the world, he is the King's Intendant at Munich, which means that he has the absolute control of the three royal theaters. In the Munich *Theater-Almanac* the list of his honors and decorations fills a large page of fine print. His office in the Hof-Theater is more like a court than a business man's sanctum, and it is not easy to secure a private interview. One has not only to penetrate the serried rows of lackeys in livery, but to speak with several subordinate officers of high rank. Once admitted to the throne-room, however, one finds the player-king a most affable

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Photograph by Baumann, Munich

POSSART AS MEPHISTOPHELES

and democratic personage. Although one of the busiest men in Germany, he has time to chat easily and leisurely, and to tell a good story, which he loves. He plays sometimes as often as thrice in the week; he is in demand all over Germany as a public reader, especially of fairy stories, which he recites admirably; but his chief work is the directorship of the Hof-Theater, the Residenz-Theater, and the new Prinz-Regenten-Theater, where every summer occur the Wagner Festival performances, all given under his personal supervision. During the winter Wagner's operas are heard in the Hof-Theater generally twice a week, and for these and for the multitude of classic performances of German and foreign masterpieces Possart is directly responsible. In addition to these manifold duties, which require for their successful achievement a consummate man of business, Possart translates and prepares for the stage many dramas in French and English—both of which languages he speaks fluently. And on the presentation of Shakespeare he is one of the greatest authorities in the

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Photograph by Baumann, Munich

POSSART AS SHYLOCK

world. To hear Shakespeare properly acted one must go not to England but to Germany; not only are far more of Shakespeare's plays produced in Germany than in all English-speaking countries put together, but the number of German representations is far in excess of our own. In the year 1903 more than one thousand performances of Shakespeare were given in Germany—this in a country where long runs are unknown—and over twenty-five of his plays were produced. At Munich, for example, I heard for the first time in my life one of the best and also one of the least known of Shakespeare's plays, *King Lear* and *Pericles*, the latter translated and prepared for the stage by Possart, and edited and published by him with a long preface. The first volume of his "Collected Writings"—*Gesammelte Schriften*—lies before me, in which he explains most convincingly the reason that led King Ludwig of Bavaria to have his famous performances of Wagner with no one but himself in the audience. In the same volume is an interesting paper on "What system of

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stage scenery is best adapted for the production of Shakespeare's plays?"

Although Possart has appeared in many Shakespearean rôles, his greatest impersonation among them all is his Shylock. Taking everything into consideration, it was the best performance of *The Merchant of Venice* that I have ever seen. Possart's Shylock never rises to the white-hot intensity of Edwin Booth's, whose terrible "Come, prepare!" still rings in my ears; and it is an entirely different interpretation from that of Irving, who tries to make us sympathize with the Jew; but in finish and subtle intelligence, in every technical detail as well as in spiritual grasp, it is perhaps the most satisfactory Shylock of our generation. He makes us hate the character as Shakespeare made the Elizabethans hate him; but, as in Mephisto, he is not the embodiment of any one passion—he is a most complex and extraordinary *man*.

In August and September are the busiest days of Possart's busy year; then come the Mozart and Wagner Festival performances to which thousands of foreigners, chiefly Americans, make pilgrimages as to Bayreuth. The Mozart operas are given in the tiny rococo Residenz-Theater which, with its small size and amazingly elaborate decoration, is ideally fitted as a receptacle for Mozart's music—the music of the *ancien régime*. The Wagner operas are given in the Prinz-Regenten-Theater, a building constructed in 1900 solely for this purpose. The orchestra is concealed, the stage is enormous in extent, and all the seats for spectators are on the graded floor, no galleries or side-boxes existing.



THE HOF-THEATER, MUNICH

Von Possart, as King's Intendant and Director of the Royal Theaters, has in this building his offices, more like a royal court than a business man's sanctum. During the winter season the Wagner operas are heard here regularly, usually twice a week.

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This is a noble hall of music, where every seat is equally good. The three greatest orchestra-conductors in Germany, Mottl, Felix Weingartner, and Arthur Nikisch, all three of whom are well-known in America, are engaged to conduct these performances. Under them the orchestra plays as if inspired.

Possart was born in Berlin in 1841, and made his first appearance at Munich as Franz Moor, in Schiller's *Robbers*, on the 8th of June, 1864. Exactly forty years from that date, June 8, 1904, he played the same part in the same play at the Munich Hof-Theater, announcing that it would be his last appearance in this rôle. The theater was crowded to suffocation, and at the end of the performance scenes of the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Wreath after wreath was thrown on the stage until the boards were literally transformed into a great garden; then appeared every member of the Royal Company, each one taking in turn the hand of the chief. A venerable person, the only other surviving actor of the 1864 cast, read a congratulatory address. Finally Possart himself began a speech of thanks to the people of Munich, which under stress of emotion he was unable to finish. At last the massive iron curtain descended, but even then the audience refused to leave; the small metal door opened, Possart appeared and kissed his hand to the mad throng. At the stage door the University students lay in ambush; they placed him in a carriage, took out the horses and dragged him to his home, over a mile away on the other side of the river Isar.



THE PRINZ-REGENTEN-THEATER, MUNICH

In summer this is the scene of the great Wagner festivals. In this splendid hall of music, built in 1900 solely for this purpose, there are no galleries or side-boxes, and the seats on the graded floor are all equally good.

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THE VOICE

BY VALERIE DE MUDE KELSEY

I

In that dim time when man was still a brute,
He heard a Voice seductive as the breeze
That kisses April buds. It wooed from out
The heart of God, it moved within him slow,
Like faint, far echo from a new-struck harp—
It thrilled him to a strange and sad unrest.
No power had he to speak this pregnant stir
To forceful words—to music—unto song;
But ah, the pain of that far distant time
When instincts primal smote the consciousness,
When dazed eyes hot with unshed tears looked out
Upon a brutish body, fanged and haired.

II

By day or night through all the endless years
Ne'er ceased the Voice to sound its vibrant call.
He heard it in the thunder's rolling shock,
And on the wind that stirred him from his lair;
The shadow-haunted forest seemed alive
With a compelling force that took no shape.
And when he stole his mate by strength alone,
Something within him promising delight,
The fruitful impulse struck his lust aside
And fixed his joy upon the child instead.
Out from the dark to light he swiftly grew,
Urged by the wondrous Voice that taught him love.

III

The Voice divine! He hears it clearly now;
And all the heritage of memory
Stored in the boundless caves of time is his,
For his interpretive ability
To reincarnate here—that man may know
How long God called him ere he understood.
And still the earth moves on in rhythmic swing,
Majestic with the farthest planets' march;
And still God sends his Voice across the wild.
Forevermore the struggling man shall hear
And, hearing, tireless go the sorrowed road,
His sonship proving—answering the Voice.

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IN SEARCH OF PREY

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

COLLECTION OF MR. FELIX ISMAN

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GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Foomi stood in front of the great screen that blossomed with the rich hues of the imperial flower of Japan—the chrysanthemum. She was herself like a flower, but one far more slender and delicate; her ivory-tinted face was a small and perfect oval, her almond-shaped eyes were darkly soft and long-lashed, with the expression of a child. Her tinted kimono was lined with crimson, a crimson obi enfolded her waist, her little feet were clad in the daintiest of sandals. Her small hands, with their pink-tipped fingers, the hands of a child, were clasped and pressed against her heart; and quiet as she seemed, like an incarnation of the Orient, she was trembling—trembling from head to foot. Her soft eyes were fixed on the face of the young man who stood opposite, leaning one careless arm on the carved teak-wood cabinet, while his other hand rested lightly on the hilt of his saber. He was tall and fair, with the hair and eyes of the Pole, but he wore the uniform of the Czar.

Above their heads soft rainbows of light shone through the Japanese lanterns swung from the low ceiling. A faint perfume of sandalwood pervaded the warm atmosphere. Another screen, covered with cherry blossoms, divided the alcove from the long outer room of Oshimo's Oriental shop—the quaintest shop in Port Arthur. The hum of voices came back to them, too—the occasional sounds of persons moving to and fro beyond the screens—but the girl was conscious of nothing but the tall figure before her; she heard nothing but the voice of the young Russian officer, in which there was a strained, halting note as he tried to answer her.

"I cannot marry you, Foomi," he said; and he was trying to speak lightly, cheerfully, but the words choked him when he met that soft, surprised gaze of hers, the look of a wounded child. "I never meant to marry you. Don't you see I could not, little one? You are not of my people. I am going to marry a young girl who lives far off in the north of Russia, a great way from here; my family and her family have known each other always, and it is all arranged; they do the same thing in your country, child. I am very sorry, Foomi, sorry to hurt your feelings—you seem to take it so—so seriously; but no, I cannot marry you. You must be able to see I could never think of marrying you."

She did not answer him at first. She knew Russ very well indeed, and she spoke it with a sweet, odd accent, but she thought that she had not understood him. Her silence and her sorrowful, perplexed look gave him a sudden, swift pang of remorse. Paul Zotoff had a softer heart than he had himself supposed. She was a pretty, confiding creature and she had pleased his fancy, nothing more, he thought, until he felt the lump in his throat. After all, it was hard to strike this blow; it would have been easier to make vague promises which could have been so lightly broken. It is sometimes hard to be cruel for the purpose of being kind. He had felt, up to that moment, that it was kind to undeceive her, but—ah, gracious Lady of Kazan, patroness of the orthodox Russian and not of this little heathen girl—the expression in

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those soft, childlike eyes was more unbearable than a blow.

When at last she spoke her voice was sweet and very soft; there was no anger in it—he could have borne that—only a note of anguish.

"My lord will marry," she said gently, "one of his own people." Her hands that had been pressed so tightly to her bosom fell straight at her sides. "My lord will marry, my lord is going away to—to——"

"No, no!" he said quickly, glad to reassure her on at least one point. "No, no; I am going to stay here, Foomi, to fight for the Czar if war is declared, and we think it will be. I must do that, you know. But you were asking me to marry you, Foomi, and I cannot. It is impossible, quite, quite impossible."

She drew a long breath, looking at him again with that gentle, infinitely tender gaze. She could not believe that his was the hand that smote her.

"My lord will marry one of his own people," she repeated softly. "May my lord be happy, and she his wife, his true wife, will be happy. As for me, as for me——"

"Oh, come, Foomi, don't; I don't like it," he cried harshly. "I'm not going away. I shall see you tomorrow and the day after tomorrow and the day after. Why are you so foolish, child? I'm fond of you, you know."

"But I shall not see my lord," she said softly, and two great tears rolled down her cheeks. "I go also to my own people."

"You need not, child," he retorted, forcing a smile. "We are not at war yet; and even if we fight—yes, I suppose the Japanese will all leave then—but not you, Foomi. You are only a little girl. You'll stay here and be fond of me still, and smile at me still."

But she shook her head, smiling gently now and looking at him with her heart in her eyes. For many months her sun had risen and set where that young soldier stood.

Some one called him from the outer shop in a pleasant English voice.

"Paul—Paul Zotoff!"

"Coming," he answered. Then he crossed the little space between them at one stride and passed his arm around her, and felt her to be a slight, delicate thing that he could bend with a touch. He was very sorry for her in a lordly way—this little helpless Oriental creature with her soft, warm cheek so close to his.

"I'll come again this evening, Foomi," he whispered, "I am sorry, for I am very fond of you, but I can't help it—and you can't understand. Kiss me, Foomi."

She shrank from him; all the woman in her rebelled for one moment. Must she kiss him when he could be so cruel to her—could cast her off like a broken doll? The strength of her love arose to battle for her. But she had been bred to submission, and she looked up and saw his eyes, blue and beautiful to her, even if so cruel. A shiver passed through her; she loved him, alas, too well! Then she raised her little tear-stained face softly to his.

II

A moment later Paul Zotoff passed indifferently through the outer shop, nodding with careless patronage to Foomi's father, the wrinkled, keen-eyed old Japanese, Oshimo, who leaned on his counter talking to a customer. Farther on her cousin, young Nagoya, was arranging the ivories and talking to the young English doctor, Edward Robertson, who was waiting with some impatience for Zotoff. Nagoya greeted the fair-haired Russian with a reflection of his uncle's smiling suavity and courteously handed him a light for his cigarette; yet the oblique eyes were not altogether friendly in their watchful regard. But the face of the Oriental

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betrays little of his thoughts, and less of his heart.

The atmosphere of the place was close and heavy with perfume and the heat of the lanterns, and one of the visitors felt it so. Dr. Robertson thrust his arm through Zotoff's and gently drew him along to the door, talking all the while. As they went out they passed a man wearing the uniform of a Russian colonel of infantry. Zotoff saluted and stood at attention, but his superior officer passed with a nod—an insolent nod at that—and went into the shop. Paul looked after him and half turned, but the Englishman's arm was heavy in his.

"Come," he said.

"It's Souvaroff, curse him!" muttered the Russian fiercely; "the insolent cockatoo!"

"Your worthy colonel is somewhat tipsy, my dear Paul," remarked his friend; "and by the way, without any offense, when you Russians undertake to get really drunk you have no competitors. But why curse him? It is both useless and impolitic."

"Curse him!" said Paul again, unheeding; "why does he go there?"

Robertson suppressed a smile.

"To see the fair Foomi, perhaps," he suggested softly.

Paul stiffened, and in some way his arm fell free of the Englishman's. He turned his head and the two looked each other squarely in the eyes.

"If I thought that," said Zotoff fiercely, the savage leaping naked in his blue eyes, "I would shoot him!"

The young doctor gave a long, low whistle.

"Tut," he said, "take care or he'll ship you off to do guard duty with the Cossacks on the upper Yalu. You're in his power, man, and such talk is mutiny—and all for a little Japanese girl, too!"

Zotoff's face flushed deeply. "She's a good girl," he said bluntly, cut by the Englishman's tone and by the remembrance of that forlorn little figure standing by the screen as he had left her.

The Englishman looked at him shrewdly; he himself had a kindly, homely face, and in his heart he was wondering if he was too inclined to look for the mote in his brother's eye. He turned the subject.

"Oshimo expects to close tonight," he remarked composedly, "the feeling here is so hostile to all Japanese. I wonder why the poor old devil stays? I suppose, though, his all is here."

"He is rich," retorted Zotoff shortly, and looked back, but the colonel had not yet come out.

They heard a bell ringing softly, a sweet note, three strokes.

"It's three o'clock," said the Russian, "I must go. I'm on guard duty at three-thirty, keeping a look-out on the sentries."

"Guard duty," repeated the other musingly, "what if it turns out seriously after all? I notice that you are using your search-lights less than I think you should, and in some way I have a notion that the Mikado's fleet is lying out there in the Yellow Sea"; and the doctor shaded his eyes and looked southward. The end of the short street opening at the water's edge gave a long vista of the channel. "It looks like smoke yonder in the straits," he added, "but the clouds are so heavy that one can't be sure. I suppose we're going to have war."

"I suppose that we are going to have snow tonight," retorted the Russian curtly, with a shrug; "good-by, old fellow, until tomorrow."

Robertson looked at his watch and set it. A squad of soldiers crossed the upper end of the street.

"I'm coming over to the barracks tonight," he said cheerfully.

Paul looked back; his face was pale and determined.

"I'll not be there," he said, "until late. Adieu."

"Au revoir," replied the doctor, and

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away, tall, graceful, soldierly; then he sighed.

"Scratch a Russian," he said to himself softly, "and you will find the Tartar underneath. And yet, I believe the fellow has the grace to be ashamed."

III

It was dusk when Paul Zotoff, once more relieved from routine duty, walked swiftly toward the shop of Oshimo the Japanese. The town was singularly tranquil; here and there were groups of gaily uniformed officers; many of those from the war-ships in the harbor were ashore. The lights began to twinkle in the gathering twilight, and out on the bay lights shone from the shipping. As yet there was no sign that the first gun of the war would be fired ere morning.

Zotoff walked quickly, his strong, thin figure as straight as a northern pine, his step firm and swift, his face unusually grave and stern. All day the childlike figure, drooping in its attitude of despair, had haunted him, and his conscience, touched too late, stirred uneasily. As for her people, he did not consider them. Heathen, yellow men, Orientals—but Foomi? He bit his lip. It is not the love that quarrels and demands much, but the love that forgives and loves still, which stirs a man's soul to shame.

He walked on. The Fates are feminine and, being so, they must needs play fast and loose with a man and draw him on until he has reached the very height of his folly, and then——

Oshimo had shuttered his windows and locked his front door. It was the hour when the shop was usually lighted and he drove a thriving trade and served tea in the alcove of the screens; but a dark, narrow front frowned forbiddingly on Paul Zotoff. The street, too, without this center of attraction had dropped into insignificance; it was . The Russian, though in a manner prepared for this change, looked up at the shop and frowned. Then he turned the corner and entered a narrow alleyway between the shop and Oshimo's dwelling, which was masked, too, and silent. This passage—covered for a short way by the upper story which united house and shop under one flat Oriental roof—ran back into a court where the back door of the shop and the side door of the house opened. Across the court there was another opening, with two or three stone steps under an arch, which led into the street in the rear. The space, a small one, thus sheltered by the houses, was laid out like a Japanese garden in miniature, ice-bound now by the hand of winter. There were a tiny grotto of stones and many little mounds and a neat gravel path running in and out, and one small, dwarfed evergreen cut in fantastic shapes. Zotoff knew the spot well, he had walked there with Foomi; it was there that he had first whispered sweet nothings in her willing ears; and up here to the left was her window, just too high to reach but not too high for her to hear him speak and to answer. Tonight the court was dark, no lights shone but the light from the sky overhead, and that grew pale. Zotoff stopped and listened; there were no sounds. Then he fixed his eyes on the little window; the Venetian blinds were drawn nearly to the sill and he saw no flicker of light there. After a moment he began to sing softly the lines of an old Russian love-song:

"If the frost nipped the flowerets no more,
If in the winter the flowerets would bloom,
If the woes of my spirit were o'er,
My spirit would cast off its gloom,
I would sit with my sorrow no longer
O'erwatching the——"

He stopped abruptly for he saw two small hands—slender, childish hands—appear below the blind. They were white against the darkness and they

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for the gesture did not beckon; it spoke plainly in another language. The hands were clasped in supplication, wrung together, and then they waved him away; they repulsed, prayed, besought him to depart. So eloquent was the gesture that had every finger been a tongue it could scarcely have been more affecting and significant. Those two slender, pretty hands besought him to leave her. The young Russian stood and gazed, deeply stirred. He who had told her so lightly that they must part at last, he who had held her in such light esteem that he could take her heart to break it, stood bewildered and wounded by the affront. Then he called her softly, tenderly, with a lover's reiteration—he knew how tender her love was.

"Foomi," he called, "Foomi, almond blossom, flower of the moon, Foomi!"

There was no answer but that beseeching gesture, waving him away, away toward the street whence he came.

He grew angry.

"Foomi!" he cried more sharply, unmindful of other ears, "Foomi, this is folly."

Then the two hands were wrung in the anguish of appeal, and vanished, slipping over the window-sill into the darkness behind. Alarmed at last, Zotoff sprang to the door below her window and tried it. It was secured, however, against his utmost efforts, nor did any one answer his summons. Then he tried the shop door; that, too, was locked; the lower shutters were solid wood and were bolted within. He went back to the center of the yard and looked up and called her.

"Foomi, Foomi!"

An echo mocked him. No light showed, no voice answered. In his perplexity he remembered that there was another door, the back door of the house opening on the other street, beside the steps that led from the court-

moment he left the center of the open space he had to grope his way by the wall of the shop to the little gate at the arch. It was bolted, but he unfastened it and looked down. Below, the steps were black; above, the stone arch cut off the sky. Through it he saw a street-lamp twinkling on the other side. He moved forward and the gate, swinging to, locked itself behind him. He took one step down, two steps, his foot caught on an obstruction and he fell forward heavily, face downward, on the prostrate body of a man.

IV

He had not fallen without noise; his sword rattled, his cap rolled off his head and went spinning out into the street, into the circle of the light. He felt something wet on his hands and face, and was struggling to his knees, pushing that still, stiff thing away, when two men stooped down and looked into the archway, and one of these struck a match. Both were Russians.

"Hello, here's a pretty business!" cried one; "what's going on here?" and a heavy hand descended on Paul's shoulder.

He shook it off indignantly and came stumbling out upon the sidewalk to face the two, one an officer and the other a private, but neither of them of his regiment.

"I was coming out of the courtyard and I stumbled and fell on something," he said; "I think the man has been stabbed."

"A likely story!" sneered the officer, and at a sign from him the private again laid his hand on Zotoff's arm; this time with more force.

Meanwhile, the officer whistled and two more soldiers came up at a run. The little squad surrounded Paul, and one of them, laying hands on the body, dragged it out and turned it over, face upward, under the street-lamp. It was Colonel

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his back, a dagger with the hilt broken off.

"Here's a pretty gear!" cried the officer. "Hold that fellow; he has stabbed his colonel."

"I deny it!" cried Paul fiercely, "the man is dead—has been dead some time, I think, and I stumbled over him as I came down the steps."

"As you came down the steps?" repeated the officer, with disdain; "St. Nicholas, how did you get up the steps?"

"Through the gate—" began Paul and stopped; a sudden divination of the crime, a fear for Foomi in the upper room, tied his tongue.

"The gate?" cried a soldier, and turning he tried it, shaking it heavily. "'Tis locked on the inside," he said, with a dark look from the body to Paul. He was not without some secret sympathy, however, with the crime.

"Take the fellow to the guard-house," ordered the officer, "and put him in irons."

"I am innocent," said Paul indignantly, struggling with two stout Cossacks. "I am Paul Zotoff, lieutenant in Colonel Souvaroff's regiment. I did not touch the man."

"Your hands look like it, lieutenant," muttered the soldier who held him the firmest.

"Remove him!" shouted the captain wrathfully; "by St. Nicholas, we have murder and mutiny here—and on the eve of battle. If he struggles, put him in irons, I say. Away with you before the mob gathers."

The mob was gathering, indeed. The street was choked already at its narrow outlet, and it was through this crowd that Zotoff was dragged along by his guards and a squad of infantry. As he went, clenched between his guards, he began to see—like a man in a dream—the march of fate. His feet were caught firmly in a net, the net of crime; who would testify for him? The man and his hands were dyed with his life-blood. Zotoff was a brave man, but a shudder ran through him, for he saw not the squad of soldiers with leveled guns, but the hangman's noose.

Nor was it better when he was thrust into a cell at the barracks and left in the dark, behind stout bars of iron, to reflect on the events of the last few hours. Madness — folly — crime — a trinity, it seemed; and they had led him through his love for the little dark-eyed Oriental into a trap. He did not doubt it. He saw, or thought that he saw, just what had happened. Souvaroff went into Oshimo's shop and there—when feeling ran so high, even in the lean old Japanese—Souvaroff had given rein to that devil's tongue of his, and more—Paul cursed him at the thought—more, he might have insulted Foomi, and then? What could be easier? A dozen weapons lay ready to hand, the man in liquor and without suspicion—and a stab in the back to the heart. Then the body had been dragged out as far as they dared and left for some one to stumble on—and that some one? Paul Zotoff felt intuitively that the furtive, dark old Japanese had planned it well—his vengeance. And had he not deserved it? Since that moment when he had seen the slender, childlike figure stand there, so stricken, so humble, so hopeless, Paul had suffered keen pangs of remorse. He had sinned, and his sin had found him out. Yet—and yet—to do otherwise would have been a strange thing for one like him; his course had been a common one, and others escaped unscathed—but the wages of sin is death. And she had tried to save him. He understood the gesture, he understood the closed and darkened house. He understood—dimly too—that she must have been forced to stay where she was. It was a trap—a trap! Then all remorse slipped away as his wrath rose. The dark, old, money-grabbing, revengeful heathen, what

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injury that was almost an honor?

Zotoff paced his cell and cursed his fate, while the hours hardened his heart. His rage was selfish; he thought but little of the girl or her danger in that hour when feeling ran so high, but of himself, of his sullied honor, of his helplessness; he thought much, and the watches of the night were troubled.

Toward morning another trial came. The heavy boom of guns shook the air, the very earth seemed to tremble. The Japanese fleet was attacking the Russian ships in the offing. War had begun.

With a groan Zotoff threw himself upon the wooden bench in his room and cursed his fate. War with all its chances of honor—and he a prisoner!

V

With great difficulty Dr. Robertson obtained permission to see the prisoner. The crime was on every lip, and but for that greater excitement — the Mikado's fleet and the disaster to the Russian warships—it would have been the topic of the hour. Souvaroff was not loved; he had even been hated; but in this case a dead lion was as dangerous as a live one. He became at once a martyr. It ran from lip to lip that Zotoff had hated him, that he had even been heard to utter threats, and that both men were over-fond of visiting the shop of Oshimo the Japanese. Robertson, who knew the most, sat with the prisoner as long as he was permitted; but even so he could give but little cheer, and Zotoff fretted like a caged lion. The Englishman looked up at the little barred window over their heads and saw the narrow strip of sky, and thought of many things.

"Beyond a doubt," he said, "I think that old Oshimo did it, or the nephew. But the shop is closed."

"Have you been there?" Zotoff asked sharply, a certain eagerness in his eye.

"My dear fellow," Robertson replied, "the whole world of Port Arthur has been there—the soldiers, the Chinese, the Manchus, and the devil. Oshimo's belongings and his treasures are scattered to the four winds of heaven; but as for them——"

"Well, what of them?"

"They are gone," said the Englishman, "gone, like the shadows, and you remain. There is only the handle of the dagger needed to clench it, and that even may be dispensed with."

"They think I did it, I suppose?" said Paul sullenly.

"My dear Zotoff," replied his friend, "even I have heard you threaten Souvaroff; but I shall not testify to that."

"I thank you," said Paul bitterly. "Give me, at least, the benefit of the doubt. I see how it is—everything is against me, and just at this time the Viceroy cannot afford to relax his discipline. I shall be an example."

"That is precisely it," assented the Englishman. "I went to see His Excellency myself. Yes," in answer to Zotoff's gesture of surprise, "I know him. I have knocked about the world, Paul, as you know, and am still knocking around, or I should not be here now. Alexieff saw me; he was affable—he always is—as smooth as cream and as inflexible as stone. He had a cup of tea served, the best I ever tasted, and commented on the bad tea we have at Cairo after all these years of English occupation. That was a fling at us for taking a hand in Egypt and then criticising you in Manchuria. He did that, of course, to put me off. In the end, though, he listened. If we could only put it on the Japs, I think he'd let you off at a word. But there it is: Souvaroff is dead, and some one must hang for it. He as good as said so. Undoubtedly, he'd rather hang the Jap."

"But there is none to hang," said Zotoff coldly. "It seems that I am

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trapped—trapped, too, as I think, by that old Jap."

Robertson sat silent, looking at the floor. His face was grave, deeply grave, and troubled. Zotoff, too, stared at the floor. The hand of every man is against the fallen, and he had stumbled — stumbled far upon those steps of Oshimo's court.

"And about the little girl?" said the Englishman absently. "What of her?" Paul answered not a word, but a dark flush mounted slowly to his forehead. He, too, thought of her; but at the moment it was with an unreasoning anger. Why had she, like Circe, lured him to his doom?

The silence was so awkward that both were glad of the sentry's signal. The Englishman clasped the Russian's hand.

"I am sorry," he said. "I will do what I can, old fellow. It will be a military court."

A gun boomed heavily in the distance and Zotoff flung himself free.

"War!" he cried, "war with all its honors, and I am chained here like a dog! My God! Robertson, why can't they shoot me and be done with it?"

VI

The trial was a brief one. Military trials, in such circumstances, usually are brief and terribly in earnest. That corner of the world was under military law, and Zotoff's case was one of peculiar offense to the high officials. The testimony, too, was simple and convincing. Souvaroff was stabbed and Paul Zotoff was found reeking in his blood, and Paul Zotoff had hated him, and said so too openly. The dagger, which might have pointed to the assassin, could not be identified without the hilt; it was broken short off above the blade. Besides, the shop and house of Oshimo the Japanese were vacant; not even a rat had been found there, but much of value and comfort to the officials. Therefore, it was not some one in the house who was guilty, but the young Russian soldier. He had scarcely two witnesses to testify in his behalf; his comrades dared not and the Chinese would not if they could. He was there, he was blood-stained, and he had threatened. It was necessary to maintain a high military discipline, and the Russian is not over-sentimental on the side of mercy.

Therefore, one cold morning in February, when the Japanese guns were silent, though a cloud of smoke loomed in the offing, Paul Zotoff stood up and heard his sentence. He was to be degraded from the army and hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Not shot! God of his fathers, not shot like a brave man—but hanged! And degraded from that army into which, it might be said, he had been born. That alone was like death.

It was then that something happened to make his senses reel, and took away alike his anger and his power of speech. There was a stir in the little court-room, the guards at the door gave way and a refreshing draught of air came in, and with it a prisoner. Would it please the honorable court to hear a statement in behalf of the condemned? It pleased the honorable court because it was found that a Japanese was to be the scapegoat, and a Japanese scapegoat was the one thing greatly to be desired in Port Arthur at that moment. The officers who brought in the prisoner told of a voluntary surrender and a confession.

Then Paul Zotoff began to see, as through a mist, the slender, childlike figure he had last seen in Oshimo's shop before the great screen of chrysanthemums. She stood alone in the center of her guards, and in a timid, gentle way she made her three little bows to the judges.

"Ohayo!" she said.

Then her eyes—dark, velvety, long-lashed—looked up and saw Paul, and the world stood still about two souls.

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stood meekly, her hands clasped, while the Cossack at her side recited her story. To him it seemed a fairy-tale, but he told it with great simplicity as it had been told to him, and also without feeling—for he had none for her. She had been in her father's shop when Colonel Souvaroff came in, drunk with red wine; he had struck her old father; he had been cruel and insulting, and threatened to take their goods away and leave them homeless—to hang them as spies! Then, in her anger and fright, she had caught up a dagger from the counter and stabbed him to the heart, the handle of the knife breaking in her hands.

There was again a stir and murmur at that, men craning their necks to look at her and thinking her a heathen fury, though in their hearts they had hated the dead man for a thousand overbearing ways. The judge asked her if what she said was true, and if she would swear to her own guilt. And she looked up and smiled like a child, and drawing the broken hilt from the folds of her obi she gave it to her guards.

"That is the hilt of the dagger, oh, Excellencies," she said simply, "and it is red, red with his blood. I did it, I, Oshimo Foomi."

Then, under a sharp cross-fire of examination, with a patience and subtlety that baffled them all, the little Japanese girl, point by point, step by step, recounted again and again, without a single deviation, the story of the murder, incriminating herself, exonerating all others, and refusing utterly to tell where her father was, though threatened with sharp punishment. But in her innocence, and her ignorance of all their cruelty might devise for her to suffer, she could defy them.

"Because," she said, "I would not have another suffer for my guilt, oh, Excellencies." Then she dared not look at the tall figure standing at the bar like a statue, frozen in his amazement. move her or shake her story; she was guilty, and she alone.

It was not until this new prisoner was formally committed, until she was led away, and his own sentence was suspended, that Paul Zotoff awoke to realize that a miracle, the miracle of a woman's love, had intervened between him and the gallows.

VII

Dr. Robertson went to one of the windows in his modest rooms and looked out. It was night, and he was watching the play of the search-lights across the harbor. Port Arthur looked hourly for another bombardment; no lights shone in the town, the streets were dark, and Chinese bandits raided the less secure places.

Paul Zotoff, sitting at the table in the center of the room, leaned heavily upon it and buried his face in his hands.

"I wonder if the plucky little yellow devils will come in tonight," remarked the doctor; "who would have believed that they could make so good a showing against your ships! By George, Paul, I shouldn't be surprised if they threw their land forces across the Yalu and with their fleet here they bottled up Port Arthur. I ought to have gone before they caught me, but now I shall stay to see you pour your hordes down on the poor little devils. Lord! how wild they were to try to face it.

> 'The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
> And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.'

But, pshaw, you don't know Byron!"

The Russian made no answer. Instead, his head sank lower on his hands. His friend turned from the window and looked at him.

"Well," he said, "it is useless to talk to you even of carrying the war into Tokio. You are free, Paul, but you are not happy."

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looking up, his face haggard and stern; "free at the cost of that child's imprisonment. Of course she did not do it; but where—where is that devil Oshimo?"

Robertson stood looking away again toward the window.

"Gone beyond recall, I suspect," he said; "yes, of course she is innocent, and she came back—came back from her own people, from shelter, safety, homely love—to save you. I'm not sure, Paul, that, considering all things from her standpoint, you were worth it."

"Worth it to her?" said Zotoff bitterly. "No! and they will send her to Siberia, sure as death, if I cannot save her!"

The Englishman still averted his gaze.

"You have not thought of substantiating a case against yourself, I suppose," he suggested naively; "she was uncommonly clever at it; she convicted herself as neatly as any criminal lawyer ever convicted a murderer."

"Yes, I have thought of it," replied Zotoff, rising from his chair and pacing to and fro, "I have thought of it; I have thought of going to the Viceroy and lying myself on to the gallows; but I'm a coward, Robertson, a coward. I can't make up my mind to die a felon's death—even to save that child."

Dr. Robertson shook his head thoughtfully. "The alternative is hard," he admitted, "beastly hard, and she—what courage, Zotoff, to come back, back to our sentries, from heaven knows where, to save you, to give herself up for you!"

"I know," said the Russian bitterly, "and I—I wronged her. My sin has found me out; yet how many sin and go free! But what to do—how to find that Japanese—to prove her innocent against the fabric of testimony that she has raised—at a time like this when every Japanese is hated? What madness, what sheer madness!"

The Englishman continued to watch the search-lights, and a long silence low voice, still watching the keen white flashes:

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

"Good God, man!" cried Paul fiercely, "hush! Do you think I am not human? That her love, her compassion, her faithfulness, have not returned to curse me for my folly and my wickedness? That I do not suffer? I am a coward—it is I who should die for her!"

VIII

Morning like a white knife cut the gray sky in a long gash above the Straits of Pe-chi-li. Like a flash from a naked blade, light caught the white crests of the hooded seas as they rose, wave on wave, out of the night. But a thin fog still hung low over the shore-batteries and the forts. The air was fresh and keen with the salt taste of the sea. A long line of Russian sentries skirted the water-front and the highlands, and one by one, as the gash of light widened, their figures rose in grim relief, rough-hewn and dark against the pale horizon.

The town, showing no lights in these days of semi-siege, lay sulking behind her defenses. Russian ships were anchored under the shelter of the batteries. It was very still, save for the occasional challenge of a sentry.

In the gray dawn of a new day Paul Zotoff, just relieved from duty, walked like a man in a dream toward the town. The world went round, but his life seemed suddenly to stand still—still in its misery and its remorse. Yesterday had sealed the fate of Foomi; self-accused and self-convicted, she was to go to Siberia—to a slow, frozen death, this daughter of the sunny south, of the almond and the cherry blossoms. She had offered herself to suffer in his place. And she was happier so, he reflected, than he was in living—living with such

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high for any sympathy with one of the enemy's people; and the memory that he had of her was of that slender, child-like, appealing figure before the screens in Oshimo's shop. He walked apart, he thought; men avoided him, suspected him, felt the contagion on his garments; he had consorted with a strange people and dallied with a daughter of the heathen. In his soul, he thought of himself even then at the hour of her misery; but his conscience was stirred—stirred deeply at last. He was a changed man outwardly, his face haggard, his eyes stern. He felt himself her murderer, and she had given all—her life itself—for him. And he? How poor, how cheap his love was for her compared with this! A mere bagatelle.

He stopped and looked down at the town which lay below him, with its flat Oriental roofs close crowded, at the thin curls of smoke that rose from many chimneys, at the stir in the streets. The mist had floated off and lay a faint obscurity above the Bay of Ta-lien-wan. Standing thus with bowed head he did not observe the man who walked swiftly from the fort. The tall, upright figure of the English doctor approached him. Zotoff started when Robertson spoke his name, and looking up he saw—even in the pallid light—a great thing in the other's face.

"Paul," cried his friend, laying a heavy hand on his shoulder, "please God, she's saved!"

"Saved?" repeated Zotoff, with stiff lips.

"Yes, saved," replied the Englishman; "old Oshimo and his nephew have been found. They were hiding all the while with some Chinamen. The guards got them, called them yellow spies and Jap devils, and dragged old Oshimo past my lodgings with a rope around his neck. I [illegible] him at once; even in that guise I [illegible] not mistake

"Go on!" cried Zotoff, "go on in heaven's name; where are they? They know all, and they shall tell!"

"They have told," replied Robertson, "or rather Nagoya has. I knew the sergeant of the guard—you know the fellow, old Konrat—and I dropped a hint in his ear. We held a bed of justice at the barracks; it was unofficial but it was effective. Old Oshimo was dead game, he would not speak; but Nagoya did—with a rope around his neck, with a double bow-knot in it, drawn rather tight, and a pistol at his head. Oh, yes, it was barbaric, but we got it straight enough, and we got it in writing and before witnesses in the end."

"My God, man!" cried Paul, "go on—go on—"

"Old Oshimo did it," the Englishman said, with a grim smile; "Souvaroff went in drunk—you and I saw that—and from all accounts he played it pretty strong, and finally got into a tipsy quarrel and choked young Nagoya; and the old man, in a blaze of anger, struck him in the ribs. Then the two, uncle and nephew, dragged him out there into the alley. Afterwards they found that she—the little girl, Foomi—had seen it all from behind the screens, and they feared that she would warn you; they had laid the trap for you, for they hated you because you were a Russian and because"—Robertson paused abruptly and then hurried on; "and they tied and gagged her until you were caught, and then they made off, carrying her with them into hiding. After that she got away and took the hilt that they had purposely broken from the dagger because it was Japanese. She would not betray them, plucky little soul, and she was willing to save you at the cost of her own life if need be. Good heavens, Paul, a woman's love passes all knowledge!"

The Russian had stood like a statue,

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in silence. There was a pause. When a man's soul passes through such an ordeal there is something akin to the awful in his aspect. The Englishman did not again lay his hand upon him.

"I must see the Viceroy," he said harshly, "she must be saved now."

"She will be," retorted the doctor quietly, "I saw him an hour after the confession. And, Paul, her father is dead; he killed himself. We thought he was not armed, but he had one of those beastly knives in his belt—they seem as full of them as jugglers—and he did not wait for Russian justice."

Zotoff held out his hand abruptly and wrung the doctor's.

"I owe you much," he said hoarsely, and turned away with a set, white face.

IX

In the upper room of Oshimo's house Foomi knelt by the window and looked at the sky. Around her was only wreckage, what remained after repeated visits from the officers of justice and Chinese bandits and petty thieves—desolation and sadness and ruin. But the girl considered none of these things; she looked at the sky and watched the trail of a passing smoke-cloud.

She did not stir at the sound of a step in the hall, nor when it drew nearer and Paul Zotoff crossed the threshold. Instead, she turned her head without rising, and looked at him—not reproachfully, not angrily, but with a soft and melancholy regard, her lips drooping at the corners in pathetic appeal.

He stood a moment looking at her, no longer careless or defiant but a pale, grave man.

"Foomi," he said softly, at last, "I have come. The battle has gone with your people again."

"My lord is sorry?" she replied, in a sweet, gentle voice; "my lord would bid me goodby—for I—I am going—if they will let me—to my people, and my girl in the far, far north?"

She rose and held out her hands, a faint, sad smile quivering like light across her small face.

"I bid my lord farewell," she murmured, "I—I—will learn to pray to my lord's God that He may bless him. As for me—as for me—at least, I saved him once!"

Paul Zotoff stood up. A shiver passed through him. In one bewildering flash he saw a long vista of tomorrows, of the slow reckoning. Like a drowning man's flash-view of the life he loses, he saw the contempt of his comrades, he saw the severance of all old ties—family and friends—that slipping away of all things which comes to a man who loses caste by his marriage with the daughter of the alien and the despised. He saw it and knew the cost. He had been a coward and now—

The supreme struggle was over; he would make amends—please heaven—he would not be ashamed to look his own conscience in the face! He looked at her—pale, small, with tender, child-like eyes—and his heart smote him. His old life dropped away and only two things remained—his honor and a newborn love.

"Foomi," he said softly and very humbly, "I am not worthy—but I offer you the life you have saved. It is little to give you in exchange for all you have given me, but I ask you—to be my wife."

She looked at him with a simple wonder that stung him with a new sense of shame.

"I am only a little Japanese girl, my lord," she said faintly, "and you are to marry one of your own people, I —"

"Foomi!" he said, "I love you—do you not understand? you—and no other."

She took a timid step nearer and she trembled from head to foot, but a great radiance shone in her soft eyes.

"As my lord wills," she said, with great humility.

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THE DESERT DRUM

BY ROBERT HICHENS

I am not naturally superstitious. The Saharaman is. He has many strange beliefs. When one is at close quarters with him, sees him day by day in his home, the great desert, listens to his dramatic tales of desert lights, visions, sounds, one's common-sense is apt to be shaken on its throne. Perhaps it is the influence of the solitude and the wide spaces, of those far horizons of the Sahara where the blue deepens along the edge of the world, that turns even a European mind to an Eastern credulity. Who can tell? The truth is that in the Sahara one can believe what one cannot believe in London. And sometimes circumstance—chance, if you like to call it so—steps in, and seems to say: "Your belief is well-founded."

Of all the desert superstitions, the one which appealed most to my imagination was the superstition of the desert drum. The Saharaman declares that far away from the abodes of men and desert cities, among the everlasting sand-dunes, the sharp beating, or dull, distinct rolling of a drum sometimes breaks upon the ear of travelers voyaging through the desolation. They look around, they stare across the flats, they see nothing. But the mysterious music continues. Then, if they be Sahara-bred, they commend themselves to Allah, for they know that some terrible disaster is at hand, that one of them at least is doomed to die before the dawn of another day.

Often had I heard stories of the catastrophes which were immediately preceded by the beating of the desert drum. One night in the Sahara I was a witness to one—an rience which I have never been quite able to forget.

On an evening of spring, accompanied by a young Arab and a negro, I rode slowly down a low hill of the Sahara, and I saw in the sandy cup at my feet the tiny collection of hovels called Sidi-Massarly. I had been in the saddle since dawn, riding over desolate tracks in the heart of the desert. I was hungry, tired, and felt almost like a man hypnotized. The strong air, the clear sky, the everlasting flats devoid of vegetation, empty of humanity, the monotonous motion of my slowly cantering horse—all these things combined to dull my brain and to throw me into a peculiar condition akin to that of a man in a trance. At Sidi-Massarly I expected to pass the night. I drew rein and looked down on it with tired, lack-luster eyes.

I saw a small group of palm-trees, guarded by a low wall of baked brown earth, in which were embedded many white bones of dead camels. Bleached, grinning heads of camels hung from more than one of the trees, with strings of red pepper and round stones. Beyond the wall of this palm-garden, at whose foot was a furrow full of stagnant, brownish-yellow water, lay a handful of wretched earthen hovels, with flat roofs of palm-wood and low wooden doors. To be exact, I think there were five of them. The Bordj, or Travelers' House, at which I was to be accommodated for the night, stood alone near a tiny source at the edge of a large sand-dune, and was a small, earth-colored building with a pink tiled roof, minute arched windows, and an open stable for the horses and mules. All round, the desert rose

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ground where the saltpeter lay like snow on a wintry world. There were but few signs of life in this place; some stockings drying on the wall of a ruined Arab café, some kids frisking by a heap of sacks, a few pigeons circling about a low, square watch-tower, a black donkey brooding on a dust-heap.

The wind blew round this hospitable township of the Sahara, and the yellow light of evening began to glow above it. It seemed to me at that moment the dreariest place in the dreariest dream man had ever had.

Suddenly my horse neighed loudly. Beyond the village, on the opposite hill, a white Arab charger caracoled, a red cloak gleamed. Another traveler was coming in to his night's rest, and he was a Spahi. I could almost fancy I heard the jingle of his spurs and accoutrements, the creaking of his tall, red boots against his high-peaked saddle. As he rode down toward the Bordj —by this time I, too, was on my way— I saw that a long cord hung from his saddle-bow, and that at the end of this cord was a man trotting heavily in the heavy sand like a creature dogged and weary. We came in to Sidi-Massarly simultaneously and pulled up at the same moment before the arched door of the Bordj, from which glided a one-eyed, swarthy Arab staring fixedly at me. This was the official keeper of the house. In one hand he held the huge door-key, and as I swung myself heavily to the ground I heard him, in Arabic, asking my Arab attendant, D'oud, who I was and where I hailed from.

But such attention as I had to bestow on anything just then was given to the Spahi and his companion. The Spahi was a magnificent man, tall, lithe, bronze-brown, and muscular. He looked about thirty-four, and had the face of a desert eagle. His piercing black eyes calmly stared me out of countenance, and he sat on his spirited horse like a statue, waiting patiently till the guard to him. My gaze traveled from him along the cord to the man at its end, and rested there with pity. He, too, was a fine specimen of humanity, a giant, nobly built, with a superbly handsome face, something like that of an undefaced Sphinx. Broad brows sheltered his enormous eyes. His rather thick lips were parted to allow his panting breath to escape, and his dark, almost black, skin was covered with sweat. Drops of sweat coursed down his bare arms and his mighty chest, from which his ragged burnoose was drawn partially away. He was evidently of mixed Arab and negro parentage. As he stood by the Spahi's horse, gasping, his face expressed nothing but physical exhaustion. His eyes were bent on the sand, and his arms hung down loosely at his sides. While I looked at him the Spahi suddenly gave a tug at the cord to which he was attached. He moved in nearer to the horse, glanced up at me, held out his hand, and said in a low, musical voice, speaking Arabic:

"Give me a cigarette, Sidi."

I opened my case and gave him one, at the same time diplomatically handing another to the Spahi. Thus we opened our night's acquaintance, an acquaintance which I shall not easily forget.

In the desolation of the Sahara a traveling intimacy is quickly formed. The one-eyed Arab led our horses to the stable, and while my two attendants were inside, unpacking the tinned food and the wine I carried with me on a mule, I entered into conversation with the Spahi, who spoke French fairly well. He told me that he was on the way to El Aghouat, a long journey through the desert from Sidi-Massarly, and that his business was to convey there the man at the end of the cord.

"But what is he? A prisoner?" I asked.

"A murderer, Monsieur," the Spahi replied calmly.

I looked again at the man, who was

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gesture of assent.

"Does he understand French?"

"A little."

"And he committed a murder?"

"At Tunis. He was a butcher there. He cut a man's throat."

"Why?"

"I don't know, Monsieur. Perhaps he was jealous. It is hot in Tunis in the summer. That was five years ago, and ever since he has been in prison."

"And why are you taking him to El Aghouat?"

"He came from there. He is released, but he is not allowed to live any more in Tunis. Ah, Monsieur, he is mad at going, for he loves a dancing-girl, Aïchouch, who dances with the Jewesses in the café by the lake. He wanted even to stay in prison, if only he might remain in Tunis. He never saw her, but he was in the same town, you understand. That was something. All the first day he ran behind my horse cursing me for taking him away. But now the sand has got into his throat. He is so tired that he can scarcely run. So now he does not curse any more."

The captive giant smiled at me again. Despite his great stature, his powerful and impressive features, he looked, I thought, very gentle and submissive. The story of his passion for Aïchouch, his desire to be near her, even in a prison-cell, had appealed to me. I pitied him sincerely.

"What is his name?" I asked.

"M'hammed Bouaziz. Mine is Said."

I was weary with riding and wanted to stretch my legs and see what was to be seen of Sidi-Massarly ere evening quite closed in, so at this point I lit a cigar and prepared to stroll off.

"Monsieur is going for a walk?" asked the Spahi, fixing his eyes on my cigar.

"Yes."

"I will accompany Monsieur."

"But that poor fellow," I said, pointing to the prisoner. "He is tired out."

"That doesn't matter. He will come with us."

The Spahi jerked the cord and we set out, the prisoner creeping over the sand behind us like some exhausted animal.

By this time twilight was falling over the Sahara, a grim twilight, cold and gray. The wind was rising. In the night it blew a half-gale, but at this hour there was only a strong breeze in which minute sand-grains danced. The prisoner's feet were shod with patched slippers, and the sound of these slippers shuffling close behind me made me feel faintly uneasy. The Spahi stared at my cigar so persistently that I was obliged to offer him one. When I had done so, and he had loftily accepted it, I half-turned toward the prisoner. The Spahi scowled ferociously. I put my cigar-case back into my pocket. It is unwise to offend the powerful if your sympathy lies with the powerless.

Sidi-Massarly was soon explored. It contained a Café Maure, into which I peered. In the coffee-niche the embers glowed. One or two ragged Arabs sat hunched upon the earthen divans playing a game of cards. At least I should have my coffee after my tinned dinner. I was turning to go back to the Bordj when the extreme desolation of the desert around, now fading in the shadows of a moonless night, stirred me to a desire. Sidi-Massarly was dreary enough. Still it contained habitations—men. I wished to feel the blank, wild emptiness of this world, so far from the world of civilization from which I had come—to feel it with intensity. I resolved to mount the low hill down which I had seen the Spahi ride, to descend into the fold of desert beyond it, to pause there a moment out of sight of the hamlet, listen to the breeze, look at the darkening sky, feel the sand-grains stinging my cheeks, shake hands with the Sahara.

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alone. I therefore suggested to the Spahi that he should remain in the Café Maure and drink a cup of coffee at my expense.

"And where is Monsieur going?"

"Only over that hill for a moment."

"I will accompany Monsieur."

"But you must be tired. A cup of hot —"

"I will accompany Monsieur."

In the Arab fashion he was establishing a claim upon me. On the morrow, when I was about to depart, he would point out that he had guided me round Sidi-Massarly, had guarded me in my dangerous expedition beyond its fascinations, despite his weariness and hunger. I knew how useless it is to contend with these polite and persistent rascals, so I said no more.

In a few minutes the Spahi, the prisoner, and I stood in the fold of the sand-dunes and Sidi-Massarly was blotted from our sight.

II

The desolation here was complete. All around us lay the dunes, monstrous as still leviathans. Here and there between their strange, suggestive shapes, under the dark sky, one could see the ghastly whiteness of the saltpeter in the arid plains beyond, where the low tufts of alfa bent in the chilly breeze. I thought of London—only a few days' journey from me—reveled for a moment in my situation which, contrary to my expectation, was rather emphasized by the presence of my companions. The gorgeous Spahi with his scarlet cloak and hood, his musket and sword, his high, red leggings; the ragged, sweating captive in his patched burnoose, ex-butcher, looking, despite his cord-emblem of bondage, like a reigning Emperor—they were appropriate figures in this desert place. It was I who quarreled with the Sahara. I had just thought this and was regarding my Sackville

distinct, and near sound suddenly rose from behind a sand-dune on my left. It was exactly like the dull beating of a tom-tom. The silence preceding it had been intense, for the breeze was as yet too light to make more than the faintest sighing music, and in the gathering darkness this abrupt and gloomy noise—produced, I supposed, by some hidden nomad—made a most unpleasant, even a sinister, impression upon me. Instinctively I put my hand on the revolver which was slung at my side in a pouch of gazelle skin. As I did so I saw the Spahi turn sharply and gaze in the direction of the sound, lifting one hand to his ear.

The low thunder of the instrument, beaten rhythmically and persistently, grew louder and was evidently drawing nearer. The musician must be climbing up the far side of the dune. I had swung round to face it and expected every moment to see some wild figure appear upon the summit, defining itself against the cold and gloomy sky. But none came. Nevertheless, the noise increased till it was a roar, drew near till it was actually upon us. It seemed to me that I heard the sticks striking the hard, stretched skin furiously, as if some phantom drummer were stealthily encircling us, catching us in a net, a trap of horrible, vicious uproar. Instinctively I threw a questioning, perhaps an appealing, glance at my two companions. The Spahi had dropped his hand from his ear. He stood upright, as if at attention on the parade-ground of Biskra. His face was set—afterwards I told myself it was fatalistic. The prisoner, on the other hand, was smiling. I remember the gleam of his big white teeth. Why was he smiling? While I asked myself the question the roar of the tom-tom grew gradually less, as if the man beating it were walking rapidly away from us in the direction of Sidi-Massarly. None of us said a word till only a faint, heavy throbbing, like

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as silence fell.

"Who is it?"

"Monsieur, it is no one."

The Spahi's voice was dry and soft.

"What is it?"

"Monsieur, it is the desert drum. There will be death in Sidi-Massarly tonight."

I felt myself turn cold. He spoke with such conviction. The prisoner was still smiling, and I noticed that the tired look had left him. He stood in an alert attitude, and the sweat had dried on his broad forehead.

"The desert drum?" I repeated.

"Monsieur has not heard of it?"

"Yes, I have heard; but—it can't be. There must have been some one."

I looked at the white teeth of the prisoner, white as the saltpeter which makes winter in the desert.

"I must get back to the Bordj," I said abruptly.

"I will accompany Monsieur."

The old formula, and this time the voice which spoke it sounded natural. We went forward together. I walked very fast. I wanted to catch up with that music, to prove to myself that it was produced by human fists and arms upon an instrument which, however barbarous, had been fashioned by human hands. But we entered Sidi-Massarly in a silence only broken by the soughing of the wind and the heavy shuffle of the prisoner's feet upon the sand.

Outside the Café Maure, D'oud was standing with the white hood of his burnoose drawn forward over his head; one or two ragged Arabs stood with him.

"They've been playing tom-toms in the village, D'oud?"

"Monsieur asks if——"

"Tom-toms. Can't you understand?"

"Ah! Monsieur is laughing. Tom-toms here! And dancers, too, perhaps! Monsieur thinks there are dancers? Fatima and Khadija and Aïchouch——"

name common to many dancers of the East. I think I expected to see upon his face some tremendous expression, a revelation of the soul of the man who for one whole day had run through the sand behind the Spahi's horse, cursing at the end of the cord which dragged him onward from Tunis.

But I only met the gentle smile of eyes so tender, so submissive, that they were as the eyes of a woman who had always been a slave; while the ragged Arabs laughed at the idea of tom-toms in Sidi-Massarly.

When we reached the Bordj I found that it contained only one good-sized room, quite bare, with stone floor and white walls. Here, upon a deal table, was set forth my repast; the foods I had brought with me and a red, Arab soup, served in a gigantic bowl of palm-wood. A candle guttered in the glass neck of a bottle, and upon the floor were already spread my gaudy striped quilt, my pillow, and my blanket. The Spahi surveyed these preparations with a deliberate greediness, lingering in the narrow doorway.

I sat down on a bench before the table. My attendants were to eat at the Café Maure.

"Where are you going to sleep?" I asked of D'oud.

"At the Café Maure, Monsieur, if Monsieur is not afraid to sleep alone. Here is the key. Monsieur can lock himself in. The door is strong."

I was helping myself to the soup. The rising wind blew up the skirts of the Spahi's scarlet robe. In the wind —was it imagination?—I seemed to hear some thin, passing echoes of a tom-tom's beat.

"Come in," I said to the Spahi. "You shall sup with me tonight, and—and you shall sleep here with me."

D'oud's expressive face became sinister. Arabs are almost as jealous as they are vain.

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the Café Maure. If Monsieur wishes for a companion, I——"

"Come in," I repeated to the Spahi. "You can sleep here tonight."

The Spahi stepped over the lintel with a jingling of spurs, a rattling of accoutrements. The prisoner stepped in softly after him, drawn by the cord. D'oud began to look as grim as death. He made a ferocious gesture toward the prisoner.

"And that man? Monsieur wishes to sleep in the same room with him?"

I heard the sound of the tom-tom above the wail of the wind.

"Yes," I said.

Why did I wish it? I hardly know. I had no fear nor desire to protect myself. But I remembered the smile I had seen, the Spahi's saying, "There will be death in Sidi-Massarly to-night," and I was resolved that the three men who had heard the desert drum together should not be parted till the morning. D'oud said no more. He waited upon me with his usual diligence, but I could see that he was furiously angry. The Spahi ate ravenously. So did the prisoner, who more than once, however, seemed to be dropping asleep over his food. He was apparently dead-tired. As the wind was now become very violent I did not feel disposed to stir out again, and ordered D'oud to bring us three cups of coffee to the Bordj. He cast a vicious look at the Spahi and went out into the darkness. I saw him no more that night. A boy from the Café Maure brought us coffee, cleared the remains of our supper from the table, and presently muttered some Arabic salutation, departed, and was lost in the wind.

The prisoner was now frankly asleep with his head upon the table, and the Spahi began to blink. I, too, felt very tired, but I had something still to say. Speaking softly, I said to the Spahi:

"That sound we heard tonight——"

"Monsieur?"

"Never, Monsieur. But my brother heard it just before he had a stroke of the sun. He fell dead before his captain beside the wall of Sada. He was a tirailleur."

"And you think this sound means that death is near?"

"I know it, Monsieur. All desert people know it. I was born at Tugguth and how should I not know?"

"But then one of us——"

I looked from him to the sleeping prisoner.

"There will be death in Sidi-Massarly tonight, Monsieur. It is the will of Allah. Blessed be Allah."

I got up, locked the heavy door of the Bordj and put the key in the inner pocket of my coat. As I did so I fancied I saw the heavy black lids of the prisoner's closed eyes flutter for a moment. But I cannot be sure. My head was aching with fatigue. The Spahi, too, looked stupid with sleep. He jerked the cord, the prisoner woke with a start, glanced heavily round, stood up. Pulling him as one would an obstinate dog, the Spahi made him lie down on the bare floor in the corner of the Bordj, ere he himself curled up in the thick quilt which had been rolled up behind his high saddle. I made no protest, but when the Spahi was asleep, his lean brown hand laid upon his sword, his musket under his shaven head, I pushed one of my blankets over to the prisoner, who lay looking like a heap of rags against the white wall. He smiled at me gently, as he had smiled when the desert drum was beating, and drew the blanket over his mighty limbs and face.

I did not mean to sleep that night. Tired though I was, my brain was so excited that I felt I should not. I blew out the candle without even the thought that it would be necessary to struggle against sleep. And in the darkness I heard for an instant the roar of the wind outside, the heavy breathing of my two

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was drawn suddenly over the light in my brain. Blackness filled the room where the thoughts develop, crowd, stir in endless activities. Slumber fell upon me like a great stone that strikes a man down to dumbness, to unconsciousness.

Far in the night I had a dream. I cannot recall it accurately now. I could not recall it even the next morning when I awoke. But in this dream it seemed to me that fingers felt softly about my heart. I was conscious of their fluttering touch. It was as if I were dead, and as if a doctor laid for a moment his hand upon my heart to convince himself that the pulse of life no longer beat. And this action wove itself naturally into the dream I had. The fingers, so soft, so surreptitious, were lifted from my breast, and I sank deeper into the gulf of sleep, below the place of dreams. For I was a tired man that night.

At the first breath of dawn I stirred and woke. It was cold. I put out one hand and drew up my quilt. Then I lay still. The wind had sunk. I no longer heard it roaring over the desert. For a moment I hardly remembered where I was; then memory came back and I listened for the deep breathing of the Spahi and the prisoner. Even when the wind blew I had heard it. Strangely enough I did not hear it now. I lay there under my quilt for some minutes listening. The silence was intense. Had they gone already, started on their way to El Aghouat? The Bordj was in darkness, for the windows were very small, and dawn had scarcely begun to break outside and had not yet filtered in through the wooden shutters which barred them. I disliked this complete silence, and felt about for the matches I had laid beside the candle before turning in. I could not find them. Some one had moved them then. The heaviness of sleep had quite left me now and I remembered clearly all the incidents of the previous evening. The roll moved softly over the stone floor toward the corner where the prisoner had lain down to sleep. I bent down to touch him and touched the stone. They had gone then! It was strange that I had not been waked by their departure. Besides, I had the key of the door. I thrust my hand into the breast-pocket of my coat which I had worn while I slept. The key was no longer there. Then I remembered my dream and the fingers fluttering round my heart. Stumbling in the blackness, I came to the place where the Spahi had lain, stretched out my hands and felt naked flesh. My hands recoiled from it, for it was very cold.

Half an hour later the one-eyed Arab who kept the Bordj, roused by my beating upon the door with the butt-end of my revolver, came with D'oud to ask what was the matter. The door had to be broken in. This took some time. Long before I could escape, the light of the sun, entering through the little arched windows, had illumined the body of the Spahi, the gaping red wound in his throat, the heap of discarded rags that lay across his feet.

M'hammed Bouaziz, in the red cloak, the red boots, sword at his side, musket slung over his shoulder, was galloping over the desert on his way to freedom.

. . . .

But six months later he was taken at night outside a café by the lake at Tunis. He was gazing through the doorway at a girl who was posturing to the sound of pipes between two rows of Arabs. The light from the café fell upon his face, the dancer uttered a cry.

"M'hammed Bouaziz!"

"Aïchouch!"

The law avenged the Spahi, and this time it was not to prison that they led my friend of Sidi-Massarly, but to an open space before a squad of soldiers, just when the dawn was breaking.

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MARGUERITE, COUNTESS CASSINI

The adopted niece of the Russian Ambassador to the United States. Countess Cassini is one of the leaders in Washington's social life, a great friend of the President's daughter, and a vigorous and vivacious young woman.

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The Spectrum

Cosmo Monkhouse

How many colors here do we see set,
Like rings upon God's finger? Some say three,
Some four, some six, some seven. All agree
To left of red, to right of violet,
Waits darkness deep as night and black as jet.
And so we know what Noah saw; we see
Nor less nor more—of God's emblazonry
A shred—a sign of glory known not yet.
If red can glide to yellow, green to blue,
What joys may yet await our wider eyes
When we awake upon a wider shore!
What deep pulsations exquisite and new;
What keener, swifter raptures may surprise
Men born to see the rainbow and no more!

The Universality of "Whoa!"

The Louisville Courier-Journal

"When I started on my trip around the world, I intended," said a horseman, "to find out what was the word for 'whoa' in every language. I had a little book, and in it I intended to make a long list of the various words for 'whoa.'

"Do you know what I discovered? I discovered that 'whoa' is the same in all the languages. The Russian stops his horse with 'whoa,' the Persian stops his with 'whoa,' the Chinaman his with 'whoa,' and the Dutchman his with 'whoa.'

"And 'whoa,' I discovered, has been from the dawn of time the word to stop horses with. The Greeks and Romans used it in a slightly different form—'ohe.' The old English 'whoa' was 'ho.'

"A philologist told me the other day that many of our 'animal words'—the words we order our animals about with—are as old as or older than 'whoa.' Take, for instance, 'co-boss,' the soothing call to the cow. 'Co-boss,' comes from the Sanscrit root 'gu,' meaning to low. Another cow word, 'soh, soh,' which might be translated 'Please keep still,' comes from the Sanscrit 'sough,' meaning to stay motionless. And you know our chicken word—'chick, chick, chick'—the word spoken in a high key, wherewith we summon our chickens to their meals? Well, that comes directly down to us from the Sanscrit 'kuk,' a domestic fowl."

The Pot o' Pent

Ian MacLaren in "Leaves from the Scrap-book of a Scottish Exile."

In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus:

"Cauld?"

"Ay."

"Gaun tae be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'."

"Ay."

"Is John in?"

"Ou, ay! he's in."

"Can I see him?"

"Na."

"But a winted tae see him."

"Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid."

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"Ay."
"Sudden?"
"Ay."
"Verra sudden?"
"Ay, verra sudden."
"Did he say onything aboot a pot o' green pent afore he deed?"

Some Popular Toasts

Wallace Irwin in the New York Globe

TO THE CZAR

To Nickolas, the Great White Czar,
Upon his trembling seat;
A King in court, a Jack in war,
A Two-spot in defeat.

TO OUR PHILANTHROPISTS

To Abdul Hamid, Allah's own,
The holiest rascal on a throne,
Who puts whole cities to the dirk,
And gives the coin to Islam's work.
To John D. Stockyseller, too,
More righteous far than me or you,
Who wrings his tithes from dupes and fools,
And puts it into Sunday Schools.
And one glass to that Piety
Which is the child of Piracy.

HOCH!

William of Germany, here's a full stein to you,
Knighthood's imperial flower;
Still, is it safe that we pledge beer or wine to you,
Already tipsy with power?
May you live long, as your German declension is
Rumbled through pages afar;
May you be greater than proper to mention is—
Great as you think that you are.

TO A GREAT NOVELIST

So here's to Rudyard Kipling, sleek,
Who works with brain and hand
To write a story every week—
They're done in Portuguese or Greek,
For all I understand.
For only Greatness, waxing fat,
Such orgies can afford—
To mumble this, or mutter that,
And talk devoutly through his hat,
At ninety cents a word!

A Slap at Delaware

H. H. in The Boston Home Journal

Apropos of the habit of out-of-town reporters querying the city editor, or the managing editor, of the metropolitan papers which they happen to be serving, a good story used to be told of the present editor-in-chief of the New York graduation from Dartmouth, and following a short stay as reporter on the *Tribune* under a city editor whom much blasphemy by many men never did full justice to, Miller crossed the road to the *Times* office, where he was soon promoted to make up the weekly edition, a very responsible position in those days, and it may be still for all I know. One evening the managing editor, John Reid, of glorious memory, who was very fond of music, went to the opera; his assistant, Fred Thayer, was away, and so it happened that the "weekly editor" was left in temporary charge of the news department. About 10 o'clock a query arrived from some place in Delaware: "Great railroad wreck; two long trains into each other; witnessed it myself; how many words?" To this appeal from the palpitating and eager country correspondent Miller promptly replied: "Send 500 words descriptive of that part of the wreck which clashed in your state and rush." The country journalist's *amour propre* was so seriously wounded by the inference that only a part of a railroad wreck could happen in little Delaware that instead of "covering" the accident he sent in his resignation and is now a successful fish-merchant at Dover.

Von Plehve's Successor

Manfred Lilliefors in The Boston Transcript

Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, who has just succeeded Von Plehve as Minister of the Interior, enjoys the distinction of being one of the finest gentlemen of Russia. Indeed, the insinuation has been made that it was his excellent family connections and his elegant external appearance and bearing that were chiefly responsible for his appointment.

Prince Mirski, who was born in 1850, began his career in the army, where he attained the rank of lieutenant-general. But for some years past he has been identified with the higher administration of Russia. While Governor of Yelaterinoslav he gave an illustration of manly courage and political independence in a manner which many a higher officer would never have dared to do. It was

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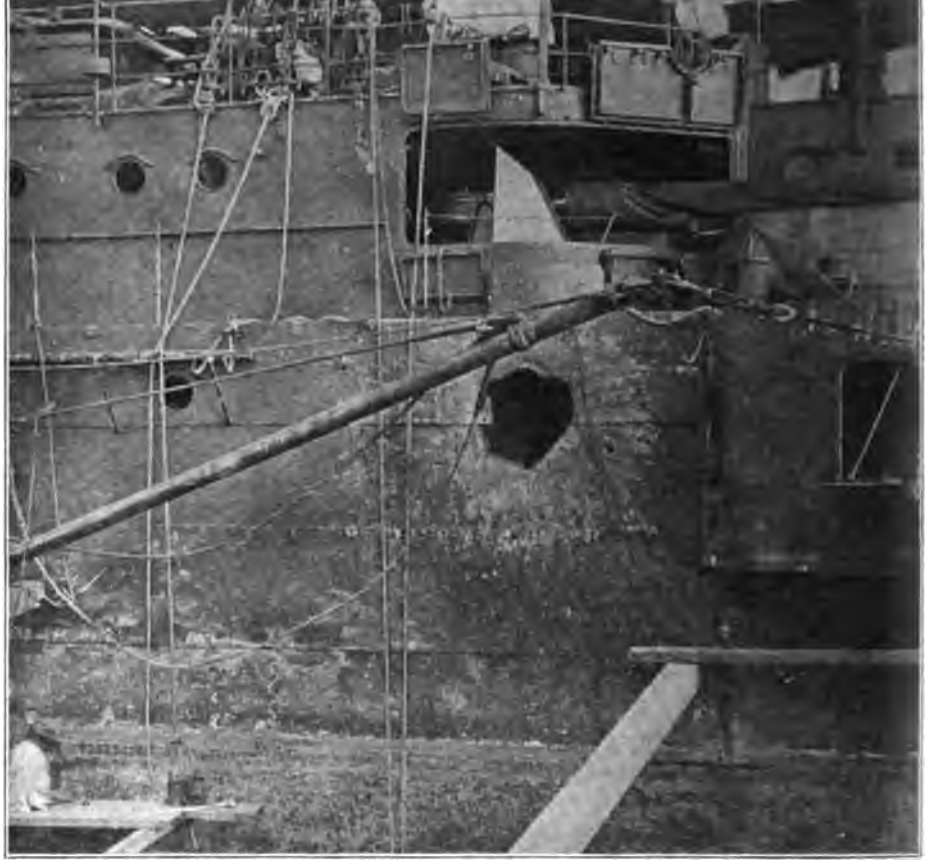


The Sphere

PRINCE SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKI

Von Plehve's successor as Russian Minister of the Interior

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WHAT JAP SHELLS DID

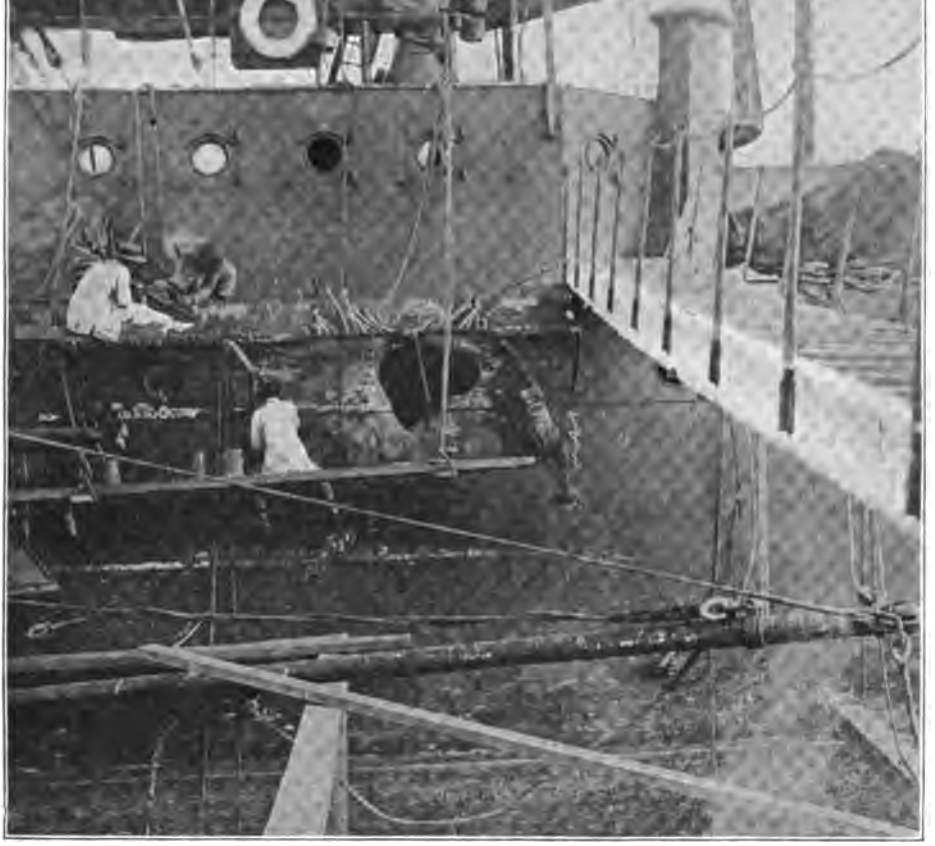
Hole punched in the side of the Russian warship "Askold."

when Czar Nicholas II., at the urgent request of Minister Durnovo, received a deputation from the Iven Semstvo, which deputation asked that the Semstvo or county representatives be allowed to participate in the deliberations of national affairs. The Czar dismissed them with a shrug of the shoulder and the sneering remark that their request was "an absurd dream." It was then Prince Mirski dared to criticise the doings of the reactionary party in a most energetic fashion, and also to enter his protest to the Czar himself against the harsh manner in which the deputation had been received. This incident is still vividly remembered in Russia, and affords an insight into some of the characteristics which the new minister possesses.

The recent statements which the new minister has given out relative to his future programme also confirm this view. In an interview with the correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* he frankly confessed that he is in sympathy with the principles of tolerance and progress. "Peace and prosperity among the Russian people and the Russian subjects," says a foreign writer, "is the dominant note of all of Prince Mirski's recent expressions. And there is no reason to doubt that he is earnest in his convictions and in his purposes."

That the realization of his liberal and reconciliatory programme is connected

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PATCHING UP A WARSHIP

Repairing the Russian warship "Askold" after encounter with Japanese fleet.

with tremendous odds no one at all familiar with the internal conditions of Russia will deny. It will be difficult to control all the new liberal movements which have sprung up of late, and direct them into their proper channels without suppressing them. This both because of the movements themselves, some of which, it must be admitted, are socially dangerous if left alone, and because of the authority above him whose will the minister must obey. But if he succeeds there will be realized one of the most beautiful dreams which Russia has dreamed for many a decade past. And if this dream is realized the heroic little Japan will be of no less benefit to Russia herself than to the world as a whole.

"The Squire of Malwood"

The London Daily Mail

Sir William Harcourt had a prodigious memory, and since he was a great reader his mind was a treasure-house of curious lore and humorous anecdote. The author of *Collections and Recollections* considered him one of the most brilliant conversationalists of his time, and quotes two amusing instances of his ready wit. On one occasion he was at a dinner with Sir Rainald Knightley, a gentleman inordinately fond of expatiating on the glories of his famous pedigree to the infinite boredom of the other guests. The company was getting a little restive under the recitation when Sir William was heard to say, in an

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SIR WILLIAM GEORGE GRANVILLE VENABLES VERNON-HARCOURT

The prominent Liberal statesman who recently died in England. An able lawyer and financier, and an ardent Home Ruler.

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And Knightley to the listening earth
Repeats the story of his birth."

On another occasion, when Tennyson had been dilating on the delight of a pre-breakfast pipe, Sir William murmured *sotto voce:*

The early pipe of half-awakened bards.

Tennyson, however, did not relish the exquisitely neat parody as much as the matutinal smoke which inspired it.

Was it not Sir William who, when the young curate complained that there was no ascription of praise provided for curates in the *Benedicite Omnia Opera*, replied: "Oh, yes, there is, 'All ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord.'"

Another instance of Sir William's ready wit was shown at Epsom when Gladiateur won the Derby. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Waterloo is avenged at last!" shouted a Frenchman. "Yes," said Sir William, who overheard the remark, "you ran well on both occasions."

Again, there is his well-known epitaph for the Government which fell in 1880: "They lived upon coercion; their daily food was their own broken pledges; and their latter end was hastened by drink."

It is said that, after his solitary meeting with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, he exclaimed, "Reasonable man. He only wants two things; he wants us to give up free trade, and to restore slavery."

Sir William's repartees were always pointed, but they were never bitter. Lord Randolph Churchill, according to a biographer, used to relate an incident in which the invective on either side was exceedingly primitive. "I remember once, when I had irritated Harcourt beyond endurance in the House of Commons," said Lord Randolph, "that he leaned forward and called out to me across the floor, 'You little ass!' So I shouted back 'You damned fool.' His face was a delightful study. He rose several times, intending to call the Speaker's attention to the expression, but gave it up when he remembered how far from parliamentary his own language had been. The Speaker afterthrough."

Eternity is a Long Time

Life

An evangelist in a little town was trying to give his hearers an idea of the length of time those must suffer, the end of whose journey is the terminus of the Broad Road.

"My brethren," he exhorted, "if a little bird were to dip its beak in the Atlantic Ocean, gather up a drop of water and then hop across the continent —not fly, but hop its way inch by inch —until it reached the broad Pacific, and there deposit its little drop of water, walk back and again dip its beak in the Atlantic, and continue this operation until it had emptied the Atlantic into the Pacific; my brethren, it wouldn't yet be sun-up in Hell."

Some shuddered in their seats at the awful word-picture, while other of the more zealous brethren cried aloud, "Amen!"

Long Distance Contagion

The Saturday Review

Nervous people will be alarmed at the discovery, published in a report of the London Local Government Board, that the range of the bacillus has been grievously underrated. Dr. Gordon on behalf of the board has been experimenting, especially on the *bacillus streptococus brevis* which haunts the mouth of man. From the mouth of a really vigorous public speaker these bacilli may reach remote ranks of his audience; and presumably the stalls of a theater, even the front rows of the pit, may be inclusively contaminated by a first-rate actor. Dr. Gordon has given, as if on purpose, a certain humorous turn to the expression of his views, but his experiments are of real value to medical science and the little known subject of the range of infection. The Essex folk who believed that infection was carried to their shore from the hospital-ships on the river were not long ago laughed to scorn; but the most recent

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A $5,000 BULLDOG

Champion Heath Baronet for which George Gould has just paid £1000. His former owner bought him for £7.

medical authority tends to support Dr. Gordon's thesis that the area of infection is much wider than was once thought and that contagion begins a long way beyond the touching point.

Electricity As An Anesthetic

The Electrical Review

Dr. Leduc, of the Faculté de Médecin in Paris, has found a way of utilizing a current of electricity to produce insensibility, in place of chloroform or ether. A series of experiments on animals, dogs, rabbits, and pigeons, where a current of from 10 to 20 volts, alternating 100 to 200 times per second, was directed to the back and top of the head, was found to produce insensibility without harmful results. The success of the experiments so encouraged Dr. Leduc that he determined to try the effect on a human being, choosing himself as the subject. The current pressure was raised to 50 volts. The electrodes, wetted with salt water to obtain a good contact, were applied one to the forehead and the other on the back, in order to act on the brain and spinal cord. The operation lasted about ten minutes at the end of which time insensibility was complete. The doctor form. As soon as the current was cut off the awakening was immediate, coupled with a sensation of vigor. Other experiments are about to be tried, in the hope of arriving at a happy solution of the problem of inoffensive anesthetics.

Science and Immortality

Dr. William Osler's "Ingersoll Lecture" at Harvard

Knowing nothing of an immortality of spirit, science has put on an immortality of the flesh, and in a remarkable triumph of research has learned to recognize in every living being at once immortal age beside immortal youth. The patiently worked out story of the morphological continuity of the germ-plasma is one of the fairy-tales of science. You who listen to me today feel organized units in a generation with clear-cut features of its own, a chosen section of the finely woven fringe of life built on the coral reef of past generations—and perhaps, if any, you, citizens of no mean city, have a right to feel of some importance. The revelations of modern embryology are a terrible blow to this pride of descent. The individual is nothing more than the transient offshoot of a germ-plasma which has an unbroken continuity from generation to generation, from age to age. This marvelous embryonic substance is eternally young, eternally productive, eternally forming new individuals to grow up and to perish, while it remains in the progeny always youthful, always increasing, always the same. 'Thousands upon thousands of generations which have arisen in the course of ages were its products, but it lives on in its youngest generations with the power of giving origin to coming millions. The individual organism is transient, but its embryonic substance, which produces the mortal tissues, preserves itself imperishable, everlasting, and constant.' This astounding revelation not only necessitates a readjustment of our ideas on heredity, but it gives to human life a new and not very pleasant meaning. It makes us falter where we firmly trod, to feel that man

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Drawn by Fred J. Jacobs *The Bystander*

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

On the road to Zion: A pleasant halt by the wayside

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The Graphic

PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH, KING OF SERVIA
Recently crowned at Belgrade.

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four of the New England states and our new Mormon state. Is this immunity, however, due to a greater respect for law than the other states have shown, or is it due to the comparatively few negroes in their population? Analyzing the results by geographical divisions, lynchings have taken place as follows: south, 2,499; west, 302; Pacific slope, 63; east, 11.

It will be seen by these figures that notwithstanding the south has more than six times as many lynchings as the rest of the country, the evil is not local or sectional. The mania for mob murder has manifested itself in every state save five, and in Indiana, Kansas, Illinois, and Delaware, mobs have been as cruel and savage as in the most remote and ignorant sections of the south.

Seven Ages of Women

The Yonkers Statesman

Says she's 16 when she's 12.
Says she's 18 when she's 14.
Says she's 18 when she's 21.
Says she's 18 when she's 25.
Says she's 19 when she's 30.
Says she's 21 when she's 45.
Says she's 28 when she's 55.

Centers of Population

Leslie's Weekly

The "center of population," determined after each federal census, moves slowly westward. It is now placed a little north of the valley of the Ohio River, and for several decades has rested in southern Indiana. As to the negro population, its center is now at De Kalb county, in Alabama, on the Georgia border, a few miles south of Tennessee. That is, while the center of white population moves westward, that of the negro population moves steadily southwest, and has been doing so for more than a hundred years, having traveled through Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia in turn, and now having crossed to Alabama. The divergence between the two centers increases with each decade. At the close of the southern negroes into the north until the whole west would be overrun with refugees from southern plantations. Actually, through the operation of the law of natural selection, the negro population gravitates toward the Gulf of Mexico, and particularly to the cotton-raising states. The colored population of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri —border states—is not increasing considerably. Instead of coming nearer together, the two races seem to be getting farther apart.

The Art of "Making Up"

Edward Fales Coward in The Theatre Magazine

It was a German who made face transformation an art. Carl Baudin was his name. A member of the Leipziger Stadt-Theater, he, like many others, felt the need of something that would hide that demarking line between the forehead and the wig-band. His grease-paint was first used for this purpose alone, but its possibilities were recognized and he and his associates quickly widened its sphere of usefulness. Today grease-paint can be secured in any shade from corpse-like pallor to the ruddy hue of the wind beaten sailor.

The color of any nationality is on immediate tap, and a few dabs from these sticks of pigment and you have an Indian, a Mongolian, or an Ethiopian, ready at hand. A palette may contain all the colors in the rainbow, but it needs the brush of an artist to blend them into a picture. So it is with these sticks of grease-paint. To utilize them to the full advantage, study and experience are needed. How to cast shadows, how to bring wrinkles into relief, how to lengthen or broaden the face and all the other phases of theatrical "make-up" are subject to rules as imperative as those employed in the composition of an oil-painting or a water-color. It will thus be seen that the player who knows something of drawing and painting has a distinct advantage at the game. There are many instances where a clever "make-up" has deceived even experienced

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The Star

REVISED COAT OF ARMS FOR TORONTO

Toronto, Canada, is the native city of Private Perry, the rifleman, who won the King's Prize at Bisley; Louis Scholes, the oarsman, who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley; and George S. Lyon, who won the Olympic Golf Prize at St. Louis.

actors familiar with all the tricks of the business. Joseph Jefferson, seeing Wilton Lackaye for the first time in *The Children of the Ghetto*, could not be brought to believe that the apparently aged actor was a man barely in the forties, and J. E. Dodson tells this story: "When I was playing the Jew in *After Dark*, I made up the nose to suit the part. One night at the close of the performance I was sent for by a Jewish gentleman who wished to meet me. I divested myself of my 'make-up' and went to him, saying: 'Well, sir, I am Mr. Dodson. What can I do for you?' He replied: 'I want Mr. Dodson, the actor.' 'I am he.' 'No, no,' rejoined the visitor, placing his finger on his nose, 'He is one of us.'"

Musical Post-Cards

The London Daily Mail

A striking novelty in picture post-cards is about to be placed on the market by a French syndicate.

To an ordinary pictorial card is affixed a very thin, transparent, gelatine disc, on which is impressed a gramophone musical record. A hole is pierced through the center of the disc, and the post-card can be placed on an ordinary "talking machine" and played in the usual way.

The musical post-card opens up an entirely new field for the craze. Photographs of great singers and composers will be accompanied by extracts from their works, pictures of national flags by

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merely their photographs to constituents, will be able to accompany them with the phonographic records of an election address.

It is believed that, as private greeting cards, the new cartes postales will have an enormous vogue. Instead of wishing their friends a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" in cold print, Mr. and Mrs. Smith will be able to send a spoken message broadcast through the post.

may very well take the place of the almost obsolete "comic valentine," while "surprise" post-cards, the message of which cannot be discovered until the disc is placed on a gramophone, are certain to have a large sale.

The additional cost as compared with ordinary cards is very slight. The disc, being perfectly transparent, does not in any way interfere with the picture beneath.

As a novel advertising medium the



The Graphic

THE NEW SERVIAN CROWN

Made on a foundation of bronze taken from an historic cannon, captured by Karageorge from the Turks in the War of Independence, 1004.

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Photograph copyright, 1904, by Clinedinst

WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE

Who has been appointed to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts.

new cards are certain to be popular. French champagne firms are already having pictorial cards printed which will literally sing the praises of their wares.

It Was Another Little Boy

The Pall Mall Gazette

The great actor, Ermete Novelli, now in South America, has a son who lives in Florence, to whom was born a bouncing boy. The young Novelli, in haste to let his father know that he had made him a grandfather, telegraphed: "Ermete Novelli, Buenos Ayres: Boy. Enrico." Several hours later he was called to the telegraph office, where the following conversation took place:

"You know we could not let your despatch pass."

"Not let it pass! But why, if you please?"

"You know you said it was a boy—"

"And if I did, what then? Is it not true?"

"Well, that is what we do not know yet."

"What! are you crazy? I know it."

"Well, anyway, public order demands that it should not be made public."

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And, in any case, what has the birth of my son got to do with public order? Excuse me, have you all taken leave of your senses?"

"*Your* son, gasped the other, "we thought you were telegraphing about the Queen!"

Fuel Oil

The New York Tribune

The full report of the tests made under auspices of the United States navy to determine the relative efficiency of coal and crude petroleum as fuel has just appeared in print. An inquiry equally thorough has never before been made in this country, and much of the information secured will be serviceable to railroad companies, owners of merchant steamers and persons who meditate the establishment of power plants either for the generation of electricity or for manufacturing purposes. The relative merits of a variety of burners were also examined by the government, and the results obtained increase the practical value of the report.

The experiments were made with a water tube boiler of the kind which has been adopted for cruisers of the Denver class. Coal was used in seventeen and oil in sixty-nine. The average amount of water evaporated by a pound of coal was nine pounds, while twelve and a half pounds were evaporated by the same quantity of petroleum. Weight for weight, then, the latter showed a superiority of about 40 per cent. It should be added that Pocahontas coal and Beaumont oil were employed in these tests. Had either the solid or liquid fuel been of another quality, of course, the ratio would have been different.

In determining which is the more economical it is necessary to consider not merely the price at the place of production, but also the cost of transportation to the place of consumption. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway Company once operated twenty-five freight engines continuously for a month with coal costing $6.65 a ton, and then for another month with petroleum costing $4.67 a ton. It was found that three and a half barrels of the latter (involving an expenditure of $4.67) would do the work of a ton of the former.

A Hard Problem

London Answers

"Is this Madame Pompon?" breathlessly inquired a man who had climbed several flights of stairs and been admitted into a darkened parlour.

"It is," replied the stately personage whom he addressed.

"The famous clairvoyant and fortune-teller?"



Photograph copyright, 1904, by Clinedinst

FREDERICK THE GREAT

A replica of this statue, the gift of the Kaiser, was unveiled at Washington on the 19th of November by Baron von Sternberg.

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"With perfect ease."

"Do you foretell the future?"

"The future holds no mysteries that I cannot unravel."

"Can you unfold the past?"

"The record of all things past is to me an open book."

"Then," said the caller feverishly, taking from his pocket a handful of silver, "I wish you would tell me what it is that my wife wanted me to bring home, without fail, this evening, and name your price. Money is no object."

Coronation Customs

The New York Globe

King Peter "placed the crown on his head," whereas King Edward had his crown placed upon his head by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In acting as he did Peter Karageorgevitch imitated the example of Frederick, the first king of Prussia, who, at Königsberg, placed the crown upon his head in token that he had received it, without episcopal mediation, direct from the King of Kings; whereas, in point of fact, he had bribed and bargained it out of Kaiser Leopold. It was thus from Frederick I. that William II. derived his doctrine of divine right.

The New Industrial Dead Line

The Springfield Republican

It follows that such orders as these (the circular of the Carnegie Steel Company instructing heads of departments to employ for skilled work no new men over thirty-five years, and in other departments none over forty) constitute one of two things: Either a fatal blow at the mobility of labor and the due and reasonable independence of the individual in industry as against associated capital; or a relegation of men at maturity to idleness and dependency. And there are orders accordingly which in a general application will never be tolerated, but will bring about the intervention of the public authority in one way or another. For men at thirty-five or forty years are usually in the full strength for continuing thus for ten or twenty or more years, and there are altogether too many of them—they form too large a proportion of the working force of society—ever to submit to any general industrial arrangements of this kind; and in the task of overthrowing they will have the help of the younger force which will not care to be burdened with the support of people who still have twenty or thirty years more of good work left in them. The corporations mentioned are setting an example which will raise a storm if generally followed.

Ten-Year Marriages

George Meredith in The London Daily Mail

Marriage is so difficult, its modern conditions are so difficult, that when you find two educated people ready and willing for it, nothing should be put in their way. The fault at the bottom of the business is that most women are so uneducated, so unready. Men too often want a slave, and often think that they have got one, not because the woman has not often got more sense than her husband, but because she is inarticulate, not educated enough to give expression to her real ideas and feelings.

I remember a man who asked a girl to marry him. The girl, who liked him in a way, but disliked certain portions of his character, said "No." He asked her again and again, and she said "No," but could give no reason and express none of her real feelings. Therefore, when she had said "No" a certain number of times, and could think of nothing new to say, she married him. Fear of the world kept them together afterwards, but if you could look into the heart of a girl like that later—if you could lift the veil from a thousand such households and see into the hearts of the women there!

It is a question to my mind whether a young girl married, say, at eighteen, utterly ignorant of life, knowing little, as such a girl would, of the man she is marrying, or of any other man, or of the world at all, should be condemned to live with him for the rest of her life. She falls out of sympathy with him, say,

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THE ROYAL GERMAN BETROTHAL

The Crown Prince of Germany, and Princess Cécilie, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, receiving congratulations at the Schloss Gelbensande. The Prince is twenty-two, and the Princess is eighteen. The above picture was suppressed by order of the Kaiser.

has no common taste with him, nothing to share with him, no real communication with him except a physical one. The life is nearly intolerable. Yet many married women go on with it from habit, or because the world terrorizes them.

Certainly, however, one day, these present conditions of marriage will be changed. Marriage will be allowed for a certain period, say ten years, or—well, I do not want to specify any particular time. The State will see that sufficient money is put by during that time to provide for and educate children.

There will be a devil of an uproar before such a change can be made! It will be a great shock, but look back and see what shocks there have been, and what changes have taken place in this marriage business in the past!

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CHAPTER I

"Will you be mine, Felicia?"

"For how long, Albert?"

"For fifteen years, dearest."

"No; but I will for ten years."

"Can't you make it twelve?"

"No; ten is the limit."

"All right. Here's the ring. Take good care of it, for I may need it again."

"Do you promise to take this woman for better or for worse for ten years?"

"Yes—subject, of course, to renewal of contract."

"Do you promise to love, honor, and obey?"

"Yes; up to September 20, 1914."

"I pronounce you man and wife. Let no man put asunder in the meantime."



The Sketch

THE MEREDITHIAN MARRIAGE

WIFE (after 10 years): "Good-by, dear, and good-luck!"

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"Well, Albert, your ten years are up today. Do you want an extension of the contract?"

"No, thanks, dearest. I'm booked for the next ten years with Fanny Bishop. Her contract with Charley Bishop expires soon, you know."

What Dr. Finsen Might Have Done

The Chicago Record-Herald

If Dr. Finsen had chosen to keep his plan of curing lupus a secret and to employ it only in his private practice he could have made a fortune out of it, and it would have been deemed professionally ethical for him to do so. But, inspired by the same generosity and desire to relieve suffering humanity which prompted him to continue his investigations at the cost of his health, he made his method public. The Finsen rays are today used for curing lupus and other serious and disfiguring skin diseases in every civilized country. Dr. Finsen was but forty-three years old. Overwork cut short his life. He was a true martyr in the cause of humanity. Mankind loses more by his early death than it would by the passing



Drawn by F. C. Gould — *The Westminster Budget*

THE HANDICAP OF MARRIAGE

A.—MAN AS DRAWN BY WOMAN
(*Selfish and dissipated*)

B.—WOMAN AS DRAWN BY MAN
(*Gay, giddy, and extravagant in dress*)

C.—MARRIED WOMAN AS DRAWN BY HERSELF
(*Patient, long-suffering, and resigned. The Angel of the House*)

D.—MARRIED MAN AS DRAWN BY HIMSELF
(*A sort of Bunyan's Christian, bearing his burdens meekly and uncomplainingly*)

"Why, of course. How stupid of me to forget. In that case I'll accept Arthur Bridgeport for five years. His contract with Adelaide is up next Friday at noon."

CHAPTER IV

(Five years later.)

"Whose little boy are you?"

"I'm Uncle Sam's little boy."

"Where are your parents, my lad?"

"Papa's doing six years with the late Mrs. Bishop, and mamma, I understand, is married at present to Mr. Bridgeport. Her contract expires some time next

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PAUL MORTON

The new Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Paul Morton, is the son of J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in Cleveland's Cabinet, and was Second Vice-President of the Santa Fe System. A past master of the science of transportation on land, he should succeed as well on the seas.

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VICTOR HOWARD METCALF

The present head of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Born in New York state, Mr. Metcalf moved to California in the eighties, and was quietly serving as Congressman from the Third California District when President Roosevelt called him to his official family to investigate trusts and other industrial ills. Mr. Metcalf is a lawyer.

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the stage of the world.

No Domestics Needed There

A Disciple in The New York Sun

The ideal home is among the Mormons. Here there are no servant girls; each wife has her week in the kitchen, waiting on the table, or making the beds, as the case might be. There are no servants to discharge, for these women are engaged for life. Our form of plural marriage is legal in every state and territory of the United States, being a simple commercial transfer of a woman's affections to her husband, for a consideration; and there is no law, from the federal constitution to the merest municipal code, that can interfere with it. Mormonism is only in its infancy, but its future is too vast for apprehension.

Books That Might Have Been Written

The New York Evening Post

Addicks, J. Booker—"Up to Knavery."

Bryan, Edward Everett—"The Man Without a Party."

Carnegie, Mary—"To Have and to Give."

Chamberlain, John—"The Tariff's Progress."

Cleveland, Isaac—"The Indifferent Angler."

Croker, James Lane—"The Squire Invisible."

Fairbanks, Emily—"Blathering Heights."

Folk, Henryk—"Quo Evadis."

Hearst, Nathaniel—"The Yellow Letter."

Hill, Guy de—"Mal-Ami."

Hohenzollern, Edward Noyes—"Harum Scarum."

Jerome, George—"The House with the Purple Shudders."

Low, Gen. Lew—"Ben Thar."

McAdoo, Eugene—"The Wondering Shoo."

Morgan, Thomas—"Plutopia."

Murphy, Rudyard—"Captains Outrageous."

Parkhurst, Hall—"The Infernal City."

Platt, J.M.—"Ornamental Tommy."

Rockefeller, William Dean—"The World of Main Chance."

Romanoff, Robert Louis—"Hoodwinked."

Roosevelt, H. Rider—"It."

Woodruff, Frances Hodgson—"Little Lord Jauntiboy."

Tilman, Lewis—"The Grunting of the Snark."

The Maligned Appendix

Recent Cable Despatch

Medical men are indignant at the suggestion of Sir William McEwen that occasionally surgeons use the knife with unnecessary freedom.

"Some surgeons," Sir William told the students at Charing Cross Hospital, "have freely admitted that when making an incision in a patient for some other disease they frequently remove the little organ (the vermiform appendix) as a precaution against appendicitis."

Sir William drew a humorous picture of a future race of mankind whose whole digestive apparatus was removed, and the members of which retained but a small incision, down which could be dropped concentrated tablets of a nourishment.

"All that would be necessary," he continued, "would be for a firm of chemists to enlarge its premises, and the tablets could be delivered every morning by the postman. No navy would be needed to protect our sources of food supply, and the domestic servant problem would be solved forever."

The appendix itself, Sir William believed, has an important function in assisting digestion. In addition, it was the chief habitat of a certain microorganism that was most useful in attacking imperfectly assimilated nourishment, and if only as a medium for the cultivation of these bacteria the appendix had its useful mission to perform and should be retained. Man was not provided with a crop, like a bird, and hurried meals invited gastric troubles.

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Drawn by G. Begg *Illustrated London News*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF GENERAL STOESSEL

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REPRESENTATIVES OF AUTOCRATS

Baron Herman von Speck-Sternberg, the Kaiser's Ambassador, and Comte Cassini, the Czar's representative, in consultation.

The Old Method

C. M. in Good Housekeeping

How dear to the world is the new style of training
The old-fashioned child in the way he should go!
Our mothers' firm method of virtue maintaining
For today's little Adam is voted too slow.
Moral suasion, 'tis urged, leaves him wiser and chipper—
Yet will I contend to my last dying gasp
That for dealing with sin there is naught like the slipper,
The sharp-stinging slipper in woman's strong grasp:
The old-fashioned slipper, the leather-soled slipper,
The number five slipper in woman's strong grasp.

Israel Zangwill's Mission

Israel Zangwill in The New York Sun

I am not in America to advocate the establishment of the colony, but only to stir up interest in the project. Some colonization scheme is necessary for the welfare of the Jews. England has got all the Jews she wants and America

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Jews to America." It is true that Jews have done well here. But America has reached the point of saturation.

What are we going to do with the thousands who insist on coming? The Jews have lost the art of self-government. They have been 1900 years without government, and they will have to begin all over again. They have no longer any country. Palestine is closed to them. Colonization, therefore, may be necessary. The scheme does not concern the Jews in the United States, but the 6,000,000 Jews in Russia.

When the Jews increase beyond a certain point in any country there always develops an anti-Semitic feeling. I want to get the good will of the representative American Jews for a colonization scheme by which the Jews may acquire the art of self-government.

The Changing American Tongue

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Who or what is responsible for a new kind of pronunciation of English which is heard at the Fair? Is it southern or southwestern or southeastern? For investigation has gone far enough to make sure that it is not northern or western; and the Easterners have so long been set in their accent and vernacular that there is no mistaking them. But when you hear someone calling the sunken garden "the sunken gorden," what new differentiation of the mother tongue have we among us?

Not alone this example, but every "ah" sound of "a" has been broadened until we hear "stor" for "star," "bor" for "bar," and women and men beg your "pawdon," instead of your pardon, or even "pahdon," as they do in Boston and New York. The new pronunciation is not unpleasant; in many ears it is more agreeable than that prolonged utterance of "star," as if it were "stah-ur," which New York theater managers call that "disagreeable western burr" and amputate as quickly as possible from the speech of the promising pupils who eventually bloom into famous "stahs" instead of the mother of many of the nation's great. But what of "stor"? In what state or region is its source? Where is the fountain-head of "pawdon" for pardon and "hawmony" for harmony? The philologists must needs do some exploring. This is getting to be a great country and a most diversified one.

A Specialized Day

McLandburgh Wilson in The New York Sun

To solve the great problem which threatens our homes
The specialist servant is due;
From 6 until 7 Bedelia will come
And cook up your breakfast for you.

From 8 until 9 will come Mary Ann Jane
The dishes to wash and to dry,
Then Gretchen for sweeping, and Chloe to dust,
Stroll in for an hour by and by.

At 12 will come Norah with purpose intent
Of taking the afternoon out;
At 2 arrives Maggie, with polish and cloth,
To jingle your silver about.

Then Dinah gets dinner, and Mary clears up,
Away with the pan and the pot;
At 9 arrives Bridget to flirt with the cop
And feed him the best you have got.

Your laundry put out, with all other small jobs
Which do not come under this head;
At 12 you will tidy the house up yourself
And thankfully sink into bed.

Milky Way Only Earth's Shadow

The London Daily Mail

A novel theory as to the Milky Way has been evolved by S. L. Adams, an amateur astronomer of Sydney, N.S.W. This luminous phenomenon, it appears, is really a shadow.

"The Milky Way," says Mr. Adams, "is constantly being seen at many different angles and in many parts of the sky, but it always preserves the same luminous front arising from the telescopic stars in its background.

"Now, as this background is constantly changing, and the luminous effect is only seen wherever the foreground happens to be the Milky Way, it is evident that it is not the telescopic stars themselves which produce the effect,

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"The supposed nebulæ," continues Mr. Adams, "are all shadows, and this explains their contempt for the laws of gravitation and their refusal to conform to the globular shapes assumed by celestial objects generally. They are spots of shadow representing mountains or mountain ranges on the earth."

The Cry of the Little Peoples

Richard Le Gallienne in the New York Evening Mail

The cry of the Little Peoples went up to God in vain;
The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane.
We ask but a little portion of the green and ancient Earth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.
We ask not coaling stations, nor ports in the China seas;
We leave to the big child nations such rivalries as these,
We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three things of worth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

Oh, leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
A little grass and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree.
Oh, leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,
To drive our mills and to carry our wood and to ripple by.
Once long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame,
We filled all the shaking world with the sound of our name;
But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done,
Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of the sun.

And what shall you gain if you take us and bind us and beat us with thongs,
And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our sad little songs?
Forbid us the use of our heart's own nursery tongue;
conquests to keep;
For this shall we break our hearts, for this shall our old men weep?
What gain in the day of battle, to the Russ, to the German, what gain
The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane?

Perfectly Simple

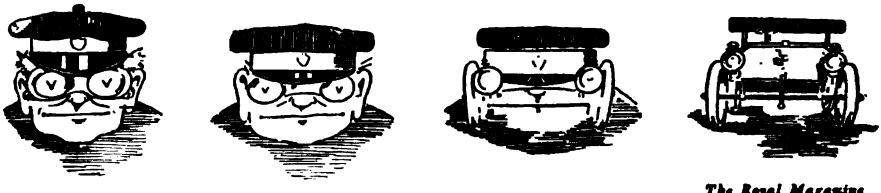
The Boston Transcript

Trying to give an idea of the size of a molecule, Dr. W. Marshall Watts says that if a drop of water were enlarged to the dimensions of the earth its molecules would look like a heap of 9,556,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tennis balls. If all scientific facts can only be reduced to sporting terms this way, the general understanding of the wonders of nature will be increased.

Telephoning in Abyssinia

The London Daily Telegraph

Abyssinia is being provided with the telephone—another advance, surely, of civilization. Nearly 800 miles of wire have been put up, and 1,000 more are in process of construction. It would seem, however, that the contractor who is doing the work for the Abyssinian government has had to encounter unusual difficulties. Tropical rains wash out the poles, white ants eat away the parts in the ground, and when iron poles are substituted for wood the natives steal them to make tools of. Monkeys find the wires delightful swings, while elephants use the poles as scratching posts, and often knock them down. Lastly, the jungle grows so fast that a party of men is kept constantly employed in cutting away the young growth. The telephone constructor's life in Abyssinia is not a happy one.



The Royal Magazine

A WARNING TO RECKLESS CHAUFFEURS

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A Christmas Word and some Business

The January number will begin the third year of this magazine. This Christmas number completes the second year.

We have been too busy during the last twelve months to talk much; but silently and persistently, step by step, month by month, we have been pushing forward; making the kind of progress that sticks; building a magazine which today takes a forward place among the most influential magazines of the country.

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issue. We sell all the magazines we print. I don't know the exact circulation of any other magazine but I do know that this magazine goes into **125,000** well-to-do American homes even in its dullest months.

The advertising department didn't make any promises a year ago. Contracts are not solicited upon "what we are going to do" but upon what we have actually done. The editorial department knows and the business department knows and the advertising department knows that this publication has as bright a promise for 1905 as that of any other high grade magazine.

It takes a big staff to produce and circulate a magazine: correspondents; special contributors; artists; engravers; advertising and circulation managers and assistants; and scores of subordinate workers. *The Booklovers Magazine* has a loyal staff; a corps of workers of whom it may well feel proud.

Another word and that special to our magazine patrons. It may be that you have friends who have not seen the magazine or who do not get it regularly; friends who would appreciate the gift of a year's subscription perhaps better than anything else you could think of. Let me tell you what I have done and what I will do.

I have secured from the business department one thousand copies of this December number and I have put them in the care of my secretary. (The regular issue will be all sold out long before Christmas.) I have bought one thousand copies of my story "Dan Black" which was published in our Christmas number a year ago. (In its art covers and its big type and illustrations it makes a very attractive little book.) These I have set aside with the magazines.

If you (any reader of this notice) will send me six dollars ($6.00) and the addresses of three friends I shall arrange that each receives the magazine for the year 1905, with the December number added.

Two of the subscriptions will be entered fully paid and the third will be entered "complimentary." As a matter of fact it is two dollars each for three, but the business manager refuses to cut the price and requests that I state it in this way.

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of
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NEW YORK,

Nov. 14, 1904.

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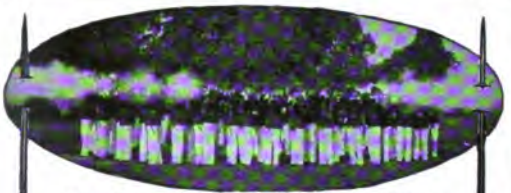
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This scathing series of articles on the political bondage of American citizens, when published monthly in *McClure's*, was eagerly watched for, eagerly read throughout the country. Into the municipal darkness of Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, Mr. Steffens turns an uncompromising searchlight. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1897. War and Neutrality in the Far East — T. J. Lawrence

After an excellent short summary of the causes which led to the present Eastern conflict, Mr. Lawrence considers one by one the alleged violations of international law which have excited diplomatic and journalistic controversy. Informing, but not dry. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

NEW BOOKS ON ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

1726. After Prison—What? — Maud Ballington Booth

The noble work that Mrs. Booth has been doing in the United States prisons for years, bringing hope and awakening aspiration in thousands of despondent hearts, gives her the right to speak with authority on prison matters. But *After Prison—What?* is not a treatise on penology. It is a plea by their "Little Mother" for better, juster treatment of discharged convicts, who are too often thrust back into crime by man's inhumanity to man. (*Fleming H. Revell Co.*)

1752. Fat of the Land, The — John Williams Streeter

A successful physician in the fifties of his life, forced by ill-health into retirement, buys a farm, practices intensive farming, plants orchards, starts a dairy—and makes it pay. The ups and downs, expenditures and returns, narrated in detail, make up a novel "story of an American farm." It must be admitted that the experimenter had the wherewithal to try out the fat. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1831. Mankind in the Making — H. G. Wells

There are no half measures about Mr. Wells' remaking of mankind. The program of his New Republic provides for reform in all stages of life, from improving the raw material of the birth supply to the scientific training of the man in his political and social and sex relations. Mr. Wells' radical proposals are full of meat and suggestion. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1720. Neighbor, The — N. S. Shaler

A scientist's study of race relations, especially anti-Semitism abroad and the negro problem at home. In short, it is the eternal readjustment of the races, the question of the hour as well as of the ages, discussed with acumen, practicality and brilliancy. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1760. Sixteen Years in Siberia — Leo Deutsch

This straight-forward, matter-of-fact narrative proves an interesting revelation of the internal working of the Russian convict system and—not less interesting—of the Nihilist mind. A gentleman, a scholar, a humanitarian, and—in non-Nihilistic terms—a murderer, Mr. Deutsch writes of his friends' and his own loyalty to their beliefs with simplicity, and of their sufferings with impartiality. (*Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.*)

1866. The Society of Tomorrow — G. de Molinari

According to M. de Molinari's stimulating forecast the future economic and political organization of society will not be on socialistic lines, but more than ever individualistic. He finds the chief barrier to progress in the mad competitions in military armament, and sets forth convincingly certain ruin in which the chief states are being plunged by the appalling burdens of taxation. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

1844. Working With the Hands — Booker T. Washington

An interesting account of the work and the method of work at Tuskegee. It is in more ways than one the logical sequence of *Up From Slavery*. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

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DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND RECREATION

1782. Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods — H. Irving Hancock

The interest taken in Mr. Hancock's practical exposition of the advantages of *jiu-jitzu* training for men is now followed by its logical sequence. It is rather a blow to the common notion of Japanese women, which connects them with fans and charming frivolity.
(*Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

NEW BOOKS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

1797. Christ — Samuel D. McConnell

A stimulating study of the real Christ as Dr. McConnell sees him. It is likely to arouse dissent, but its rational attitude will help many to higher spirituality. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1719. Crises of the Christ, The — G. Campbell Morgan

As Dr. Morgan will continue his addresses in the United States for some time to come, we list his series of sermons on turning points in Christ's life. Many who hear him speak will want to get the further inspiration of his written words. (*Fleming H. Revell Co.*)

1977. From Epicurus to Christ — William DeWitt Hyde

An absorbing study of pagan philosophy—Epicurianism, Stoicism, Platonism, and Aristotelian precepts in their relation to each other and to Christianity. A just valuation of their strength and a weighing of their weakness. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1798. Great Companion, The — Lyman Abbott

Short, beautiful chapters on seeking and feeling the companionship of God. (*The Outlook Co.*)

1734. New Light on the Life of Jesus — Charles Augustus Briggs

Dr. Briggs has worked out a very original harmony of the gospels, which he offers for the consideration of the Christian ministry with the remark:—"The book must go into the fires of criticism, the hotter the better. If the light is a true light it will abide." (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1718. Religions of Authority — Auguste Sabatier

An historical and psychological investigation into the basis of our accepted religions by the most distinguished of French Protestant theologians. M. Sabatier left the work completed at his death, and it has been efficiently translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1756. Representative Modern Preachers — Lewis O. Brastow

Dr. Brastow seems to go straight to the root of the theology, the personality, and the characteristic method of each of his modern preachers—Schleiermacher, Robertson, Beecher, Bushnell, Brooks, Newman, Mozley, Guthrie, and Spurgeon. He gives one the impression of long and loving intimacy with the spirit of their thought. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1799. Ritschlianism — James Orr

The more conservative view as to Ritschlian theology in its past and present form is cogently and fair-mindedly stated by Professor Orr. We have been repeatedly asked to list a book that would be in some sense a reply to Harnack. *Ritschlianism* also criticises the new French school of theology as expounded by Sabatier. (*A. C. Armstrong & Son*)

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, AND PLAYS

1790. By the Fireside — Charles Wagner

Treats of the relations of man to fellow-man and to those more intimate who gather by his own hearthstone. The author of *The Simple Life* dreads in the hurrying whirl of modernity the extinction of the sacred fire of home. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1939. Where Does the Sky Begin? — Washington Gladden

Around us, for the sky comes right down to the earth. "The Permanent and the Transient," "The Education of Our Wants," "How To Be Sure of God" are some of the other topics of Dr. Gladden's discussion. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

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1983. Book of Clever Beasts, The — Myrtle Reed

Probably no one will enjoy this audacious and diverting volume better than the victims of its satire—the authors of the approved, modern, up-to-date animal story. Having by the advice of his physician retired to a hermitage in the woods, Mr. O. Sitdown-Johnson Johnson-Sitdown has numerous weird adventures with highly intelligent, modern, up-to-date animals. The illustrations by Peter Newell are quite in accord with the entertaining text.
(*Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

1970. Common Way, The — Margaret Deland

An instance of the good things done up in small packages. These are unpretentiously womanly essays for women, full of pithy common-sense and humor. *On the Shelf*, which might be called the lament of the passing generation; *Aunts*, otherwise the practice of imposition; and *Concerning Glass Houses*, or the little flings of gossip that do so much damage, indicate their scope. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1938. Compromises — Agnes Repplier

Miss Repplier is a born essayist, and distinctly of the non-ponderous variety. The slender and entertaining volume she has put forth under the title of *Compromises* is vivacious and witty and pleasant to linger over, as the light essays touch on "The Gayety of Life," "Marriage in Fiction," "The Luxury of Conversation," "The Spinster," "The Tourist," and "Allegra."
(*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1822. Double Garden, The — Maurice Maeterlinck

These new and exquisite essays by the silent Belgian deal with more tangible subjects than purely spiritual and intellectual ones—"Our Friend the Dog," "Modern Drama," "Old-Fashioned Flowers," "Chrysanthemums," and the "Portrait of a Lady," etched with a rare comprehension of the metamorphosis of the modern woman. They seem so complete, delicate, and enduring that they suggest thoughts carved in ivory. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1709. Gentle Reader, The — Samuel McChord Crothers

There is unco' levity about this lament for the "gentle reader"—long since passed to his reward! Mr. Crothers has written a series of sprightly essays with an old-time aroma clinging to them. "The Honorable Points of Ignorance" is quite refreshing. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1988. Island of Tranquil Delights, The — Charles Warren Stoddard

The charms and amenities of the languorous life on coral reefs in tropical seas are deliciously and whimsically embodied in these essays and stories. Although the scene is not always the South Sea Isles, it is always where verdure is luxuriant and skies bright. (*H. B. Turner & Co.*)

1987. Man and Superman — G. Bernard Shaw

As a rule it is quite useless to list plays, because our members do not want them. It would not, however, be a rule without exceptions. A play as fascinatingly readable, even when it arouses antagonism, as one of Bernard Shaw's witty dramas, walks straight through all prejudices.
(*Brentano's*)

1830. Overtones — James Huneker

Mr. Huneker's advanced views and brilliant style make this a notable and stimulative contribution to musical literature. Among the subjects treated are "Richard Strauss," "Anarchs of Art," "The Eternal Feminine," and "After Wagner—What?" (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1703. Personalia — "Sigma"

Whoever "Sigma" is he understands how to make the best of a good story. And he has accumulated a fine collection touching a host of distinguished Englishmen—lawyers, churchmen, artists, writers, and statesmen. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1910. Shelburne Essays — Paul Elmer More

Perhaps it seems as if everything had already been said about Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, and Tolstoi; but the essay on Hawthorne brought one reader closer to an understanding of him than ever before. On the other hand, practically nothing has been written of the poetry of Arthur Symons, "the only adequate representative in English of that widespread condition we call decadence." There is also an essay of much interest on "The Epic of Ireland."
(*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

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1732. Studies in Shakespeare — John Churton Collins

That the great English playwright was a classical scholar familiar with the Greek classics, at least through the Latin, Mr. Collins seems to prove conclusively in the first of these admirable, scholarly essays. (*E. P. Dutton & Co.*)

SCIENCE AND NATURE STUDY

1969. Cycle of Life, The — C. W. Saleeby

A vivid presentation of some of the marvels of the human mechanism (memory, dexterity, sensation); some of the more intangible things which affect men for detriment or good (suggestion and hypnotism, telepathy), and some of the present problems of the world (marriage and morals, the yellow peril, and vivisection). One of the points Mr. Saleeby makes in his fascinating volume is that if the mortality of infants could be checked the much exploited dangers of race suicide would effectually be disposed of. (*Illustrated. Harper & Brothers*)

1739. Evidence for a Future Life — Gabriel Delanne

A study, or not so much a study as a presentation, of well authenticated data concerning psychic phenomena—materialization, the double, spirit photography, etc. There is for many people an almost magnetic fascination in the books that let us peer into the shady realm that lies outside the senses. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

1757. Evolution of the Soul, The — Thomson J. Hudson

Whether by his interesting theories Dr. Hudson to a certain extent created his audience, or whether he merely responded to an already existing general public interest, certain it is that no books on psychical subjects have received the degree of popular support accorded to his. The essays of the posthumous *Evolution of the Soul* are along his favorite line of thought. (*A. C. McClurg & Co.*)

1931. Mountains, The — Stewart Edward White

Mr. White is a true prophet of nature. His new book might aptly be called a pass to the mountains. Everything the city greenhorn needs to know if he would seek their delectable refreshment is here, as well as a nature lover's narrative of a trip in the Sierras that brings their beauty very close to the stay-at-homes. (*Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1743. My Air-ships — A. Santos-Dumont

A vivacious narrative of the perils and humors and the continual fascination of aerial navigation. Nor does the wiry little Brazilian regard his air-ships as so much mechanism. Each has its individuality, and some are decidedly "onprincipled." (*Illustrated. The Century Co.*)

1966. Nature's Invitation — Bradford Torrey

Relates of wanderings in woods and fields in search of feathery acquaintanceship. The wanderer's ways lie in New Hampshire, Florida, Texas, and Arizona, which insures variety. Nature's invitation as issued by Mr. Torrey is a most acceptable one. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co*)

1851. Our Mountain Garden — Mrs. Theodore Thomas

A delightful book, of which the only criticism is that it is decidedly too short. Mrs. Thomas knew nothing about wild gardening, and her experiences in suiting the blossoms to soil propitious are entertaining as well as instructive. Besides, she has a fresh enthusiasm and a knack of word painting that make for charm. (*Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.*)

1865. Widow's Mite, The, and Other Psychic Phenomena — Isaac K. Funk

There are few people, however incredulous they may be, who are not interested in reading of those as yet unexplained occurrences called "psychic phenomena." As one of the phenomena, Dr. Funk gives, for the first time, the full history of "the widow's mite," which was so unaccountably lost and more unaccountably found. Dr. Funk stands in the attitude of a questioner, neither accepting nor denying. (*Funk and Wagnalls Co.*)

JUVENILE BOOKS

1796. Admirable Tinker, The — Edgar Jepson

A cheerful and extravagant yarn—of the doings and capabilities of a small boy aged eleven. Undoubtedly Tinker's greatest achievement was "borrowing" the flying-machine and rescuing a Hebrew financier to the tune of £5,000. *The Admirable Tinker* is one of those happy results of a dilated imagination quite as likely to please the old as the young. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

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1721. Awakening of the Duchess, The

Frances Charles

Tells of how a young and much admired mother half unconsciously neglected her little daughter, and of the huge hunger there was in the heart of the child. But the duchess—who was not a real duchess, only lovely enough to be one—awoke, and all's well that ends well!

(*Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.*)

1723. Captain's Daughter, The

Gwendolen Overton

At an army post in the far west there occurs a mysterious theft of funds to which the captain's daughter holds the key. An exciting story follows. It ran serially in *The Youth's Companion*.

(*Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.*)

1761. Day Before Yesterday, The

Sara Andrew Shafer

The village (as it was the day before yesterday) was in itself the quietest place in the world. The children, with their mischievous leader Rachel, who were growing up in it were not quiet at all. Their pleasures and troubles, frolics and naughtinesses, made perpetual commotion.

(*The Macmillan Co.*)

1722. Golden Windows, The

Laura E. Richards

A book of charming fables, teaching unobtrusive lessons, for old people to read to young people—or to read any way at all. Everything that Mrs. Richards writes has both strength and grace.

(*Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.*)

1762. Heart of Lynn

Mary Stewart Cutting

A wholesome and natural story of the efforts of Lynn of the quick tongue and heart of gold to work a way out of sudden and dismal poverty. It runs along the border line (as *Little Women* does) that divides adult from juvenile fiction. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

1894. Japanese Fairy Book

Yei Theodora Ozaki

In Japan, where everyday things seem to Occidentals picturesque and quaint, fairy tales are proportionately fantastic. The little Japs must have a famous time when they start their elders telling stories. A very pretty book with its Japanese illustrations. (*Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.*)

1879. Marvelous Land of Oz, The

L. Frank Baum

The sequel to *The Wizard of Oz* is as entertaining as could be wished. It sets forth delectably the further adventures of The Scarecrow and Tin Woodman which involve Jack Pumpkinhead, an animated Saw-Horse, a Highly Magnified Woggle-Bug, and Tip.

(*Illustrated. The Reilly & Britton Co.*)

1945. Monarch, the Big Bear of Talac

Ernest Thompson Seton

One of those delightful study stories that have done so much to help us to a better understanding of our less talkative and more active friends or enemies of the fields and forests. Mr. Seton has been charged with exaggeration; sometimes exaggeration startles us into perception of the truth.

(*Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1862. My Li'l Angelo

Anna Yeaman Condict

A bright little story of a young dago imp of Satan who is thrust on the unwilling hospitality of sour Mrs. Clockett by the death of his mother. His abilities for mischief making are of the first water. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1902. Stories of Inventors

Russell Doubleday

Stories of inventions rather than inventors—inventions which, although accepted, the average person, old or young, by no means understands. "How Guglielmo Marconi Telegraphs Without Wires," "Long Distance Telephony," "What Happens When You Talk into a Telephone Receiver," "Moving Pictures," etc., are some of the fascinating subjects discussed.

(*Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1954. Vinland Champions, The

Ottilie J. Liljencrantz

A capital tale of the discoveries and adventures of a score of young Greenlanders and a Viking's son along the wild shores of the New World, which then hid so much of mystery.

(*Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.*)

1724. Young Ice Whalers, The

Winthrop Packard

A boy's book filled with such excellent and spirited description of stormy seas and adventuresome occupations that it has won much commendation. The two lads who go on the expedition are plucky and lucky, and make a rich find in Alaska. (*Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

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1974. Abbess of Vlaye, The

Stanley J. Weyman

A capital Weyman story of the time of Henry IV—what more need be said? We might add, however, that the action takes place after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and after Henry's accession to the throne. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

1896. Affair at the Inn, The

Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findalater, Jane Findalater, Allen McAuley

It is invidious to discuss whether *The Affair at the Inn* might have been better. Let us take it for what it is—a very light and sufficiently amusing variation of the thawing of an icy Englishman of title—in this case a Scotchman—by a vivacious American beauty. The setting is the pretty one of Devonshire moors and inns, and the motor which the reluctant lover sacrifices adds the touch of up-to-date. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1857. Aladdin and Co.

J. Herbert Quick

This modern Aladdin was an energetic young optimist, the leading citizen of a new and booming Western town. Eventually the bottom dropped out of the boom and involved Aladdin and Co. in complications. A good exposition of boom methods and as good a story. (*Henry Holt & Co.*)

1990. Albert Gate Mystery, The

Louis Tracy

A detective story concerned with the theft of some diamonds of fabulous value. Complications are the disappearance of a young and promising employee of the British Foreign Office, responsible for the security of the Turkish gems while being polished in London, and that the Turkish Government, is not only financially but politically concerned. Incidentally another complication is that the young man's sister refuses—temporarily—to marry the Earl of Fairholme. Re-introduces Mr. Reginald Brett, Barrister Detective. (*R. F. Fenno & Co.*)

✠1737. All's Fair in Love

Josephine Caroline Sawyer

A tale of the Scottish Border in the intriguing days of the Duke of Albany's regency, and of two friends who love the same girlish widow. Amateurish but with good points. There is no reason why it should not be quite as successful as the young writer's *Every Inch a King*. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1784. Anna the Adventuress

E. Phillips Oppenheim

A clever story of London life and feminine lack of scruples. It suits Annabel, who has made herself somewhat notorious, to pass for her sister Anna. The situation is good, and the working out almost brilliant. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

1870. At Home with the Jardines

Lilian Bell

Those who took the engaging trip abroad with the Jimmies will be glad now to have the opportunity of staying, more or less peacefully, at home with the Jardines. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

1971. Baccarat

Frank Danby

The new novel by the author of *Pigs in Clover* is another story of passion and its consequences. A young French wife at a Continental resort is led on by the prevalent gambling fever into a situation of greatest danger. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

1963. Beatrice of Venice

Max Pemberton

The story opens at the period when Venice was tremblingly conducting the half-hearted negotiations that brought upon her the anger of General Buonaparte. It then proceeds at a rattling pace through thickets of swords and pitfalls of politics to a most successful end. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1886. Betrayal, The

E. Phillips Oppenheim

High treason, no less than the betrayal of plans for England's war defence, figures in this novel. A member of the aristocratic circle is implicated—but which? Mr. Oppenheim writes a good story. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1887. Beverly of Graustark

George Barr McCutcheon

After the Princess of Graustark married "the American" who so persistently won her, Miss Beverly Calhoun, of Kentucky, became her very most intimate friend. That is why when gathering war clouds recalled the Princess and "Lorry" to Graustark, Miss Beverly Calhoun also found her defiant way thither in order to be "in it." She was! A sequel quite as impossible as *Graustark* and quite as entertaining. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

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1926. Black Friday

Frederic S. Isham

The most dramatic day in the financial history of the country is the climax of this "Black Friday" novel. The hero stands almost alone in his effort to break the corner in gold. Well-constructed. (*Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1915. Blazed Trail Stories

Stewart Edward White

The sturdy lumbermen of the great Northwest and the lithe cattle rangers of the Southwest are Mr. White's heroes. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1952. Box of Matches, A

Hamblen Sears

All the world knows—some of it from experience—that the happy young wife inevitably turns to the making of matches. These bright stories, largely in dialogue, show the results of one matron's strenuous labor at her country house outside New York. She profited not a little by propinquity. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1821. Bred in the Bone

Thomas Nelson Page

After ten years of novel writing, Mr. Page here returns to his first love, the short story. The seven stories in this collection are of the recent South, with war or reconstruction times as a background, and all have the finished charm of Mr. Page's best work. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1975. Brethren, The

H. Rider Haggard

Two Saxon brothers give their hearts involuntarily into the keeping of the same beautiful cousin, a half English and half Moorish maid, a niece of the great Sultan Saladin. In their rivalry they keep knightly faith with each other and with her whom they follow into dire peril in Palestine. There is no end to the fighting until the end of the book. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1806. Bright Face of Danger, The

Robert Neilson Stephens

Hand on sword, one more French hero wanders through the pages of one more romantic novel. This one has the advantage of being the son of his father, De Launey de la Tournoire, who made his way in similar fashion in *An Enemy to the King*. The imprisoned lady is fair, the fighting furious. We are glad the two staircase fights happen in a novel, for they surely could not have happened anywhere else. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

1884. Bruvver Jim's Baby

Philip Verrill Mighels

A diminutive, grave, and apparently Indian baby ("apparently Indian," because he washes white) is found by "If Only" Jim of a Nevada mining camp. He soon, in the quietest way, has the miners under his thumb. "Little Skeezucks" has been extolled by his admirers as more human and pleasing than "Binks" of the "Memoirs of a Baby." Binks, it seems, is vulgar. Poor Binks! (*Harper & Brothers*)

1836. By Snare of Love

Arthur W. Marchmont

A book of thrills rather than frills. Its chief attraction is not in its literary merit, but in its sensational situations. A story of modern Constantinople. A wealthy young American, planning large business ventures, becomes the victim of Oriental intrigue. (*F. A. Stokes & Co.*)

1803. By the Good Sainte Anne

Anna Chapin Ray

A light and attractive story of a girl with two beaux to her string—and more. The "more" in the end are happily disposed of, but they by rights belong to her. It might also be termed an international race for an American beauty, with the Englishman as the tortoise of the fable. The scene is largely in Quebec. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

1829. By-Ways of Braithe, The

Frances Powell

Has the same qualities which made *The House on the Hudson* popular, with less melodramatic exaggeration. The author stage-manages so cleverly that one really comes to believe in the superlative beauty of Theo Braithe, descendant of an evil race, who sacrifices herself to a loveless marriage. Naturally it does not stay loveless. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

✠ 1750. Cadets of Gascony

Burton E. Stevenson

Two stories written each around a young Gascon gallant—quick of sword and by no means slow of heart. However, if a Gascon is irascible and susceptible, he is, if he is a true Gascon, also tenacious. Mr. Stevenson has lively material and has served up a couple of acceptable stories *à la* Stanley Weyman. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

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A story of the close of the war dealing with a still later period than *Evelyn Byrd* and *Dorothy South*, but which will appeal to the same wide circle of readers. (*A. S. Barnes & Co.*)

✠1746. Cap'n Eri

Joseph C. Lincoln

Cap'n Eri is one of a trio of old Cape Cod sea-dogs who keep house together—and such house! At last the disorder generally and the dishwashing specially become more than even they can bear, and they decide that one of them must marry. On this and other complications an unpretentious, jolly story turns. (*A. S. Barnes & Co.*)

1921. Captains of the World

Gwendolen Overton

Miss Overton's new heroine is not set in the obscurity of a Canadian village as was Anne Carmel. She is the daughter of an American capitalist who, to further his own ends, forces her into an engagement with a foreign prince. It is an industrial novel presenting something of the struggle between labor unions and capitalists, with the strength and energy that characterize this young writer. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1839. Castaway, The

Hallie Erminie Rives

Miss Rives has written a romance about the picturesque figure of Byron, so highly colored it is positively lurid! The events of the poet's life, his pitiable deformity, his venomous detractors, his cynical recklessness, his many loves, lend themselves readily to riotous emotionalism. (*Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1869. Challoners, The

E. F. Benson

Mr. Benson seems to have at his command two totally different pens. One by no means dull, but quiet and subdued; the other sharp, trenchant, brilliant. *The Challoners*, which develops the problem of the inevitable estrangement between an austere clergyman and his laughter-loving artistic children, unmistakably belongs in the latter class. If it were not for talkative Lady Sunningdale, with her ubiquitous dachshunds, the book would almost be gloomy; but Lady Sunningdale is a joy, and her conversation is nothing if not enlivening. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

1943. Chicago Princess, A

Robert Barr

In which a Chicago beauty takes her doting "Poppa" on a yachting trip to the Occident in search of a crowned head whose subjugation to her charms can be blazoned in the American newspapers. She has, in a tantrum, a pleasant facility with her revolver and a little habit of smashing china or furniture, only equalled by her command of language or of shrieks, pure and simple. There have been many peculiar American heroines in the fiction *d'outre mer*, but, verily, this "princess" is the limit! (*Frederick A. Stokes Co.*)

1917. Chrisimas Eve on Lonesome

John Fox, Jr.

Short stories by the author of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. The atmosphere of mountainous Kentucky and the simple life in sun and shadow of its people show to good advantage in short story form. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1985. Closed Book, The

William Le Queux

The book is a poisoned one and leads to danger. But it holds a secret—nothing less than the hiding place of some marvellous gems which once belonged to Lucretia Borgia, princess and poisoner. This mystery subject is much better suited to Mr. Le Queux's ability than *The Shutters of Silence*. (*Smart Set Publishing Co.*)

1978. Common Lot, The

Robert Herrick

The subtle forces at work undermining American business integrity—the pressure for money to keep up with one's "set" and the constant opportunity to dispose of superficial work—are judicially set forth in this dramatic story of a young Chicago architect's downward course. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1932. Comrades in Arms

General Charles King

A complication and a murder at a frontier post in the Black Hills of Dakota begin the story. Then the Spanish War breaks out, and the comrades are ordered to the Philippines. Two brave soldiers in the end find the proverbial reward. (*The Hobart Company*)

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1850. Confessions of a Club Woman, The — Agnes Surbridge

The gradual rise of a grocer's wife to the proud position of President of the Nota Bene Club and her equally gradual estrangement from the grocer. A rather mild and mediocre satire of the club mania, but which, in the nature of things, will be much read. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1819. Cost, The — David Graham Phillips

The triangle is the world-old one of two men and a woman, but the setting is essentially today's. In the co-educational college prelude, and the later scenes in Indiana politics and Wall Street battles, the note is insistently that of struggle,—a vital, intensely American struggle for love, power, and millions. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

✠1740. Country Interlude, A — Hildegarde Hawthorne

A novelette by the granddaughter of the great romancer. The "interlude" is a society girl's quiet summer in the country, during which she sits at the feet of nature—and also shifts her lovers. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1811. Crossing, The — Winston Churchill

It is three years since Mr. Churchill gave an eager public *The Crisis*, and the excellent workmanship of his new novel is reward enough for the interval. *The Crossing* tells of the gradual peaceful upbuilding and Americanization of the vast Louisiana Purchase until West as well as East prevail American ideals and the American spirit. Thus in point of period *The Crossing* antedates *The Crisis*. Judging from the sale of his books, it is claimed, Mr. Churchill is the most popular author in the United States today. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

✠1744. Darrow Enigma, The — Melvin L. Severy

A detective story with a really novel plot and the crime inexplicable—of course until the end of the book! What kind of a detective story would that be which left the mystery unsolved?
(*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1768. Daughter of the States, A — Max Pemberton

A lively story with a somewhat laboredly American heroine who is on her way across the ocean to marry an English lord. A wreck, a raft, a "rogue," a rescue, and other complications follow. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1785. Daughters of Nijo — Onoto Watanna

Another of those quaint foreign love-stories—such as "A Japanese Nightingale" and "The Heart of Hyacinth"—that have proved so fascinating to American readers. It is daintily illustrated by a Japanese artist. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1795. Day of the Dog, The — George Barr McCutcheon

"Swallow" as a name for a dog seems to indicate a harmless temperament—if you look at it in one way. It was the other meaning, however, that fitted the dog villain of this tale of woe, who precipitated the situations and assured the propinquity necessary to love-making. Short and amusing. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1929. Debonnaire — W. F. Payson

Although Louis le Debonnaire is not Monsieur Beaucaire, it is evident that he would be glad to be. Sent with his famous regiment to Quebec, Debonnaire makes, at a dinner the Governor gives, a wager that he will win as a bride the belle of New Amsterdam. It's all a trifle forced, and we have read it before; but it serves to pass the time. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1808. Descent of Man, The — Edith Wharton

The title story is that of a scientist who succumbed to a series of insidious temptations and fell into the degeneracy of writing highly-colored pseudo-scientific clap-trap for the applause and dollars of the general public. The other stories are as clever in situation and execution as one expects from Mrs. Wharton. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1858. Diary of a Musician, The — Dolores M. Bacon

Not the diary of a musician but the diary of an "artistic temperament!" That the impetuous Hungarian violinist is so ingenuously unconscious of his lack of morals alone makes the book possible. (*Henry Holt & Co.*)

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1818. Dorothea

Maarten Maartens

Elemental innocent purity in contact with modern emancipated cosmopolitanism is the *motif* of this story. It is a long and leisurely tale which will be a delight to lovers of Maartens. He calls it "a story of the pure in heart," and even if Dorothea be a little austere she certainly is not uninteresting or uninfluential, nor is she the loser in the game of life. The narrative is spirited and the dialogue is sparkling. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1930. Double Harness

Anthony Hope

In this "sample of the bulk" of modern London society a young couple just barely escape with their married happiness. Vivacious, light, and sufficiently spiced to be not quite nice. (*McClure, Phillips, & Co.*)

1984. Dr. Luke of The Labrador

Norman Duncan

How a doctor came to the bleak Labrador coast and there in saving life made expiation. In dignity, simplicity, humor, in sympathetic etching of a sturdy fisher people, and, above all, in echos of the sea, *Dr. Luke of The Labrador* is worthy of great praise. (*Fleming H. Revell Co.*)

1947. Eagle's Shadow, The

James Branch Cabell

Which might be worse and might easily be better. A peerless heroine, equivalently rich and from experience suspicious of mercenary suitors, treats "Billy" with undeserved severity. For the peerless one has a temper. So has Billy. Next they play battledore and shuttlecock with the fortune. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1843. Evelyn Byrd

George Cary Eggleston

A typical Eggleston story and a sequel to *Dorothy South*. The innocent but spirited young girl of mysterious antecedents, who is frequently met—in novels—on either side of the Mason and Dixon line, is here rescued by a gallant Confederate officer. That is the beginning—and the continuation is according to precedent. (*The Lothrop Company*)

1826. Faith of Men, The

Jack London

A volume of London's short stories of burning elemental passions in the frozen North Country—dramatic, as all his stories are, and at times intense to painfulness. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1892. Farm of the Dagger, The

Eden Phillpotts

A new story of Dartmoor and Prince Town prison and of a bitter feud between two passionate and antagonistic neighbors on the moor. The brunt of the trouble falls on the sweet daughter of one of them because she is unfortunate enough to fall in love with the nephew of the other. Far and away a more artistic piece of work than *The American Prisoner*. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1961. Fata Morgana

André Castaigne

To depict the rollicking, devil-may-care atmosphere—pervaded by a strong smell of turpentine if not sulphur—in which the art students live in Paris is evidently the *raison d'être* of Mr. Castaigne's novel. If he has not fully succeeded, if his illustrations are better than his text, as some may think, it is not because he does not know his subject, but because a painter is not always an artist in the cold black and white of print. A little circus *artiste*, a duke, a Franco-American painter, and a Mephistopholean critic are the principal personages who move in the atmosphere mentioned above. (*The Century Co.*)

1825. Flame-Gatherers, The

Margaret Horton Potter

The strangely-mingled passion and mysticism of the East are made very real in this story of India seven centuries ago, when the Moslem invaders were sweeping all before them. It is a sympathetic presentment of the life and love of an alien time. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1890. Flight of a Moth, The

Emily Post

Brought up in strict seclusion and subjected after her marriage to the strait-lacings of a rigid regard for appearances, a young American widow determines when she lays off her mourning to thoroughly enjoy her liberty. She flies off to Europe with only her maid and soon finds herself in the flare of a social triumph with ample opportunity to burn her wings. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1904. Food of the Gods, The

H. G. Wells

The ingenious imagination of Mr. Wells has been most riotously at play again. He creates for our amusement a race of gigantic men and depicts their inevitable conflict with their former brothers. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

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1788. Four Roads to Paradise — **Maud Wilder Goodwin**

Fame, money, influence, and love—in the beginning of the story four men stood at the parting of the ways. Three of them at least fell under the thrall of a charming young American widow. The scene shifts, as the widow flits from New York to Florence. (*The Century Co.*)

1789. Frontiersmen, The — **Charles Egbert Craddock**

A half dozen short stories, told with admirable art, of white men and of Indians who in the days gone by lived and roamed in the neighborhood of the Great Smoky Mountains.
(*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1942. Gabriel Praed's Castle — **Alice Jones**

A satisfying modern story of Americans in Paris. The characters are two artists, one successful and the other not, charming Sylvia Dorr the little designer of Madame Marcelle's sumptuous gowns, and an unscrupulous dealer in antiques, the manipulator of an extensive swindle whose victim is to be a Canadian Croesus just arrived in Paris with his daughter.
(*Herbert B. Turner Co.*)

1925. Genevra — **Charles Marlott**

One of those occasional studies done in russet that make more brilliant ones seem almost tawdry. The ripening of a woman's genius in the sun of love and the shade of sorrow.
(*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1804. Gingham Rose, A — **Alice Woods Ullman**

A charming love story all through, beginning with a masked ball of art students, when the Boy dubs her the "Gingham Rose." They spat over that—forerunner of spats to come; and before the coming of final fame and peace for both original and high-strung youngsters, they have some bitter experiences. (*Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1842. Givers, The — **Mary E. Wilkins Freeman**

Short stories of power and pathos filled with that striking comprehension of the half-starved souls and repressed feelings of New England women which has gained Mrs. Freeman so much admiration. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1889. God's Good Man — **Marie Corelli**

A novel on more simple lines than any of Miss Corelli's recent books. The love story of a village clergyman, owner of one of the smallest livings in England, who is content to be a bachellor amid his idyllic surroundings until the right time comes, bringing a certain person back to the Manor and beginning the story. (*Dodd, Mead, & Co.*)

1805. Grafters, The — **Francis Lynde**

The Grafters, which deals with the machinations of a group of unscrupulous politicians, and especially their manœuvers to get control of a certain railroad, is that rather rare specimen—a man's book. And the men who read it will probably proclaim it about right! It has vigor, virility, and the swiftness of the rail. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1729. Great Adventurer, The — **Robert Shackleton**

A rather skilful limning of the ambitious maker of a monster bubble trust and the corresponding deterioration of his character. Disaster follows in the track of the gigantic organization.
(*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1885. Green Diamond, The — **Arthur Morrison**

The author of *The Red Triangle* relates in this volume some no less mysterious happenings connected with "the green eye of Goona." The huge diamond was stolen at the Durbar and conveyed to England in one of a dozen magnums of old Tokay. A clever detective story.
(*L. C. Page & Co.*)

1873. Green Mansions — **W. H. Hudson**

The shimmering leaves of a tropical forest form the mansions green. An enchanting little savage, as brilliant, changeable, and shy as a humming-bird, who seems essentially a part of it, haunts the woodsy solitude. An unusual and intense love story. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

1962. Guthrie of the Times — **J. S. Altshaler**

As the title indicates, a newspaper story. Guthrie is representing the most influential newspaper of his State at the State Capitol when an apparently innocent franchise bill is introduced into the legislature. Then it is that Guthrie's newspaper nose serves him and others in good stead.
(*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

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1891. Hearts in Exile — John Oxenham

Three lives oppressed by Russian tyranny and hopelessly entangled by a change of identities work out their mutual fate. A strong and dramatic story of Siberia. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

✠1763. He That Eateth Bread With Me — H. A. Mitchell Keays

Although from the nature of its plot *He That Eateth Bread With Me* cannot touch the heart of the divorce problem, it takes up certain phases of it effectively and sensationally. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1863. Highroad, The

The confessions of a socially ambitious American woman who with nothing but bluff and astuteness makes her way into the "highest" society in England and America and marries her children to wealth or titles. Her methods—to the scrupulous—are somewhat startling. (*Herbert S. Stone & Co.*)

1764. Horse-Leech's Daughters, The — Margaret Doyle Jackson

A picture without half-tones, without shading—all glare, and proportionately unreal. Yet it had the makings of a first-rate story in its outline of a selfish and beautiful woman whose insatiate extravagance ruins her husband and hardens her soul. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1916. Hound from the North, The — Ridgwell Cullom

A lively story of adventure and evil deeds, first in the Klondike and then in the Canadian "northwest." Mr. Cullom is no imitator—not a bit. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

1914. House of Fulfilment, The — George Madden Martin

A pretty love story, with depth and variety. Northern and Southern characteristics are deftly drawn, and have their share with money *versus* poverty in barricading the course of true love. The scene is sometimes New England, sometimes Florida, and first and last Kentucky. (*McClure, Phillips, & Co.*)

1837. House in the Woods, The — Arthur Henry

Tells of how they came to want it and of its slow but sure upbuilding—the house in a nook by a brook in the Catskills. A nature book with a hint of a story to hang things to. (*Illustrated. A. S. Barnes*)

1794. How Tyson Came Home — William H. Rideing

Tyson, poor, came to America; Tyson, rich, went back to England, but did not find it home. A satisfying, readable book—the Western atmosphere of the first part is admirable, and there is a real Bret Harte girl. (*John Lane*)

1774. I: In Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself

Alas, not yet! Not yet! It seems all too evident that the writer thus zealously veracious is a man! *I*, however, holds the interest in the development of a sensuous nature into something higher. If artificial, it is at least well-written. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

✠1733. Imperialist, The — Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan)

This study in Canadian policy and politics lacks in a large measure the sparkle and vivacity we have come to demand from Mrs. Cotes. More's the pity! The best and most characteristic thing about it is its carefully defined setting—the small but hustling town of Elgin. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1849. Interloper, The — Violet Jacob

A Scottish story of genuine merit. A young laird who comes from Spain to take possession of his estates unconscious that everyone suspects the bar sinister of his origin, the charming girl with whom he falls in love, a "horsy" and eccentric aunt who throws her influence against the match, and the family lawyer who also—from wounded vanity—is a powerful ally of the rival suitor are the main movers in the intrigue. But even the minor characters are finished with a precision and skill that suggest the great novelists. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1807. In Search of the Unknown — Robert W. Chambers

Not dry science, however misleading the title, but a fascinating story of the strange adventures of a young student of science, accompanying a learned professor in his search for the hidden things of nature. And not merely incidental are the equally novel love affairs, scattered here and there with Mr. Chambers' usual felicity and dry humor. (*Harper & Brothers*)

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1776. In the Bishop's Carriage — Miriam Michelson

The adventures of a girl thief who becomes a vaudeville actress, told by herself. Just a trifle vulgar, and of dubious ethics, but clever, really clever, and amusing. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1855. Island Pharisees, The — John Galsworthy

Not much of a story but a clever satire on English society. Shows the distressing results of imbibing unconventional ideas when you are an estimable upper middle-class man engaged to a properly educated upper middle-class girl. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

✠1749. Issue, The — George Morgan

A Civil War story of broad sweep, which begins with the negro uprising in Virginia in 1831. The intrigue is intricate and well worked in and out of public events, the characters are numerous and consistently sustained, and the minor touches are of unusual excellence. It is not for skim and skip reading. It must be read leisurely or one will lay it down confused. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

✠1736. Issues of Life, The — Mrs. John Van Vorst

There is something distinctly unpleasant (to us) in Mrs. Van Vorst's novel. It is not so much the story itself, but that it seems an unnecessary and ostentatious exploitation of the "race suicide" controversy which President Roosevelt's introductory letter to *The Woman Who Toils* aroused. A young woman, married to a model of every virtue, under the misleading influence of her advanced clubwomen friends, nearly makes a wreck of her home happiness.
(*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1766. Jessica Letters, The

Love-making by letter always has a distinct fascination. In this instance the man correspondent is a young New York editor, the other a country girl, a Southerner; they often differ vigorously in their discussion of literary and other questions. Personally, we think Jessica is too good for any pink-of-perfection editor. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

1958. Kate of Kate Hall — Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler and A. L. Felkin

Relates the transformation of a shrewish Kate into a Kate agreeable to live with in the holy bonds of matrimony. Fortunately for the modern Petruchio the disciplining is mostly done by absent treatment. The minor characters of the book are especially well sustained.
(*D. Appleton & Co.*)

✠1758. Knight of Columbia, A — General Charles King

General King has deserted Western army posts and Indian skirmishes for a tale of manifold-venture and adventure in New York and at the front during Civil War days. A little of every thing happens. Talk about incident! (*The Hobart Co.*)

1907. Ladder of Swords, A — Sir Gilbert Parker

A distinct disappointment—neither interesting character study nor thrilling adventure. A "ladder of swords" sounds like the Real Thing of romance, but it is merely rhetoric. There is a stereotyped Queen Bess, a young French cavalier whom she favors, and a fair maid whom Leicester importunes. *A Ladder of Swords* would be a fair enough Elizabethan story if it were by the average novelist, but why should Sir Gilbert Parker write it? (*Harper & Brothers*)

1909. Lady of Loyalty House, The — Justin Huntly McCarthy

On the outbreak of the quarrel between King and Parliament the young and beautiful mistress of Harby Hall was the first to fly the royal standard. Harby was promptly attacked by the Puritans, and Lady Brilliana found herself with a Puritan-prisoner-lover combination to attend to.
(*Harper & Brothers*)

1877. Last Hope, The — Henry Seton Merriman

Completed but a few months before the author's death, *The Last Hope* is as exciting and as full of go as any of Mr. Scott's earlier works. An attempt on the throne of France by the grandson of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette is the intrigue. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1927. Law of the Land, The — Emerson Hough

A romance of Mississippi and a gloomy, realistic presentation of the race problem.
(*Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

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1893. Letters Which Never Reached Him, The

A book of considerable distinction and pathos which met with an enthusiastic reception in Germany. The "letters" are written from Banff, New York, and Berlin, to a friend in China, whom secretly the writer loves. He for whom they were intended is killed during the last days of the seige of Pekin. Not translated but written by the author in English.

(*E. P. Dutton & Co.*)

1912. Light Brigade in Spain — Herbert Strang

A story along old-fashioned lines, but not at all slow, of the English in Spain during the Spanish-English alliance against Bonaparte. The hero, on account of his knowledge of Spanish, is sent on various dangerous missions and has plenty of adventures of his own. He also plays a gallant part in the desperate resistance of the City of Saragossa under its terrible siege.

(*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

1786. Light of the Star, The — Hamlin Garland

The proverbial deceitfulness of appearances plays quite a villain's part in Mr. Garland's wholesome story of the stage. The actress heroine leads a double life, but it is the reality that is good and the figment that is evil. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1976. Little Citizens — Myra Kelly

Jolly sketches of the collection of small imps generically known as school children. "Teacher" is the beloved of every Sheeny, Irish and Dago heart, but it is the comical little folk themselves so full of life and potential tenderness that makes the book the delight it is.

(*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

✠1751. Little Traitor to the South, A — Cyrus Townsend Brady

A Southern war story—the scene of which is Charleston and Charleston harbor. The girl and her two lovers are ardent Confederates and she only becomes a traitor inconsequentially. Slight and light and not even as good as Mr. Brady can do, but the publishers have put it out in most attractive dress. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1812. Little Union Scout, A — Joel Chandler Harris

In Tennessee during the Civil War, where Confederate and Union sympathizers lived side by side, one of Forrest's officers was detailed to capture a daring Union scout. It was a handicap race, for naturally he did not dream he should look for a girl; but he won, lost, and won again.

(*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1864. Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker, The — John Strange Winter

Curious little character sketches threaded into a bit of a story in an odd old-fashioned way. A devotee of the "higher education for women" turns, late in life, to such frivolities as clothes and bonnets. (*Funk and Wagnalls Co.*)

1895. Loves of Edwy, The — Rose Cecil O'Neill

A singular story which fascinates in spite of its amazing style. The first part, setting forth the haphazard existence of the little Ross-Connaughts, is wholly charming. Indeed one is almost tempted to regret that Lady Jane, the Juke, and Juggs, did not die with St. Patrick, but grew up to the complications of their triangular and passionate love affair.

(*The Lothrop Publishing Co.*)

1872. Loves of Miss Anne, The — S. R. Crockett

It was a strenuous undertaking to woo this mischievous daughter of a Highland laird, Miss Anne, and faint-hearted lovers fell by the way. Their misadventures and one man's success are amusingly set forth by Clementina Taggart, Miss Anne's erstwhile maid. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1878. Love's Proxy — Richard Bagot

A London society woman who marries without love finds her attention, if not her affection, very much engrossed by a rising young statesman. In the end she falls happily in love with her despised husband. It is a theme worn smooth. Mr. Bagot has simply varnished it up and shows no real strength in its handling. (*John Lane & Co.*)

1848. Lychgate Hall — H. E. Francis

Great was the gossip and suspicion in a small Lancashire community when a young and mysterious stranger (beautiful, of course) rented the dilapidated Lychgate Hall and proceeds to live there by herself. The working up with its ghoulish episodes leads one to anticipate a more striking *denouement*, still *Lychgate Hall* is very readable and has the advantage of being well written.

(*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

1955. Madigans, The — Miriam Michelson

The Madigans are six—or eight, if you count Aunt Anne and Mr. Madigan, not to mention the cat, dog, and bird. It is a strenuous existence to be a small Madigan, the six of them are always at sevens. A vastly diverting study of the irrepressible feminine by the author of *In The Bishop's Carriage*. (*The Century Co.*)

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1835. Magnetic North, The — Elizabeth Robins

A man's book—written by a woman. The wild rush of the Klondike gold-seekers; the appalling monotony, icy stillness, and semi-starvation of the Alaskan winter; the dwindling expectations, the frauds, the gambling, all this seems to be the virile description of one who has been through it. (*Frederick A. Stokes Co.*)

1959. Man on the Box, The — Harold MacGrath

Love and diplomacy mixed with some success by the author of *The Puppet Crown*. Scene, Washington; time, to-day; special attraction, the novelty act of the hero as coachman. The story is personally conducted in the old-fashioned style in which the writer jocularly buttonholes the reader and assails him with parenthetical remarks. If you are willing to put up with this—! (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1964. Marathon Mystery, The — Burton E. Stevenson

A stronger and a longer Manhattan detective story by the author of *The Holladay Case*. There is a double tragedy. (*Henry Holt & Co.*)

1911. Master's Violin, The — Myrtle Read

Miss Read has a pretty wit, which, together with a delicacy of thought, tempers, as a rule, her over-abundant sentiment, and makes the combination, as in *Lavender and Old Lace*, most attractive. This present very, very pretty tale of a stately, if sleepy, New England town, however, is not tempered. It is so extremely pretty and sentimental as to be almost cloying. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

1920. Mastery, The — Mark Lee Luther

By all odds one of the best of the many recent combinations of politics and love. The woman in the case is the devoted daughter of a venerable U. S. Senator; the masculine part of it an energetic young business man whom the tide of politics forces into the position of boss of New York State. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1948. Masquerader, The — Katherine Cecil Thurston

Will be one of the year's successes and deserves it—not because it is a great book but because it is absorbing from beginning to end. A weak man and a strong man exchange identities at the entreaty of the weak one, who craves opium and solitude. The strong man uses all his tact and ability to redeem the other's shattered career, and finds himself winning back as well the love of his double's estranged and beautiful wife. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1779. Memoirs of a Baby — Josephine Daskam

Mr. Martin Brinkerhoff Wilbour (familiarly known as Binks) could hardly have found a better interpreter to set him and the difficulties of his upbringing by the mother-father-aunt combination before an unprejudiced audience. A most diverting narrative, and Miss Cory's many illustrations are just as delectable. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1814. Merry Anne, The — Samuel Merwin

A good fresh yarn of an exciting hunt for a gang of whiskey smugglers on the great lakes. Whiskey Jim and the United States special agent who is after him are more than a little human, while Captain Dick, who is innocently involved, the *Merry Anne*, and the young woman for whom she is named, have very engaging personalities of their own. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1861. Mother of Pauline, The — L. Parry Truscott

A study in retribution. A pathetic figure is Pauline's mother, and a brave one when, at last, she claims her child in defiance of the world. With her acknowledgment there comes a tardy peace. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1853. Motor Pirate, The — G. Sidney Paternoster

A motor detective story, being an inside account of mysterious motor hold-ups in Southern England, and the chase after the perpetrator. So reckless and confident did this chuckling villain become that he actually held up an August Personage in broad daylight. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

1941. My Lady of the North — Randall Parrish

Mr. Parrish will score with his second novel more success than with his first. The "gray-jacket" hero is a Virginian and—welcome variation—one of the exciting places in the book is where Confederates and Union men fight side by side. (*A. C. McClurg & Co.*)

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1793. Nami-Ko

Kenjiro Tokutomi

A real Japanese novel, full of their—to us—curious customs, embodying as well much of their modern spirit and patriotism. The happiness of the hero, a naval officer, and his wife is broken up by an interfering mother-in-law. The best kind of revelation of Japanese thought.

(*H. B. Turner & Co.*)

1833. Nancy Stair

Elinor McCartney Lane

Anything less like a bluestocking than the adorable Nancy it would be hard to devise. Yet the friend of Burns was poetess, philanthropist, and, if necessary, lawyer. Her lovers were more determined to win her than was for their good—and no wonder. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1935. Nancy's Country Christmas

Eleanor Hoyt

It will be balm to many hearts (masculine gender) to know that Nancy, the vivacious, the irresistible, is Nancy still. Moreover, she is quite as fond of admiration as ever, and when it is lacking, which seldom happens, she procures it, as "the vanishing boarder" could witness.

(*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1834. Nature's Comedian

W. E. Norris

A clever presentation of one of those graceful, indolent, fascinating individuals who mean well but, owing to essential selfishness—do the other thing. The person in question, Harold Dunville, is London's actor idol, who comes to grief in the country by trying to drive tandem in his love affairs. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1953. New Samaria

S. Weir Mitchell

How clothes make the man, or the difficulties of a New York banker stranded penniless and apparently quite disreputable in a Western town. The second story in the smallish volume is of a reminiscent proposal. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

1968. Nostromo

Joseph Conrad

An imaginary South American republic is the scene. Exploitation of the mines by New York capitalists and revolutionary and anti-foreign agitations keep the pot of adventure boiling.

(*Harper & Brothers*)

1899. Old Gorgon Graham

George Horace Lorimer

The dry humor, matter-of-fact shrewdness, disconcerting sagacity, the "I just mention this in passing" reminiscences of the "self-made merchant" are still wholly irresistible in these new letters to Pierrepont. Old Gorgon is a part of our national life—may his shadow never grow less!

(*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1824. Olive Latham

E. L. Voynich

An austere story of Russian Nihilists and of an English girl who comes to understand their fanaticism through the official cruelty inflicted on her lover. So strong is *Olive Latham* in its conciseness and repression it seems as if it must be a part of Mr. and Mrs. Voynich's own experience. The author of *The Gadfly* could not write anything commonplace. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

1787. Order No. 11

Caroline Abbot Stanley

A bit of exciting border history during the sixties, excellently transcribed and threaded through with romance. Mrs. Stanley does not attempt to crowd the whole of the Civil War on the canvas and the result is a clear and effective picture of the Kansas *vs.* Missouri savagery.

(*The Century Co.*)

1973. Orrain

S. Levett-Yeats

A novel of romantic adventure, where else than in France? Another novelist has fallen head over heels in debt to the picturesque, if sanguinary, warfare of Huguenots and Catholics in that fair land. A very pretty mademoiselle is escorted, a prisoner, by a very gallant philosophic swordsman to Paris to be put in the friendly care of Catherine de Medicis. Their journey is a means of pleasure to the reader. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

1820. Pamela Congreve

Frances Aymar Mathews

Again My Lady Peggy goes to town, but this time she is a witch of a country lass who becomes the star of all London, and she goes in petticoats. (*Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1924. Paths of Judgement

Annie Douglas Sedgwick

Well-written and vivid, if not quite consistent. The marriage of the heroine to the wrong man, his temptation, the effect on him, on her, and on the right man is, briefly, the scheme of this character study. The author of *The Rescue* has many warm admirers. (*The Century Co.*)

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1880. Pillar of Light, A — **Louis Tracy**

A lighthouse on a dangerous reef off Land's End is the centre of adventures which a hurricane blows up. The daughter and the adopted daughter of the recluse lighthouse keeper are alone with their father when the storm breaks and the excitement begins. The dangers of the storm, the inaccessibility of the light, and the complications caused by wrecked guests are used to excellent advantage for the pleasure of the reader. (*E. J. Clode*)

1913. President, The — **Alfred Henry Lewis**

A novel founded on federal politics, as *The Boss* was on municipal. (*A. S. Barnes*)

1937, Princess Thora, The — **Harris Burland**

The astounding narrative of Dr. Silex, ostensible leader of the Silex Polar Expedition, which with twenty ships left England over a decade ago, and was until now believed to have been lost. (*Little, Brown, & Co.*)

1940. Prisoner of Mademoiselle, The — **Charles G. D. Roberts**

A romantic novel of Arcadie, when the New World was very young and blithe, except for the strife of French and Colonists. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

1965. Private Tutor, The — **Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.**

A story of Americans, wintering in Rome, and a clever adventuress of unascertainable nationality. An incorrigible chump has been sent abroad by his wealthy father in charge of a tutor instructed to do everything to bring about his engagement to a certain charming girl. But alas for the best laid plans of mice and men! The chump prefers to tag after the adventuress while the tutor falls in love with the girl. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1956. Prodigal Son, The — **Hall Caine**

Cold Iceland is the home of this modern prodigal, who first wins his brother's betrothed and then neglects her for the other woman, who forges and gambles and sinks to the lowest depths of moral degradation, yet is not wholly lost. Icelandic customs, politics and love of music are used to make an effective background. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

1883. Promoters, The — **William Hawley Smith**

The ingenious schemes of a pair of speculators who intend literally to move the earth fill this book to the exclusion of even a hint of love-making. The unusualness of the theme, the realistic satire of greedy and unscrupulous business methods make it quite worth one's while to turn in this fiction from strenuous love-affairs to strenuous money-making. (*Rand, McNally & Co.*)

1906. Queen's Advocate, The — **Arthur W. Marchmont**

An American having encamped temporarily in that hot-bed of European political trouble, the Balkan peninsula, is opportunely on hand to rescue and befriend a fugitive Servian princess. Such a murder as that of King Alexander and Queen Draga is the culmination of the events which follow. (*F. A. Stokes Co.*)

1813. Queen's Quair, The — **Maurice Hewlett**

Mary Queen of Scots is Mr. Hewlett's magnetic and fascinating heroine. The story opens while she is still at the court of Catherine de Medici, but the greater part deals with her stormy career after she left the fair land of France. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1989. Quincunx Case, The — **William Dent Pitman**

The story of the following out of a mystery connected with a valuable invention for the improvement of leather, by the nephew of a wealthy manufacturer, who is anxious to gain his uncle's favor and his cousin's hand. A mysterious quincunx cipher is the key to the conspiracy of fraud. (*H. B. Turner & Co.*)

1854. Rachel Marr — **Morley Roberts**

Rachel Marr has been considerably discussed in England as all novels of much ability and questionable morals are sure to be. There was no need for the triangular situation, for Anthony might have married Rachel instead of the shrewish, viperish woman he did marry. There is a little of Zola in the maliciousness of the villagers and the influence of the winds and woods on a responsive nature. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

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✠1748. Rainbow Chasers, The

John H. Whitson

A sturdy, elemental story of western prairies, forests, storms, of land speculation and border fights. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

1852. Richard Gresham

Robert Morse Lovett

The outlines of this virile story are simple enough—the long struggle of a conscientious boy to make good his father's defalcation; but between the lines a great variety of detail, much fine feeling, and a touch of hypocrisy and treachery. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1778. Robert Cavelier

William Dana Orcutt

The romantic story of the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi. De La Salle's own brother, a Jesuit priest, was his most treacherous enemy, and the story places the order in a rather unpleasant light. (*A. C. McClurg & Co.*)

1810. Romance

Joseph Conrad *and* F. M. Hueffer

Romance lives up to its title; it is a story of a young Englishman's adventures in a nest of Cuban pirates, thrilling in episode, instinct with all of Mr. Conrad's magic glamor. To Mr. F. M. Hueffer's collaboration is probably due the more than usual prominence of the love interest. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1847. Rose of Old St. Louis, The

Mary Dillon

The rose in question is a diminutive brunette of the variety—sweet but thorny. Her suitor (favored at first by the reader only) is huge and fair—to his own vexation "a pretty boy." The love-story is woven with skill into the history of the Louisiana Purchase and the picturesque atmosphere of those early days of bravery, hardship, and no little gaiety, is effectively rendered. (*The Century Co.*)

1780. Rulers of Kings

Gertrude Atherton

A contrast and, in the course of the story, a conflict between money power and royal power. The hero is an American millionaire, the heroine a Hapsburg princess. An "historical" novel of the history that may be made to-morrow. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1898. Sabrina Warham

Lawrence Housman

Of much more real worth than the superfluously discussed *Love Letters of an Englishwoman*, *Sabrina Warham* is a story which a Hardy might not be ashamed to own. The theme is the growth of a soul through suffering and sorrow into kinship with nature and simple uprightness (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1980. Sea-Wolf, The

Jack London

The Sea-Wolf has aroused much interest during its serial run in the *Century*. "Wolf" Larsen undertakes to make a man, keen to see, quick to act, self-reliant and dependable, of a rich and studious Californian. A virile, adventurous, salty novel. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1867. Seeker, The

Harry Leon Wilson

The truth-seeker of Mr. Wilson's novel passes through the modern religious unrest and changing belief. As a little lad he finds himself at odds with orthodoxy. He follows the gleam of what he sees as the truth even into antagonism of those he loves best. A strong, if a bitter, story. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1859. Seiners, The

James B. Connolly

One can smell the salt of Mr. Connolly's sea. His first long novel is full of the racing of ships and the daring of sailors. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1765. Sign of Triumph, The

Sheppard Stevens

A romance of that unhappy delusion, the children's crusade. A more or less graceless adventurer is the hero whose love and guardianship of one of the young fanatics works his own regeneration and makes him worthy of his great reward. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

1791. Silent Places, The

Stewart Edward White

A strenuous story of a thieving trapper's flight into the icy forest fastness and the indomitable courage of the two traders who pursued him. A wood-lore detective story. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

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1827. Singular Miss Smith, The — **Florence Morse Kingsley**

The members of the Ontological Club thought her singular because she failed to comprehend that the primal relation of the American laboring woman to the Cosmos is of paramount importance in the domestic servant problem. Finally this extraordinary young person studied the problem at first hand by going into service as a general housework girl. A light and sufficiently amusing skit. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

✠**1730. Sir Mortimer** — **Mary Johnston**

Better than *To Have and To Hold* is *Sir Mortimer*. It is a romance of gallant Elizabethan days with a deal of fighting by sea and land. The heroine, a fair lady-in-waiting to royal Elizabeth, never doubts her lover when he himself and others do. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1905. Soldier of the Valley, The — **Nelson Lloyd**

An excellent novel of quiet and quaint existences in a mountain valley of the East where a certain pretty girl has an embarrassment of suitors. The door to the outside world opens when one of the community goes out, a soldier, to the Spanish War, and fails to close when crippled he returns. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1950. Son of Royal Langbrith, A — **William Dean Howells**

Mr. Howells' new novel of New England is one of the best he has written of recent years. A son idolizes his unworthy father's memory, and is ready to sacrifice his mother's happiness to it, while she with a word might dispel his illusion. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1972. Specialist, The — **A. M. Irvine**

Since *Ships That Pass in the Night* there has not been another story of just this character. The specialist is the gruff master of life and death and things unpleasant in the way of treatment in a Swiss sanitarium. To one of his patients, a Scotchman, the specialist presents the alternatives of death or a hitherto untried operation which may, if by any possibility it succeeds, be of material benefit to science as well as to Dr. Deladoey's fame. A strong story yet not as morbid as might be inferred. *John Lane*

1767. Stolen Emperor, The — **Mrs. Hugh Fraser**

Whether or not such events as Mrs. Fraser narrates actually did take place in mediæval Japan, the theft of the infant "Son of Heaven" and his lovely regal mother is the quintessence of romance, and the setting is historic. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

✠**1747. Stone of Destiny, The** — **Katherine Mackay**

In this queer little half-allegorical highfalutin tale Mrs. Mackay has struck a note—oh, away, away up—which she is not able to hold. The result—we only whisper it—we do not like at all. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1936. Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop — **Anne Warner**

Although Mrs. Wiggs will inevitably be named in connection with Miss Clegg, it will chiefly be to point out their divergencies. Miss Clegg has none of Mrs. Wiggs' amiability and little of her philosophy; she has a sharper one of her own. Her first consideration is frankly—Susan, and her second her neighbor's—affairs. The sketches are all humorous, some less so. The last, "The Minister's Vacation," would coax shouts of laughter out of a Jeremiah. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

1792. Susannah and One Other — **E. Maria Albanesi**

A novel of modern English fashionables and their vices. In particular, of the tribulations of the candid and sweet-natured Susannah, with a gambling mother and a flirtatious, selfish sister. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

1771. Test, The — **Mary Tappan Wright**

There is ability, decided ability in *The Test*. It is well written, well developed, well sustained, a frank but delicate handling of a difficult situation. A young woman bravely faces the disgrace and scandal, the estrangement and devastating bitterness that the coming of her baby brings, and by the force of a constantly developing nobility wins a belated happiness. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1832. Texas Matchmaker, A — **Andy Adams**

Ranch life in Texas when ranching was the only life there was. As in *The Log of a Cowboy*, it is the real thing without exaggeration, and the bluff, matchmaking, patriarchal head of the Las Palomas ranch has merely stood for his portrait. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1946. The Georgians — **Will Harben**

Not a sequel but a new Abner Daniel story. A Georgia community is divided over the question of a certain prisoner's guilt, while all agree that he is a drunkard, a ne'er-do-well, and quite capable of murder. Yet there is someone who spends lavishly money and energy to save him from the gallows, with but small success until Abner Daniel takes a hand. (*Harper & Bros.*)

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✠1728. Tillie — **Helen Reimensnyder Martin**

The little "Mennonite Maid" who wanders through these pages is something quite new in fiction. Ambitious for self-development amid the most deadening surroundings, she "feels to be plain" until her sudden feminine perversity in going to meeting with her curls outside her cap drives her from the fold. Refreshingly new, too, are the Pennsylvania "Dutch" characters and odd dialect. (*The Century Co.*)

1888. Tommy and Co. — **Jerome K. Jerome**

Mr. Jerome, to our minds, has done nothing better than *Tommy and Co.* These character sketches of the different people who are brought together in various ways to make up a Fleet Street newspaper staff are instinct with life and humor. Idiosyncrasies are emphasized, but not caricatured; situations developed to the extent of their comic possibilities, but not exaggerated. *Tommy and Co.*, in short, is capital fun. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1881. To Windward — **Henry C. Rowland**

This story of a sailor surgeon who wins out in a struggle against odds and then ruins his professional career in a crucial moment has been repeatedly asked for. We have been delayed in listing it but take pleasure in doing so now. (*A. S. Barnes & Co.*)

1933. Traffics and Discoveries — **Rudyard Kipling**

The first volume of Kipling stories since "The Day's Work." It contains one tale not hitherto published, "The Army of a Dream." A sandwich book of mysticism and materialism—Kipling at something near his best, and Kipling—Kipling at something near a bore! Incomprehensibility in such an exquisite tale as "They" seems due to a defect in the reader; but in some of the others it emphatically is not in the reader. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1979. Traitor and Loyalist — **Henry Kitchell Webster**

As a rule one Civil War story is as like another Civil War story as two peas. Here is one that is different, and proportionately to be commended. A certain young captain in the merchant marine, because his home is on the sea, has no particular sense of patriotism. He undertakes the dangerous and traitorous business of blockade-running. His awakening comes at last. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1838. Transgression of Andrew Vane, The — **Guy Wetmore Carryl**

A book of divided merit but decided interest. One has read of *demi-mondaines* and guileless youngness before. But here is a siren Paris and a fascinated American colony well done. It is not a book for indiscriminate reading, although intended to be moral. (*Henry Holt & Co.*)

1944. Trixy — **Elizabeth Stuart Phelps**

"Trixy" is a sagacious white poodle who quite naturally shares with her mistress an antipathy to vivisectionists. The scene is a New England city; the hero, of course, a doctor. Mrs. Ward has written both a plea and a novel with deep sympathy and charm. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1949. Truants, The — **A. E. W. Mason**

A good story and a well-written one with a double interest. A young couple without the bread and butter of life agree to separate while he seeks their fortune. He fails, but redeems his failure fighting bravely, madly, in the French Foreign Legion. She falls into temptation but is protected by the real heroine of the story. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1986. Undercurrent, The — **Robert Grant**

A strong and thoughtful story of modern life and some of its complex problems—business methods, social hypocrisy, and divorce. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

✠1711. Viking's Skull, The — **John R. Carling**

An unusual plot and sensational adventures from start to finish. The story hinges on a murder and a treasure contained in a Viking's tomb. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

1817. Villa Claudia, The — **John Ames Mitchell**

The author of *Amos Judd* and the editor of *Life* has written an ingenious tale of an Italian villa inhabited by two American ladies, where mysterious things have happened—and do happen. The mellow atmosphere of Southern Italy and memories of Horace pervade its pages. (*Life Publishing Co.*)

✠1741. Vineyard, The — **John Oliver Hobbes**

A story of modern society—more rather than less satirical—and one of Mrs. Craigie's best. (*D. Appleton & Co.*)

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1868. Vergilius — **Irving Bacheller**

Another "moral and popular tale" (to misuse a worthy old title) of ancient Rome and Jerusalem. Herod—Herodian games—Salome—conspiracies—villains two—one hero and one heroine, both Roman, both patrician. After Bacheller—next! (*Harper & Brothers*)

1840. Watchers of the Trail — **Charles G. D. Roberts**

The combination of Mr. Roberts' animal stories and Mr. Bull's illustrations is one that the public cannot get too much of. This volume is full of charm. (*L. C. Page & Co.*)

✠ **1755. When Wilderness Was King** — **Randall Parrish**

A swift dramatic story of bravery and treachery at the time of the Fort Dearborn Massacre. (*A. C. McClurg & Co.*)

1919. Whosoever Shall Offend — **Francis Marion Crawford**

A despicable plot to ruin a young man by leading him into excesses, so that the plotters can get control of his property, is the basis of Crawford's new novel. The scene is Rome, of course, but also Sicily. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1828. Woman Errant, The — **By the Author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife"**

Is there nothing akin in this strenuous age called present to the age of chivalry called past? What would—or rather what would not—the knights errant of old have said if they could have foreseen the woman of action of to-day? And yet does not the woman errant show some of this spirit to those weaker than herself? A delightful story. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

1801. Woman with the Fan, The — **Robert Hichens**

What do most men look for in women—the inner spirit or the outer beauty? The "man's woman" of Mr. Hichens' very clever novel of London society, the lovely Lady Holme, maintains they care only for her beauty and coquetry, and events prove her justified. There is seriousness, sincerity, and artistry in Mr. Hichens' work, and *The Woman with the Fan* deserves to rank among the best novels. (*Frederick A. Stokes Co.*)

1783. Woman's Will, A — **Anne Warner**

Sets forth the love-making between a German violinist and composer with the peculiarities of genius and a young and capricious American widow whose unhappy experience has made her firmly resolved never again to take up the bonds of matrimony. Refreshingly new in its characters and piquant in its conversation. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

1802. Wood-carver of 'Lympus, The — **H. E. Waller**

A story of unusual delicacy, feeling, and optimism—an inspiring word for the discouraged. To a Vermont mountain boy—crippled by an accident, stopped in his studies, and despairing—a passing friend offers the mysteries of wood-carving, and so puts him in touch with a wide world of thought and influence, of friendship and love. (*Little, Brown & Co.*)

✠ **1738. Woodhouse Correspondence, The** — **George W. E. Russell** *and* **Edith Sichel**

An entertaining sketch of some well developed specimens of splenetic selfishness and aesthetic conceit—the unconscious correspondents being their own satirists. The letters are between Algernon Wentworth-Woodhouse, widower, aged fifty, who has money, and his relatives and god-children who have none. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

1871. Yeoman, The — **Charles Kennett Burrow**

The yeoman is an English son of the soil whose land is his passion. Jealous, because of his own impoverishment, he would keep his only daughter estranged from the other branch of the family rich with Australian gold. This new story by the author of *Patricia of the Hills* is one of those in a minor key so pleasant after the crash and stir of major books. (*John Lane*)

1775. Yoke, The — **Elizabeth Miller**

A tale of the Children of Israel in the land of the Pharaohs, of the plagues that preceded the going forth of the tribes, and the pursuit by the Egyptian host. A sort of antique haze skilfully evoked answers the purpose of Egyptology in providing a picturesque background for the lovers. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1967. Young Man in a Hurry, A — **Robert W. Chambers**

He was rushing for a train, so was she. He *had* to catch it, so did she. Result, a cyclone in a cab, and ultimately—the usual thing. A piquant comedy the moral of which is "always be late for your train." The other stories are hardly less diverting. (*Harper & Brothers*)

1928. Zelda Dameron — **Meredith Nicholson**

A story of the Middle West and a young girl, who discovers that her father is a rascal. By the author of *The Main Chance*. (*Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

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With illustrations

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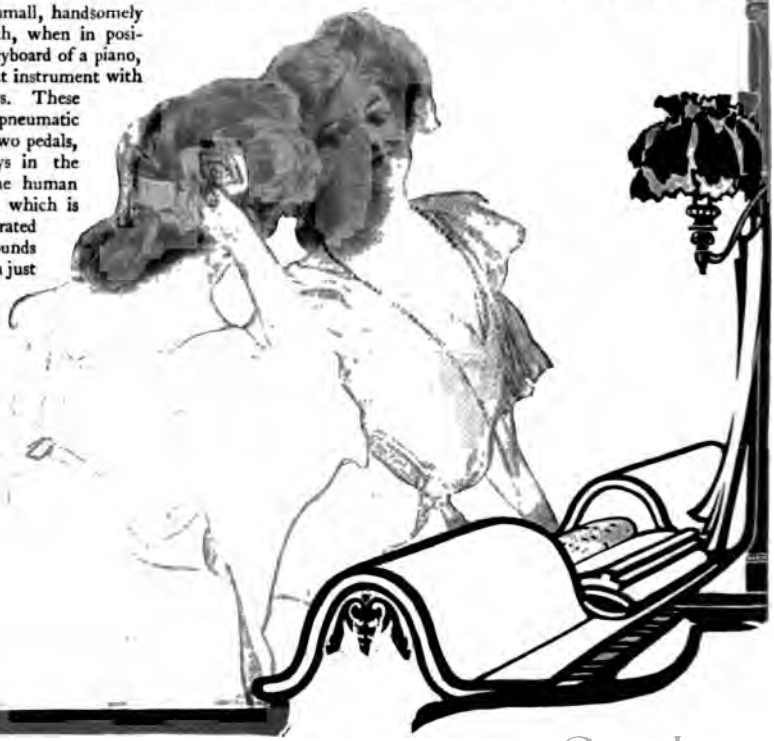
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WHAT THE PIANOLA IS

The Pianola is a small, handsomely finished cabinet which, when in position in front of the keyboard of a piano, plays the keys of that instrument with little felt-tipped fingers. These fingers, operated by pneumatic power furnished by two pedals, touch the piano-keys in the same manner as do the human fingers. The music, which is in the form of perforated rolls, automatically sounds the notes of a selection just as they were written by the composer, while the player, by means of three expression-levers on which the hands rest, controls the expression and all dynamic effects.



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delving into scores or musical literature will give the acquaintance with music that may be gained in a few weeks by the owner of a Pianola who may not know the difference between the bass and the treble clef or the letters of the chromatic scale.

Such broad claims made on behalf of an instrument requiring no technical knowledge on the part of the performer might seem to the uninformed to imply music of a mechanical character. This, most emphatically, is not true of the Pianola, no matter what may be the case with other instruments supposed to accomplish similar results.

The Pianola is to-day recognized by the acknowledged leaders of the musical world to be thoroughly artistic in its effects. They so state in their published letters, and in many instances they have purchased instruments for their personal use. Since the invention of the Metrostyle — that wonderful improvement in the Pianola — they have done even more: Great composers like Dr. Richard



EDUCATIONAL VALUE

During the past year the Pianola has made rapid strides in the favor of leading educational institutions where it is now considered a most important auxiliary in teaching the appreciation of music. Progressive colleges and schools which aim to have the latest and best appliances for the use of pupils have added or are now about to add a Pianola to the Department of Music. The following is but a partial list of such institutions in which either a Pianola or an Aeolian is at present being used:

Harvard University, Columbia University, Amherst College, Vassar College, Radcliffe College, Tufts College, Teachers College, University of Michigan, Oberlin College, Beloit College, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Plymouth (N. H.) Normal School, Framingham (Mass.) Normal School, Columbia Conservatory of Music (Chicago), Crane Normal Institute of Music (Potsdam, N. Y.), Hill School (Pottstown, Pa.), Briarcliff Manor School, Morton Street Public School (Newark, N. J.), Miss May Winsor's School (Boston), St. Mary's Academy (Burlington, Vt.).

Under the auspices of the recently inaugurated "Music Lovers' Library," clubs are being formed in all parts of the country to carry on the study of music in private homes. Most instructive and fascinating courses in musical appreciation are now available to all Pianola-owners. A very interesting descriptive handbook of the New Musical Education will be sent to any address upon application to The Aeolian Company, 362 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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WHAT THE METROSTYLE IS

The Metrostyle is a most important addition to the Pianola. It is a device which insures a musicianly rendition even on the part of a person possessing no previous knowledge of music whatever. The Metrostyle records the interpretation of a performance on the piano as given by some authority and then enables any other person to produce the interpretation so recorded.

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A Christmas Morning

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Where there's a child, there should the Kodak be. As a means of keeping green the Christmas memories, or as a gift, it's a holiday delight.

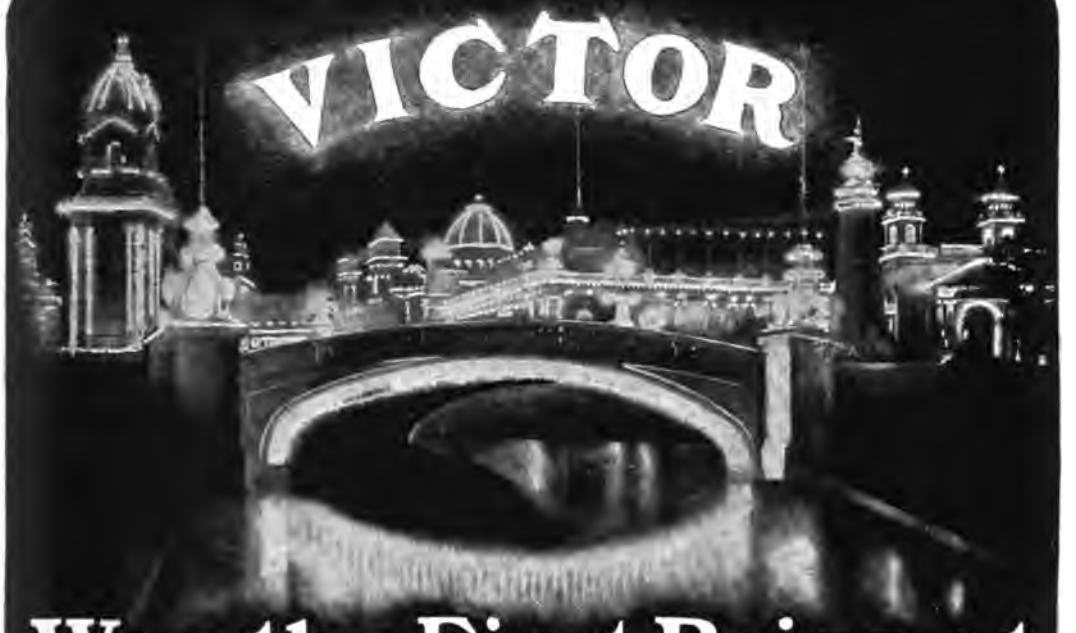
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The publication of these chapters has been forced upon us by the continued demand for the earlier installments of Mr. Lawson's astonishing revelations. These articles were begun in the July (1904) Number of

Everybody's Magazine

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IT was just two years ago that I introduced the Shivers' Panetela Cigar. On every box that has been made, these words have appeared on the flap label where they were bound to be seen and read by anyone opening the box:

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We guarantee that Shivers' Panetela Cigars are clean, clear, selected, long Havana filler, and selected Sumatra wrapper.—Herbert D. Shivers, Inc."

Were this not true, would I not be branding myself a liar on every box of cigars that I sell?

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If this were an essay on morals, it would be fair to say that in the long run I do not believe that misrepresentation in business pays, but as it is an advertisement to sell cigars, I am simply going to ask the smoker to read

My Offer: I will, upon request, ship one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars to a reader of The Booklovers Magazine, all express charges prepaid. He may smoke ten and return the remaining ninety, also at my expense, if he is not pleased. If satisfied, and he keeps the cigars, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, for them within ten days. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

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And my claim—that the equal of Shivers' Panetela is usually not retailed for less than ten cents, and that no other cigar in the world is sold to the consumer at so near the cost of manufacture—a hand-made cigar of this quality at five dollars per hundred. No wonder the sales—which I believe to be larger than that of any other Panetela cigar in the United States.

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I do not retail cigars, or sell sample lots, but sell the entire product of my factory at *wholesale prices*, by the hundred or more. There are no discounts or rebates to dealers or clubs. The whole aim of the business is from factory to consumer without the intervening profits of salesmen, wholesalers and retailers, and the saving thus effected is put right into the cigar—giving my customers a much better cigar than is possible for them to procure at the price or near it.



SHIVERS' OPERA REINA
Exact Size and Shape

It costs something to sell a man his first hundred cigars—after that he orders of his own volition. Renewal orders I must have, and I get them—more of them than you would believe if I told you how many.

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Write me if you smoke.

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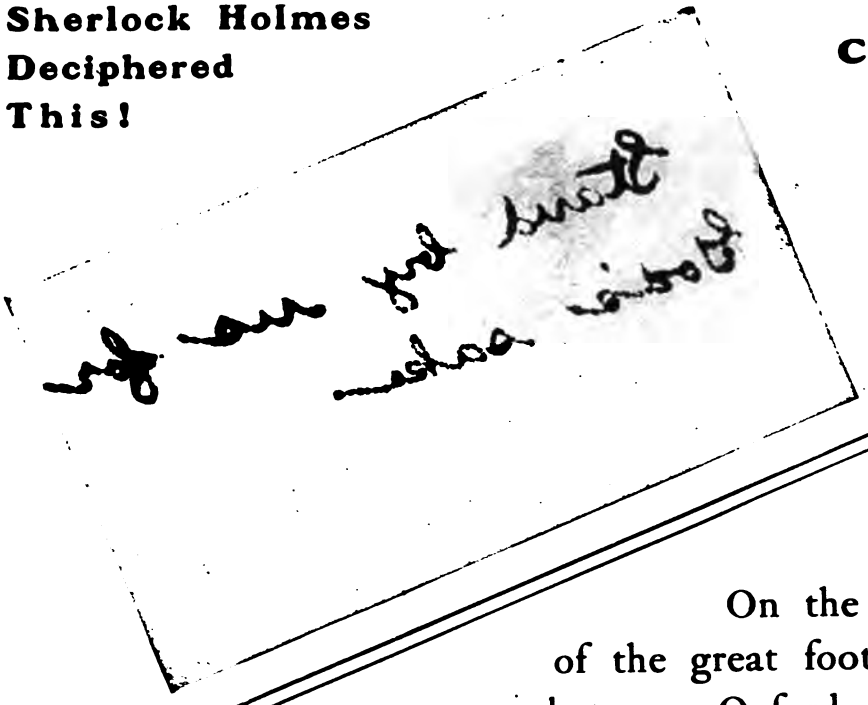
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the peer of all detectives, deciphered the hieroglyphics on this blotter. With this clew he traced and found the lost member. The Household Number of

Collier's

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Auto-Talk

In taking up the subject of performance in this "Auto-talk" we realize that our space is too limited to permit of thoroughly covering the subject. First, however, we will say that it is not our intention to offer as sole evidence of Autocar efficiency professional "records" or exhibition trials.

While the Autocar can show its share of these records, we believe that the average prospective purchaser is more interested in knowing the day-in-and-day-out behavior of the cars than in statements that they carried off such and such honors in such and such a contest. Following we print one of the many letters received from satisfied Autocar owners because it tells of what was simply a private test of the car and in many respects on every-day trial.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 24, 1904.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY.

It may be of interest to you to know that I have just returned from a trip to Burlington, Vt., in an Autocar runabout, making the run up in fourteen hours and twenty minutes, the distance being 236 miles over rough hilly country. In view of the fact that I had only *oil side lights* and four hours of the run was after dark it will be seen that the time was pretty fair. Over the mountain was the worst of the going of course, but I seldom had to resort to the low gear, and then only for the *very steepest* pitches. The car is a wonder and my companion got an eye opener in dead earnest.

The car gave absolutely no trouble except one tire which I replaced at Rutland, as the tube was pinched.

The way it slid up those mountain roads was a caution to the natives. Yours truly, H. E. SHILAND.

While we make no claims for the Autocar as a purely racing machine, its maximum speed of 35 miles an hour is however, high enough so that the Autocar driver can feel that he has a car able to "eat up the road" if necessary.

The points which we do emphasize in Autocar performance are these: reliability under all conditions of roads and weather; ability to negotiate any traveled grade; extreme ease and simplicity of control, including brakes sufficiently powerful to stop the car in the minimum distance; simplicity and perfection of mechanism with consequent freedom from derangement; easy accessibility of all parts, and absence of vibration.

The Autocar has a speed range of from 3 to 35 miles an hour, and will travel 200 miles with one filling of the 10-gallon gasoline tank.

To give you a more practical idea of Autocar performance we will say that our dealers all over the country have cars for demonstrating to any intending automobile purchaser. Our booklet, which we will be glad to send you, gives full details of Autocar construction and name of our dealer nearest you.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY

ARDMORE, PA.

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A Handsome Illustrated Monthly Magazine of the Most Fascinating and Useful Character

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A Few DECEMBER Features

THE ANGEL OF THE CHRISTMAS TAPERS
A powerful story by Countess Alida von Krockow. Illustrated by Henry McCarter.

TO MARY, A TALK TO ALL MARYS,
by Edward S. Martin.

SUNDAY SCHOOL
by Rev. Dr. William Walter Smith. Illustrated.

THE SERVANT FOLK OF INDIA
by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). Illustrated.

DOLL DAYS
by Nancy V. McClelland. Illustrated.

GIFT BOOKS
A bright symposium by Agnes Repplier, Richard Burton, Ph. D., Ella W. Peattie, Gardner C. Teall.

POEMS
by Edwin Markham, S. E. Kiser, and others.

SPRING FLOWERS BY A NEW METHOD
by James E. Tyler. Illustrated.

FOR THE CHILDREN
A beautiful story by Isabel Gordon Curtis. Also an illustrated Nature story.

NEW IDEAS for CHRISTMAS IN PROFUSION.

COOKERY—The Best in the World—FASHIONS

The above are but a few of the many good things in the December number of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

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Pleasingly reflects the beauties of Persian Art, with its rich colorings and atmosphere of romance.

This exquisite calendar is distinctive in design and style, and makes a striking decoration for any home or office. It typifies the joy of living and the spirit of health.

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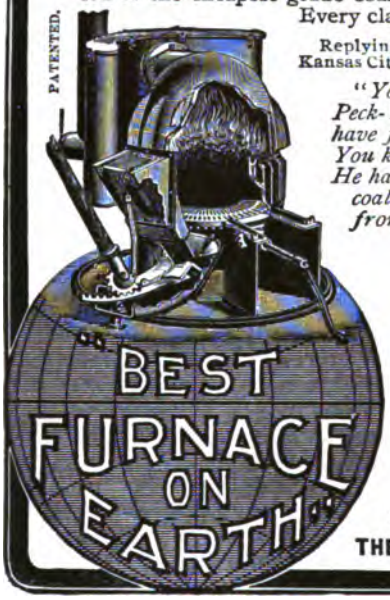
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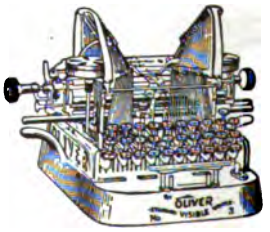
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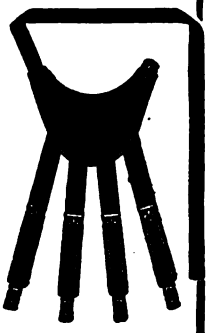
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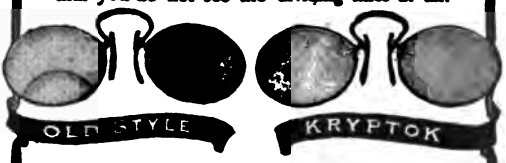


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Prevents heel marks and scratches from showing. Once used always kept on hand for touching up marred spots. Gives a high polish to which dirt and dust will not adhere.

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Football Lyrics

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

THE CENTER RUSH

The center is a powerful man,
Whose anger it is fun to fan;
At least, opponents think it so,
As o'er the ball he bendeth low,
They say things quite unlike a prayer,
And pull out handfuls of his hair;
They know he cannot well resent it,
Though he replies as if he meant it.

THE GUARD

This object has the guard, it seems,
To send unto the land of dreams
The fellow who opposes him.
He acts with eagerness and vim,
And lands full many a vicious punch
Where rests his rival's frugal lunch.

THE END RUSH

He stands alone upon the wing,
And crouches like a cat to spring
Upon the man who tries to go
Around his end. He tackles low
And rubs the runner in the dirt,
Depriving him of half his shirt.
Look out! Don't fumble when you fall,
Or he will drop upon the ball.

THE QUARTERBACK

Although diminutive in size,
In him the combination lies
That guides his team in its attack
And drives the other side way back.
He stands behind the husky line
And shouts a cabalistic sign.
His team is pretty sure to score
When he yells "Six-eleven-four!"

THE COACH

The freshman thinks he is a god,
And even seniors oft are awed
When he throws out his giant chest
And tells the players what is best.
'Tis he invents the box of tricks
That put opponents in a fix.
And when the whistle calls to play
He rages like a wolf at bay.
Well players know that nothing worse is
Than being targets for his curses.

When Type Runs Low

The Journalist

A Texas editor has found a few unused sorts in the cap case. Here is the result: The ☞ of our girls are small, tapering, and beautifully shaped; their iiii are as brilliant as ****; they are without || in this or any other §; their frowns are like ††, and their 123456 excite !!!! of pleasure. Read this closely; do not ? its readability, and try to ~~~ the situation.



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Has a range of 88 notes or the entire key board of the piano.

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Our line is so very complete—cigars of all prices—to suit all tastes—that we absolutely guarantee to please you, besides SAVING ONE HALF OF YOUR SMOKING EXPENSES—if not—if you are not in every way entirely satisfied—we give you

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cheerfully and willingly. Under the broadest possible guarantee, whereby you may return any portion of a package that does not suit you for credit for the entire package, we suggest our clear Havana **Piconcios,** 4½ in. **Conchas,** a cigar you would find it hard to duplicate at retail for 15c—our price—**Boxes of 12—$1.00; boxes of 25—$1.75; boxes of 50—$3.50.**

Or, as a demonstration of a full and complete 10c value in an Havana filler and high grade Sumatra wrapper cigar, our **El Premier,** 4⅝ in. Perfecto, our price—**Boxes of 12—70c; boxes of 25—$1.25; boxes of 50—$2.50.** Or for **75c** we will send you an assortment of 12 cigars, showing four varieties of 10c. and two for a quarter values; or for **50c.** an equal showing of High-Grade 5c. and 10c. values. Send for our catalogue, **"Rolled Reveries,"** which explains everything. **All transportation charges prepaid.**

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BAYREUTH, GERMANY, Sept. 22d, 1876.

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RICHARD WAGNER.

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VOSE & SONS Piano Co.

160 Boylston Street, Boston

Concerning Israel Zangwill

The Bystander

Undoubtedly so, the great desire and dream of Mr. Zangwill's life is to have a country in which he will not be a foreigner. He is one of the most active and enthusiastic Zionists in the world, and would be far more happy and comfortable in a nice flat-roofed house near Jericho, with the stairs on the outside, and the thermometer at 102°, than he can ever be in his well-appointed place in Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood. His zeal for the return to Palestine is not unsupported by experience of the country, for he has been to Jerusalem, and has even lectured there. Few men have passed more completely than this writer from the ridiculous to the sublime.

Mr. Zangwill's early writings were exclusively humorous, with humor of a strangely ingenious and complex kind that does not "go" particularly well with us stupid English. However, it gained Mr. Zangwill his footing, and since he found it, he has become slowly and steadily more serious. He could not write anything merely screaming now, if his life hung upon it. There has to be an undercurrent of solemnity running through what he writes, or, if not that, a thread of tragedy, or, at the very least, a haunting note of pathos. From *The Bachelors' Club* to *The Grey Wig* is a long step; almost as long as from St. John's Wood to Jerusalem.

Mr. Zangwill has found the gold mine of the modern author. He has taken to plays, and discovered that they suit him. To be precise, it was America which discovered this for him, for the dramatized version of *Children of the Ghetto*, though it was played here, made its real hit in New York. And now, while *Merely Mary Ann* is doing so well at the Duke of York's, *The Serio-Comic Governess* is said to be having success in one of Mr. Frohman's innumerable American houses.

It is twelve years since the publication of *Children of the Ghetto* gave Mr. Zangwill his place and fixed his *métier*. He had by that time lived nearly thirty years, seen some hard times, and proved the stuff whereof he was made.

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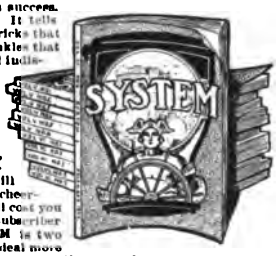
Elbert Hubbard, The "Roycrofters," East Aurora, N. Y.: "I think that your cabinet has added several years to my earth life by enabling me to find the thing without wear or tear on my temper and vocabulary."

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Answered by Experts

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Trousers Hanger and Press

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$1 buys one Trousers Hanger; **$4** afterwards gets the balance of either set. Goods sent express prepaid.

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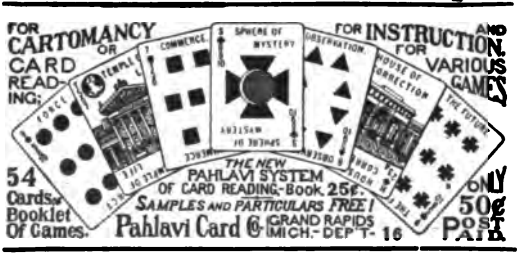
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The Little Lad's Rebuke

The Toronto Star

The rebuked parent tells it himself:

Papa had come home in apple-pie humor—short and crusty—after a wearisome day's labor, and had seated himself in his arm-chair for a smoke and a doze.

The little son had come clamorously into the room and clambered on the parental knee, beginning a recital of the day's events as seen by childish eyes.

"Oh, get down! Don't bother papa!" said the parent.

Little laddie climbed down. Tears welled up in his soft brown eyes.

"But papa," trembled a little voice, "you is home only such a little while an' I wanted to talk to you, that was all!"

"Papa" sat up, laid away the pipe, and romping-time had come again.

As They Say in Ireland

The London Express

The perpetration of "bulls" is not confined to the Irish.

"There is no protection here," said the Marlborough Street Magistrate yesterday to a woman who wanted to be saved from her husband's wrath. "You have to wait till you are killed, then come here and we hang him."

"He said he would cut my head off, and he had no sooner said it than he did it," remarked a waiter, who gave evidence against a "drunk" at Chesterfield Police Court.

A Long-Felt Want

The Richmond Times-Despatch

"The latest thing in street gloves for women," says the New York Sun, "has a carfare pocket in the palm of the left hand. This pocket is of just the size to accommodate the requisite number of nickels for an ordinary shopping trip, and is closed securely with a flap and snap button. The contrivance seems destined to solve the problem of how a woman is to get at her fare and at the same time hold on to a strap in a crowded car."

After the Scrimmage at Blue Haven

Puck

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"I guess not. He hasn't complained."

"What does he say?"

"Nothing. He hasn't come to yet."

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No suggestion for a title will be considered unless accompanied by Five Dollars to pay for a year's subscription to LIFE. Subscriptions may begin at any time.

The best title will be determined by the Editors of LIFE from titles submitted in the competition. Write your title on an envelope, with your name and address inside. Enclose both with your remittance for subscription. Suggestions must reach LIFE before February 1, 1905. The result will be announced in LIFE for February 23, 1905.

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Send ten cents now for the copy of LIFE which will contain the announcement of the result of this contest. Your name and address will be put on file and the copy mailed to you as soon as issued.

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Handicap of Marriage

The Pall Mall Gazette

Mrs. Camdingtown spoke with emphasis and with a sniff, as one who had read the letters in the papers but was prepared to maintain her own views in the teeth of all that had been written. She spoke as one who, in her own vernacular, had "had some."

"I reckon the 'andy cap of marriage," she remarked, "is the widder's weeds. There ain't no reason why no batchelor shouldn't come to be a married man except by his own shyness, which, in my experience, ain't nat'ral to 'im. As to the elder Weller's advice to his son to bevare of 'em, that's just like a man what's had a huncongen'al companion—which later on he learns to know different. Ay, my dear, don't you go and suppose as marriages is allus made in hevving. They ain't, take my word for it. But there's lots of 'appiness in the marriage stage, in this small planet of ourn, and we don't want no marriages on the 'ire instalment plan, with no redemption clause, which allows you to take each other back after a time if the love installations is kep' up.

"Marriage, my dear, is a serious thing if you takes it seriously. If you takes on a husband as doesn't quite fill the bill, as they say, then put up with him and don't write and make his faults public in the papers, 'cos the papers is allus on the lookout for the sensational. Keep the copper-stick in readiness, like Mrs. Bailey, or make him a nice steak pudding. Both is significant of wifely affection and likewise is a tax on the constitution and calcilated to bring a husband back to his senses, if not to his home. The 'andy cap of marriage, I maintain, is the widder's cap, 'cos, now, what woman could be more capable of makin' a man comfortable than her what's already laid four 'usbands in the grave?"

"Frenzied Finance"

The Biddeford Journal

The Boston News Bureau condenses Lawson's articles on "Frenzied Finance" into a dozen words, as follows:

"The hardest thing to find is an honest partner for a swindle."

The man who thinks to improve on this translation will need to think hard and long.

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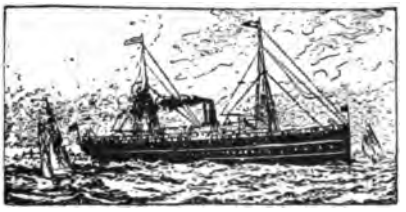
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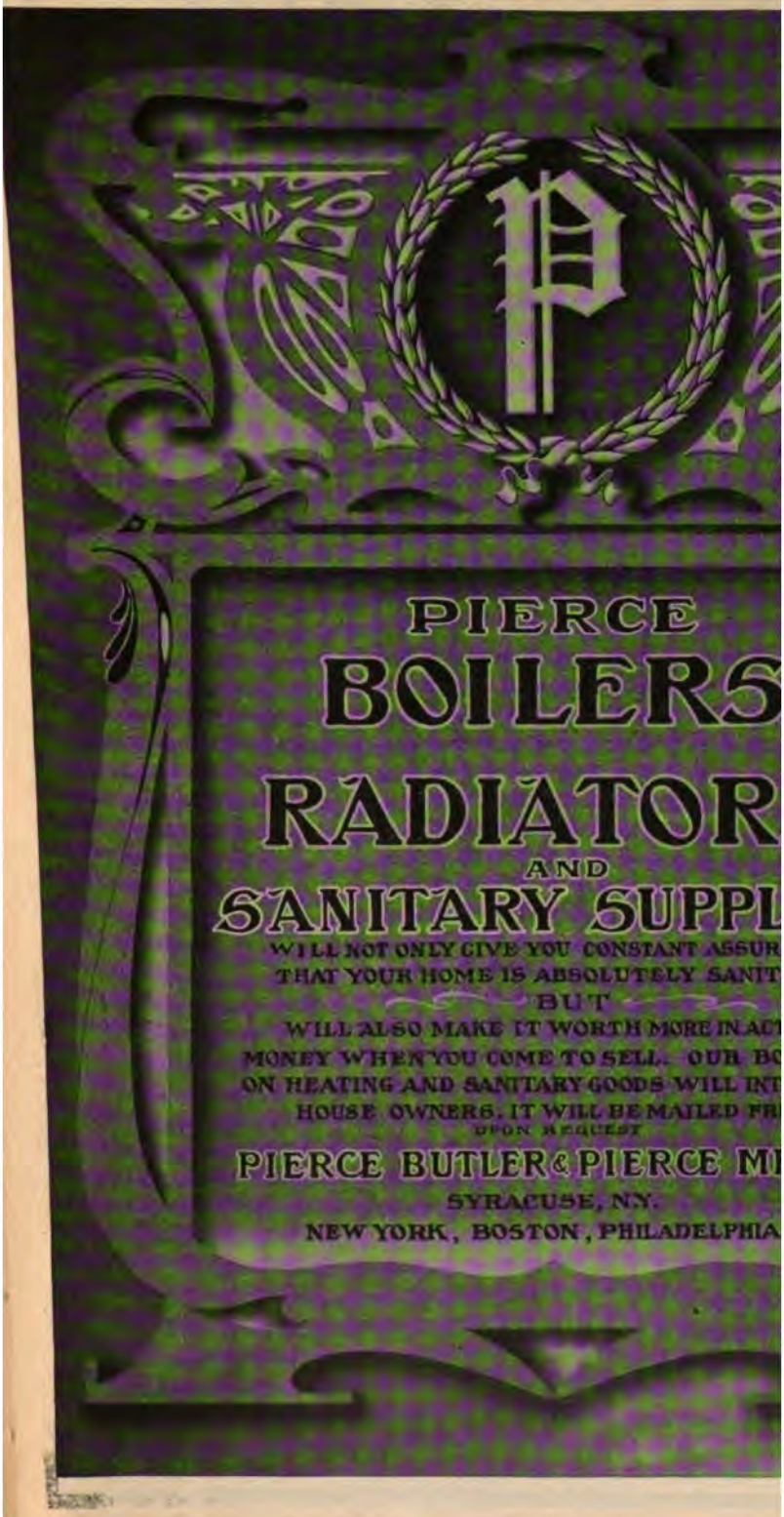
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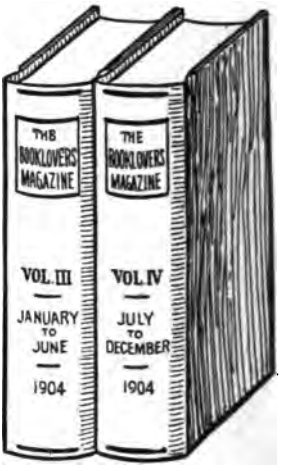
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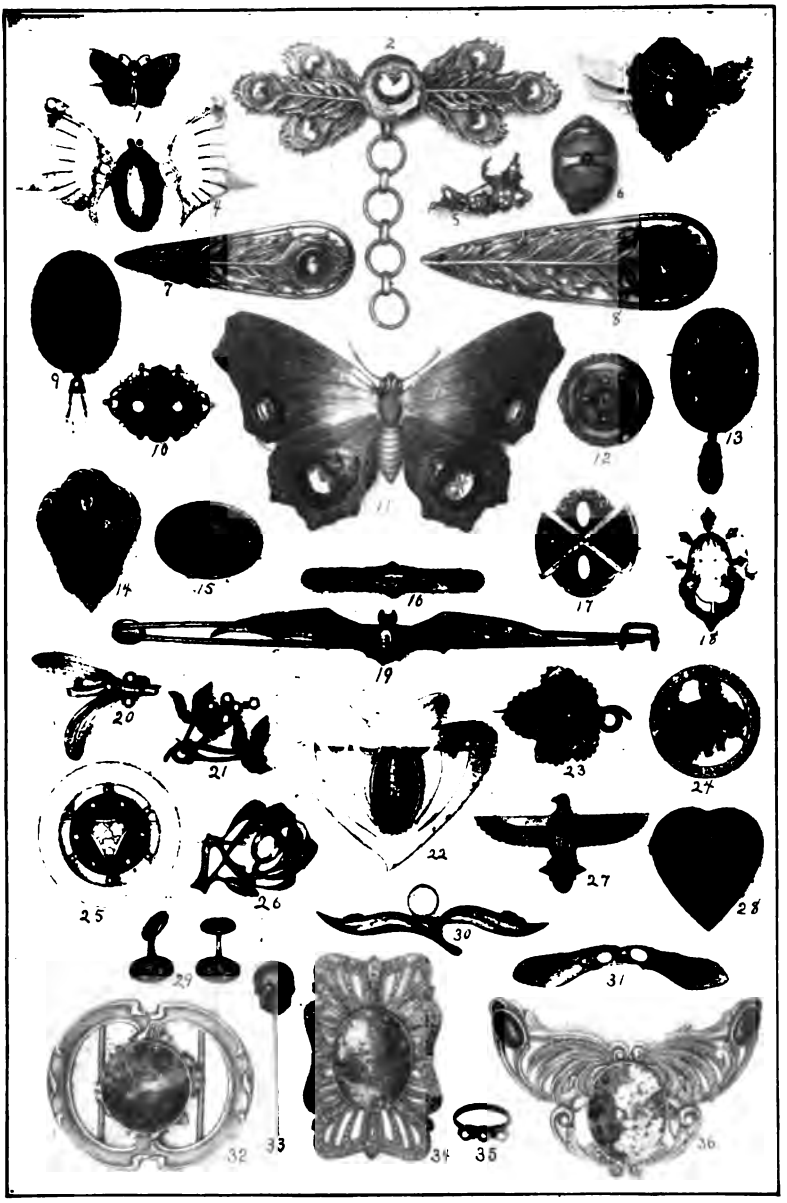
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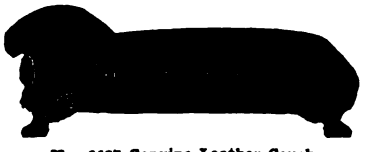
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